



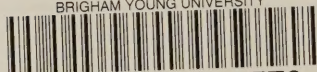
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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[ THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF THE EARL OF CARLTON.]

## THE DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DUKE OF PANGBOURNE PAYS A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

We return to the unhappy Duke of Pangbourne. It will be recollected in what manner, and under what circumstances, the Duke and the Duchess parted in their splendid house: she refusing to take an oath not to divulge what she knew of his criminality; and he, maddened at the idea that her refusal arose from some idea that a time was coming when she might feel inclined to tell the world what he had done.

It is necessary always to keep steadily in view the mutual misapprehensions of this unhappy pair.

The Duchess fully believed that the Duke was intriguing in the most shameless manner with some one of the name of Marianna; and the Duke, in addition to having a conviction upon his mind that the Duchess had listened to the vile solicitations of the Earl of Carlton, was quite convinced that, by some mysterious means, it was the murder of Clint upon the bridge that she alluded to.

Thus, then, was it that these two people, who were in every way formed to bless each other, became the bane of each other's lives.

When the Duchess left the Duke with that expressed determination that she would not bind herself by an oath to keep, as she supposed, merely the secret of his criminality, he remained for some time in a state almost bordering upon stupor. The

fixed attitude that he preserved, was sufficient to show that the mind was perfectly engrossed: and the gradual change that came over his features, was all but sufficient to intimate the rapid approach of insanity.

It was a fearful sight the face of that man of education and high resolve and noble thoughts, at that moment. It would seem as if for a time he had been compelled to change countenances with some fiend, who usurped his better nature.

The night was rapidly passing away, and the sound of a clock striking the hour startled Herbert from the sort of dreamy trance into which he had fallen.

"No—no!" he cried, as he looked about him wildly. "No more blood! Who counsels murder to me now? What fiend whispers such a sound into my ear? Oh, God! no—no!"

He staggered along the room, but he had not strength to leave it, and, near to the door, he was glad to sink into a chair, and there sit looking more like some statue of grief and deep depression, than a living man.

For about twenty minutes the Duke so sat, and then, as a fearful change took place in his features, for they turned of a strange, death-like, sickly white, he rose.

"It must be," he said. "She is religious, and she must swear or I shall die—die! Ha, ha! will no one else die if she will not swear? Hush, hush! Oh, hush! This is the way murder tends."

With a slow step he left that apartment. The servants had all retired to rest. A valet was an appendage that Herbert never would have about him. His was too refined a nature to like a grinning ape of a fellow about his dressing-room; and he was quite manly enough to be able to put on his own

coat and boots, so that there was no one specially to wait up until his Grace retired for the night.

With a night-lamp—a pretty little design in silver, that in its delicate beauty mocked the haggard features of the poor Duke—he slowly ascended the staircase that led to the sleeping apartments of the mansion.

How deeply the foot of the Duke sunk into the rich velvet carpeting as he went. Like snow it yielded to the pressure of his step; so that his progress was as noiseless as we are led to believe might be a phantom's who glides through the night air in wavy silence. He reached the upper floor, and there stood gazing around him, shading the lamp with his hand.

All was still.

It is necessary now before we follow the Duke any further in his strange proceedings upon that eventful night, that we give the reader a slight sketch of the position of several apartments upon that floor of the Ducal mansion.

There were five rooms so situated, that easy access could be got from one to the other of them, without the necessity of going into the long corridor, from which some of the doors opened. These five apartments could be shut in from the rest of the house with ease; and they constituted two bed-rooms, two dressing-rooms, and a fifth room, of smaller dimensions, which was fitted up as a sitting-room.

It is needless to say that the whole of these apartments were got up in a style of regal splendour. The bed-rooms were respectively those of the Duke and the Duchess, and the dressing-rooms were likewise so divided. The bed-room occupied by the Duchess was the larger apartment, and it

would be difficult to give an idea of the manner in which it was decorated.

In the centre of the floor was a massive bedstead, the frame-work of which was carved into the shape of water lilies, that entwined round each other in such profusion as to form sufficient strength for the superincumbent pressure. These were of exquisite workmanship, and elaborately set off by the finest white enamel painting and gold, judiciously applied upon points from which darted a thousand brilliant, reflected lights. The floor was covered with one of those soft yielding carpets, that is luxury itself. It was a pale green ground, sprinkled with roses. An alcove opposite to the bed held a statue of the purest marble. The subject was "Silence," and it portrayed a nymph with the finger upon the lips, and such a look of deep repose about the figure, that one would have found it difficult to speak in its presence higher than in a whisper.

The hangings of the bed were of an emerald green, and of the finest satin that could be procured. A deep fringe of silver hung sweeping upon the floor, and over all was cast a wilderness of lace, through which the green satin sparkled in a faint light.

The light came from one lamp, shaded with an opal glass. That lamp hung in the alcove over the statue. We can but say that the remainder of the apartment was in full accordance with what we have described, and that it opened into the dressing-room adjoining it, and that the dressing-room led again into the little sitting-room, which was one blaze of crimson and gold; and that beyond that, was the dressing-room of the Duke, and then his bed-room.

These five apartments, so disposed, occupied the whole of one side of the mansion, and running along the windows was a balcony filled with choice plants, which could be protected from the cold and the excessive heat by blinds, readily enough available.

It was to his own dressing-room, through his bed-room, that the Duke went with the little lamp in his hand. That hand did not tremble now. He seemed to have wrought up body and soul to some dreadful purpose that, in its intensity, overcame all ordinary agitation.

He set the lamp upon the marble chimney-piece, and then stepping to the door of the dressing-room, he flung it open, and glanced into the small sitting apartment beyond. All was still there. A few rays from the night-lamp made their way into the room, and danced in beauty upon the rich gilding and the many surfaces of the chandelier that hung from the roof, and with a prismatic glory, sparkled like a forest of costly gems.

The Duke then passed through his bed-room, and stood for a few moments upon the corridor listening. How very still the house was—strangely still! He shuddered to find that it was so still. He was about to return into the bed-room, when he heard some door closed below with a sudden sound.

That was sufficient to convince him that some one was up in the house, at all events; but as all remained still, he conjectured that whoever it was, had retired to rest.

"I am alone now," he said. "Quite alone—Alone in person, as in spirit. The gentle sleep that will smilingly sit upon the soul of the meanest in this house that wears the badge of servitude, will not come to me. Ah, no!—it shuns companionship with such as I am! Oh, woe!—woe!—woe!"

Repeating that word with an agony of tone that would have had the effect of exciting pity in the most obdurate breast, the Duke passed into his bed-room again. He closed the door and locked it.

The bed-room in no way attracted his attention next he went into the dressing-room. In one corner of that was a tall chest of drawers, fitted to a recess in the wall. Towards that, the Duke at once made his way, and taking from his pocket a small bunch of keys, he selected, with apparent calmness, the one that he required, and applied it to the lock. When he opened the drawer to which he had applied it, he at once plunged his hand into it, and in a few seconds brought out a pair of very small pistols, such as might be carried in the waistcoat pocket with ease, and which, at any distance, would be perfectly useless in the way of defence or offence.

Those pistols he held both together in one hand, and he still continued his search in the drawer with the other, until he got from it a curious kind of poniard, of a slightly curved form, and in a sheath of solid silver. It was a curiosity; and at the time that he had bought it, he had regarded it merely as

such, it having been shown to him by a gun-maker, of whom he had been making some purchases within the first fortnight of his Dukedom.

But from that drawer the Duke had not got all he wanted. A little further search brought to his hands a book.

"This will do," he said.

The book was a bible and a prayer bound together; and then, without closing the drawer, he hastened to a little table near to where the light was, and casting the book upon it, he proceeded to look carefully to the state of the pistols.

It was strange; but as the book lay upon the table, it gaped open, and the words that struck the eye of the Duke of Pangbourne as he glanced at the page presented to him were—

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

A sickening sensation came over him, and he staggered to a seat with the little pistols in his hand.

"No, no!" he cried. "Why should I be the victim? Why do you scoff at me now?—for it is a scoff. I have done murder!"

The pistols dropped to the floor, and he covered his face with his hands, and in a stooping posture rocked to and fro for some minutes in great agitation of spirit. This was a state of things, however, which did not long continue, and he suddenly started to his feet.

"Yes," he said, "I have done murder, so the warning comes too late—oh, much too late. If it were a miracle, or the accident that superstition would call one, it should have happened long ago, before there was blood upon my soul. It is too late—too late!"

A good deal of the strange calmness that had before possessed him had gone off now, and his hands shook as he examined the pistols, and satisfied himself that they were loaded. He then placed them in a pocket of his coat, so that he could get at them in a moment. The strange curved poniard he had already hidden within his waistcoat; and then snatching up the bible and prayer-book that had given him such a mute warning, he staggered from his room into the small sitting apartment, and laid his hand upon the door of it that led into the Duchess's dressing-room.

The Duke paused there, and a strange convulsion came over him. It consisted of a shaking of every limb, as though an ague had suddenly seized him; but it passed off again, and he was in his former state.

"It must be done," he said. "Oh, yes, it must be done, or—a scaffold! yes, a scaffold! Anything but that!"

After a time, he gathered strength enough to turn the handle of the door, and to step into the Duchess's dressing-room. He moved now like a shadow. His lips were parted, and his eyes protruded from their sockets, as with body bent, and his hand up in a listening attitude, he strove to catch the slightest sound from the Duchess's bed-room.

No—no. She must be sleeping. Everything was so profoundly still. She must be sleeping.

The door of communication between the bed-room of the Duchess and her dressing-room in which the Duke was, was slightly open. A little footstool was placed in such a manner as to keep it so. The Duke came to the conclusion that it was for the purpose of promoting ventilation that the Duchess so placed the door lightly open. Through the opening came a faint lustre from the lamp, with its opal glass; but within the chamber, all was as still as the very grave itself.

"How like death!" murmured the Duke—"God, how like death!"

He pushed the door gently open; and then, after standing for a few moments upon the threshold of the room, he went slowly into it. The curtains were all drawn round the bed, and the most profound silence filled the air. The Duke stood like some guilty spirit trying to listen to the breathing of an angel, whom it had an inclination to harm to the utmost of its power. The book he held in his left hand felt like a lump of lead to him. But he had not sought that room without a purpose; and now moving slowly towards the bed-side, he spoke, "Clara! Clara! Clara!"

There was no reply, and twice the Duke put out his hand to draw back the curtains of the bed, but twice he failed to do so; and in a voice of great agony, he said—

"I cannot look upon her face. Oh, no—no! If she be sleeping, I cannot look upon her!"

He felt that it was quite a mercy to him that the curtains were all so closely drawn round the bed.

One of the windows was a little way open, but beyond it, on the outer railing of the balcony, there was another glazed sash, so that no night air could get into the apartment, although the breath of the flowers might enter it. The Duke could see how the artificial light fell upon the leaves of the plants, giving them that strange metallic tint that vegetation wears in all lights but that of the sun itself.

With a wondering gaze about him, and with that strange feeling that induces people, under circumstances that one would suppose sufficient to engross their whole attention, to take, notwithstanding, cognisance of the meanest trifles, the Duke looked at the plants, the carpet, the statue of Silence, and the opal lamp above it, and then he once more turned towards the bed upon which slept, as he fancied so soundly, the Duchess, when he could not sleep at all.

"Clara!" he said; and as he found that she did not answer, his voice rose to a cracked and harsh key. "Clara, this is a solemn time. I have come to you upon a subject, that before the dawn of another sun must be settled between us in this world or in another. I pray you speak to me, and do not let me go quite mad."

She did not answer.

"Clara!" he cried again, "I have brought with me the book upon which you base your hopes of salvation. Upon that volume, in which you believe with a full faith, I will have you swear to keep for ever locked up in your bosom the secret of my guilt. Swear it—oh, swear it!"

There was no reply.

"Ah, you mock me into madness by this silence! I tell you, Clara, that if you will not swear—if you will not, by the great God whom you adore, vow eternal silence upon this subject, we must both die! Do you understand me now, Clara?"

There was yet no response. The Duke, with an infuriated gesture, was about to dash aside the curtains of the bed, when a crashing sound from the little balcony-conservatory came upon his ears. It was evidently arising from the fall of one of the china pots which held the plants.

The idea instantly occurred to him that the Duchess, divining his intentions by watching him, had risen from her bed, and was there hiding from him.

"Ah!" he cried, "you do not escape me yet. The oath—the oath! You shall take the oath, or you shall die!"

Flinging wide open the casement that had been partially so, he dashed into the conservatory, heedless of the mischief that he did to its delicate contents in his headlong progress. He saw a figure at the far-end, but the light drapery that he had expected was not around it.

"Help! murder!" cried a voice.

The Duke rushed onward, and seized some one by the throat with a clutch that effectually prevented any further cries. It was a man, and with the strength of a kind of semi-madness, Herbert dragged him into the bed-room, dashing him to and fro as though he had been a mere infant in his hands.

The light fell upon the face and head of the captive, as he shrank before the gaze of the Duke, who still held him by the fragments of the neck-part of his apparel, which had ripped in all directions in the struggle.

It was his Lordship of Carlton!

Astonishment for some few moments kept the Duke silent, and he relinquished his hold of the collar of that arch-villain, who cowered down before him almost to the very floor.

Before he spoke, then, the Duke made two strides to the door of the chamber that led to the corridor, and ascertained that it was locked, and the key gone. A rush past the still-crouching and bewildered Lord Carlton took the Duke to the door leading into the dressing-room. To close it, lock it, and place the key in his pocket, was the work of half a minute; and then folding his arms, Herbert cried—

"Ha, ha! My Lord Carlton, well met. Why, this is a very special grace of Providence, indeed, for you and I to meet so opportunely as this. Hilloa, Madame Duchess of Pangbourne—Lady Purity—religious Duchess of Pangbourne, that cannot, with any patience, think of the errors of another, allow me to introduce to you, although the hour is somewhat unseemly, the Earl of Carlton—the prime minister of England—a man great in his sovereign's confidence. Here he is not, to be sure, quite so majestic as he sometimes is—not quite so

insolent in his demeanour as folks at times have seen him—but here he is, Duchess, a most unexpected and honoured guest."

With the most demoniac rage in his face, and tone, and gesture, the Duke tore the curtains of the bed on one side, with a vehemence that brought them all down to the floor together in a glittering heap.

The bed was empty!

The Duke staggered back in evident surprise, and the Earl of Carlton cast a dubious look about him, as if he would have been but too glad to escape up the chimney if that were possible. The smoothness of the coverlet of the bed was quite a sufficient proof that it had not been slept upon that night.

Well might the Duke gaze in surprise upon the bed, and wonder what could have become of its mistress, when the man whom he believed to be her favoured suitor was upon that spot, to all seeming, by special appointment with her, and hidden by her own cognisance.

But the Earl of Carlton was recovering a little, and thought that it was time to say something.

"Your Grace," he said, "as regards this little a—a harmless—I may truly say, frolic—"

"Go on, sir," said the Duke, calmly. "It would be hard, at such a time as this, to deny you the poor privilege of saying a few words. I beg that you will go on, sir."

"I—I have only to say that any explanation you may think it due to your honour to require of me, I shall be but too happy to give—"

"Thank you, sir."

"To-morrow."

"Oh, no. Your Lordship can favour me with the explanation now, if you please. Truth keeps very well, but still I prefer it at once. Now, my Lord, the explanation, if you please. Pray, proceed."

"I can only say, your Grace, that, as a gentleman, I claim at your hands the treatment of one. I will remain at home the whole of to-morrow morning, and shall feel myself bound to attend to you in any way you may think proper. The satisfaction which one gentleman is bound to give to another, your Grace, I shall feel it to be my duty not to hesitate a moment in according to you."

"But the explanation, sir—the explanation!"

"To-morrow, your Grace. To-morrow, if you please, at any time you may name, I shall be most happy."

The Earl was beginning to assume his usual dictatorial manner, and almost to imagine that he could brow beat the Duke.

"No, my Lord Carlton, to-morrow is too late," said the Duke. "To-morrow will not do, if you please. Procrastination is a bad habit. We will settle this little matter to-night. I own that it is quite a pity the Duchess is not here to act as umpire upon the occasion; but still we will contrive to adjust the little affair without her."

"Sir," said the Earl of Carlton, drawing himself up with what he hoped would be an over-awing dignity of manner. "Sir, I beg to say that I must positively decline a discussion at this time of night. I have the honour to bid your Grace good-night, and to repeat that I shall be quite at your Grace's disposal to-morrow."

"Oh, but I do not intend to let you go," said the Duke.

"Sir?"

"I say, I do not intend to let you go."

The Earl shook a little, but he tried still to keep up the hollow show of calmness and dignity.

"Sir," he said, "I cannot condescend to enter into any particulars respecting the little untoward piece of business at such an hour. I can only repeat, sir, that—"

"Oh, do not repeat anything, I beg of you," said the Duke. "All I want to know is, how you came here, in my house, and what was your intent? If explanation means anything in this case, it means that much."

"Sir, your honour and my honour require certain conditions. These conditions, when fulfilled, will be satisfactory to your honour and to my honour; and I can only say that, with the most distinguished regard, I wish you good-night."

"Oh, no," said the Duke. "I have no regard for you at all; and as for honour, you have none whatever. Hark you, my Lord Carlton—I find you in the chamber of my wife; and, therefore, as you are here, without sufficient excuse for being here, I insist upon fighting you."

"Very good—to-morrow."

"No—to-night—now. Here are pistols. They

are small, but they are well-loaded. This room will do very well for the place of encounter; and as no one will dare to breathe a word against the honour of such as we are, as regards our present conflict, we will fight at once; and I have the sincere hope of being fortunate enough to rid the world of a man who is a disgrace to the society in which he moves."

The Earl turned rather pale, and licked his lips.

"Sir," he said, "this is an extraordinary proposal."

"Not half so extraordinary as finding you in the Duchess of Pangbourne's chamber, my lord."

"Well then, your Grace, let one extraordinary thing suffice—for one night; and once more I bid you adieu."

This was just one of those vulgarly saucy speeches for which the Earl of Carlton had got a kind of reputation, and with which he was frequently enabled to put down an important question or two in the house; but in the present instance, it utterly and entirely failed. The Duke heard it with the calmness of a man who had completely made up his mind to a particular course, and would not admit of anything that could possibly change it in any degree.

"These are not exactly the weapons, my Lord Carlton, with which I should like you and I to settle this matter; but for want of better, they will do. Now, sir, villain that you are, I will treat you as if you were really an honest man, and give you a weapon with which to defend yourself. Both of these pistols are loaded carefully. Take which you will."

The Earl of Carlton began to see, that notwithstanding all his doubling and twisting, fight he must, or pretend to fight he must. Waving his arm somewhat theatrically, he said—

"Your Grace will allow me, as the challenged person in this little affair, to at least choose my own ground for the encounter. I do not seek, now, after the opprobrious terms you have thought proper to bestow upon me—I say, I do not seek, after these terms, to put off the encounter; but, let it be in the open air, sir. The park is close at hand. Come with me, then, and I will no longer refuse you the satisfaction you require."

"Oh, but you would run away," said the Duke.

"Run away, sir?"

"Yes; you may be unused to the exercise of late; but you would certainly run away if I were to give you the chance of so doing, of that I feel quite assured, my Lord Carlton; and, therefore, I say again, fight you shall, and here shall be the place."

"And what, sir, if I refuse?"

"Then, sir, having satisfied my nice scruples of honour, in offering you the fair dealing of a gentleman, I will fall back upon my wounded feelings, as a husband, and chastise you as you deserve. You will, perhaps, prefer the latter alternative, as I shall publish it to-morrow."

"Publish it?"

"Yes, my Lord Carleton does that touch you?"

It would seem as if it did, for the countenance of the Earl flushed up to a crimson glow; and then, the blood subsiding, it became of a ghastly paleness—

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, "since you will have it so, you may; I came here to see the Duchess of Pangbourne's waiting-maid; and if the Duke of Pangbourne is so intent in standing forth as her champion, I can only conclude that he is a more fortunate wooer than I am, that is all. And now for the contest, your Grace, if it must happen."

"It must, and shall; and no ribaldry about her Grace's waiting-maid shall save you."

The Duke held out the pair of diminutive pistols to the Earl of Carlton, and the moment he took one of them, the Duke turned the other full upon him.

"What?" cried the Earl, "do you want to shoot me before I have time to prepare myself for defence?"

"No; but I have that opinion of you, that I could well believe you would have no hesitation in adding the assassination of the husband to the crime of destroying the wife. It was to protect myself from any possible treachery, upon your part, that I stood, so suddenly upon the defensive."

The Earl looked all the anger he felt. There was now no retreat; and for the first time in his life, he felt that he really had to pay the penalty, in personal risk, of his offences against society. He would have done anything to escape; but there he was

face to face with the man who, in calm and resolved determination, would make him fight.

The pistols, as we have before said, were ridiculously small, and for such an encounter as the present one, were anything but according to rule. Nevertheless, as they were the only weapons at hand, the Duke was determined to make them do, and he stood facing the Earl.

"You may get as far from me as the wall will permit you," he said, "if you choose. This is my place."

The Earl took the hint, and got right away to the other end of the room. The Duke again spoke in a calm voice—

"When I give the word, fire! my lord, you may do your best with the weapon you have—I am only similarly armed; and we can load again if the first shots should prove ineffectual."

"Let me still say that I protest against all this!" cried the Earl. "It is so contrary to—"

"One!" said the Duke.

"It is quite outrageous. It is murder."

"Two!"

"Curses on you for a madman! take that, since you will have it."

Just as the word, Three was upon the lips of the Duke, the Earl fired; but the Duke had his eye upon him, for he fully expected that he would try something of the sort; and raising his pistol promptly, he pulled the trigger, and the two little sharp reports of the weapons were almost simultaneous.

The small bullet that was aimed, by the Earl, well at him, ripped open the sleeve of the Duke's coat. The Earl, with a deep groan, fell upon his face on the floor.

"'Tis done!" cried the Duke, as he flung the pistol to his feet. "More blood; but this time righteously shed. Oh, God! it was in defence of all that the heart told me to hold dear, that I have raised my arm against this man."

With these words the Duke hastily unlocked the door leading from the bed room into the corridor, and dashing at great speed down the grand staircase, he reached the hall. The night porter was sleeping in his huge leathern chair. The Duke had unfastened the door, and made his way into the street before the porter opened his eyes; and by the time he had called out—"Thieves! Thieves!" the Duke was gone.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

DETAILS HOW MARIANNA WAS CARRIED OFF FROM THE SCHOOL.

WE must leave the Duke of Pangbourne and the Earl of Carlton for a brief space, while we follow the unhappy fortunes of poor Marianna, whom we left evidently a prisoner in the hands of the man with the fashionable cabriolet, who had passed Theodore and old Joseph in the green lane leading to Miss Juke's establishment.

We make no useless mysteries. That man was Charles Horton, as, no doubt, the reader has already surmised.

The precise object of Horton in getting possession of Marianna can scarcely be stated. It was a compound idea, certainly; but, perhaps, the thing he was most afraid of was, that some sort of explanation would be come to between the Duke and the Duchess as to who Marianna was, and in what kind of relation she stood to the Duke, in which case the presenting of the young girl to the Duchess, and the recital of the artless and innocent character of her intercourse with the Duke, would bring conviction with it.

No doubt, the dominant motive with Charles Horton for getting Marianna into his possession was, that he thought that if she could not be produced, that the Duchess would never listen to the Duke's exculpation; but that he had other views regarding the young girl will be seen before we have proceeded far in this narrative.

After he had received the directions to the gate of Miss Juke's establishment—which, it will be recollected, he did receive from poor Theodore, after nearly running over him in the lane—Horton soon reached his destination. The style of the equipage was sure to induce a corresponding effect upon Miss Juke and Miss Price, who, notwithstanding the various shocks that their nervous systems had received in the course of that eventful evening, were yet sufficiently mistresses of their emotions to receive a gentleman in a cab with becoming respect. The only drawback upon the great respectability of

Horton, in the eyes of the ladies, was that he had no servant with him; but it did not, by any means, suit such a man as Horton to have a servant with him as a spy upon all he did, who might, at some other period, be the very best evidence against him that could be procured.

The gardener, at the special request of "the gentleman," was sent out to hold the horse's head, while Mr. Horton—who, for the nonce, chose the name and title of the Honourable Digbey Cashel Paulet, names which he glibly rapped off his tongue to the servant, and which just came uppermost at the moment—was shown into the receiving-room with the learned litter in it.

Miss Juke was quite satisfied when the word "Honourable" tingled in her ears. That set to rest all scruples; and hardly attending to the aristocratic names that followed it, she at once put on her demeanour of most dignified affability, and betook herself to the reception-room.

Now, no man could ape the manners of a gentleman better than Horton. We have seen how completely, upon his first interview with the Duke and Duchess, in the miserable attic in Soho, he had impressed them with a belief in the courtly character of his manners; and we have seen how very like a ruffian he could behave when he liked, and did behave afterwards.

When Miss Juke entered the reception-room, the bow she got from Charles Horton was perfection, and the voice in which he addressed her was the very essence of silvery softness. It had quite a seductive charm in it.

"Madam," he said, "as my cousin is dangerously ill, he has sent me on a very special errand here."

"Your cousin, sir?" said Miss Juke, in some surprise.

"Pray pardon me," said Horton. "I am so afflicted at his sudden illness that I hardly know what I say. My cousin is the Duke of Pangbourne."

"The Duke of Pangbourne, sir? Oh, and is his Grace really so ill?"

"Yes, indeed; and he fears that if he should not see Marianna this evening, that he will not be able to see her again, to give her a father's blessing."

"A father's, sir?"

"Oh, what *am* I saying? Madam, I must entirely throw myself upon your generosity and discretion. My cousin, the Duke, is older than he looks; and when he was very—young—indeed—"

Miss Juke nodded gravely.

"He was rather wild, and very indiscreet."

"I suspected as much," said Miss Juke, mysteriously.

"It runs in the family," added Horton.

Miss Juke got a little further off, and shook her head.

"I am truly sorry," she said, "to hear of the indisposition of the Duke. Was the mother of—of Marianna a—a common person, sir?"

"Why, really I don't know that I ought to say so much as I have; but after what has been already disclosed, my dear madam, inadvertently, I don't mind telling you that—that—"

"It will go no further," said Miss Juke.

Horton looked suspiciously around the room, and Miss Juke hedged her chair a little closer to his.

"As I say, my dear madam, your position in life, and your known discretion, induces me not to feel that amount of cautious reserve that otherwise—hem!"

Horton hedged his chair a little closer to Miss Juke's. The lady inclined her head, and Horton, in a mysterious whisper, added,—

"The Royal Family?"

"The Royal Family? All of them?"

"No—a Princess—"

"Gracious, but—"

"Hush! hush!"

"Oh, dear, yes. You—you really don't exactly mean a Royal—"

Horton placed his finger upon his lips, and perpetrated a low "Hush!"

"On, no!" said Miss Juke, "I would not for the world—"

"I know you would not; but still, in these matters, my dear madam, one cannot be too cautious. One cannot really be too much on the alert for those people who would take hold of such a story, to the scandal of the Royal—"

"Fam—"

"Hush!" cried Horton, so abruptly, that Miss Juke gave quite a jump upon her chair, and looked as alarmed as if a bomb-shell had suddenly gone off at her ear. She rubbed her hands, one over the

other, in quite a nervous sort of way, and looked at her visitor suspiciously.

"And now, madam," added Horton, "let me speak of the Duke: he will be impatient at this delay—my cab is at the door, and if you can be so good as to let the young lady know that she is wanted to go with me to Pangbourne House immediately, I shall be greatly obliged."

"Oh, yes—certainly," said Miss Juke.

The story of the Royal indiscretion, that had been so adroitly mentioned by Horton, had thrown Miss Juke off her guard; and she never thought for one moment to question the validity of the visitor's claim to her confidence.

She left the apartment with a promise of a speedy return with Marianna, and Horton remained in the company of his own thoughts and the two wax-candles that had been hastily lit in honour of his arrival at the scholastic establishment.

"It is done!" he said. "It is done! Oh, how weak is human nature, that it suffers itself to be imposed upon by the very flimsiest of all possible devices! You have but to get hold of some master passion, let it be love or hate—revenge, or that strange perversity of intellect that delights in the faults and failings of others—and reason at once closes her eyes, and the citadel of the imagination yields without a struggle."

It was fortunate for Charles Horton that he had timed his visit, so that it should take place when Marianna was not in the garden talking to Theodore. As it happened, both she and Miss Anstruthers had got in safety to the dormitory of the establishment, as Miss Juke loved to call it, and it was with no little surprise that Marianna found herself again summoned forth at such an hour.

Miss Juke was uncommonly gracious in her manner to the poor orphan now. The information that she was so royally and nobly connected, had had all its effect upon the schoolmistress; and, although poor Marianna, even by the account of Horton, was but a stray weed in the garden of aristocratic life, yet it was something to have a royal mother and a ducal father under any circumstances whatever.

"My dear Marianna," said Miss Juke, as she gave her rather a serious embrace, "you must go and see the Duke. He is very ill—perhaps dying."

"Oh, no, no, not dying!" said Marianna, as she clasped her hands in real affliction, for the kindness of the Duke of Pangbourne to her had sunk deeply into her heart, and produced a great impression there.

"Don't cry," added Miss Juke. "It may not be so bad; but he has sent his Honourable Cousin for you."

"His cousin?"

"Yes, quite a gentleman, I can assure you. But perhaps you have seen him before, my dear?"

"No—no."

"Well, that don't matter—How snug the Duke must have kept her, to be sure!—Come along child. Of course, you will tell the Duke how very happy you are here; and how too—too kind everybody is to you, myself in particular."

To this rather jesuitical speech, Marianna made no reply; and yet, to tell the simple truth, putting aside the pomposity, and the strange kind of affection and vain glory that hung about Miss Juke, she was not unkind to her pupils.

"I will," said Marianna, after a pause.

"You will what, my dear?"

"Tell the Duke, madam, that I am kindly treated here; for it is the real truth, I am kindly treated."

This testimony in her favour was all the more delightful to Miss Juke, because it came after reflection, and was by no sort of means enforced from Marianna. Again that lady indulged the orphan girl with a voluminous embrace, and then she led her into the reception-room, where Horton was waiting, and rather wondering at the delay.

"This is Marianna," said Miss Juke.

Horton bowed.

"I regret," he then said, in his softest and most silvery tones. "I regret very much to be the bearer of evil tidings; but the Duke is very ill, and much desires to see you. He has commissioned me to bring you to him, if you will be so good and kind to him as to come."

"If I will?" said Marianna, with all the unaffected sincerity of her disposition. "Oh, yes, let us go this moment."

"With pleasure," said Horton. "That will best meet the Duke's wishes. My cab is at the outer gate, and will soon take us to Pangbourne House."

Miss Juke made a great bustle now to equip Marianna for the little excursion; and in the course of the next ten minutes, Horton had the gratification of leading the lovely girl from the house, where, at least, she was in ease and respectability; and assisting her into the cab, Miss Juke did the honours right to the gate, and Horton, as he turned to take leave of her before getting into the vehicle, said to her, in his engaging way—

"I hope to return, madam, with your fair charge within the next hour at the utmost."

"We shall be glad to see her return, sir."

"I have the honour, madam, of bidding you good evening," said Horton.

The bow that he executed, and the bow and the curtsy combined that Miss Juke executed, deserve to be chronicled among the elegancies of the age that they happened in; and then springing into the cab, Horton gave the horse a slight hint with the reins, and off he went.

The villain had not patience to conceal his feelings of triumph at getting possession of Marianna so easily, and before going far, he turned to her with a laugh, and said—

"So, Miss Clint, you were in snug quarters at the school? Now, I warn you, that if you raise your voice above a low tone, or make any outcry, I will murder you!"

The frightful truth that she was deceived, rushed across the heart of poor Marianna with a gush that was almost enough to make her swoon; but she did not yield to the deadening impulse. On the contrary, with a wild shriek, she tried to rise in the cab.

"Down with you," growled Horton. "What are you afraid of? I shall only blind your eyes with a handkerchief, that you may not see which way I take you, that is all. What in the name of all that's stupid, are you in such a way about?"

"Help—oh, help!" said Marianna.

Horton uttered an oath, and he forced her back into the seat of the cab again. It was at that moment that the vehicle passed the astonished Theodore and Joseph in the lane. Then it was that she cried out—"Theodore—Theodore—help me!" but in another moment, the horse being lashed to fury by Horton, who was as enraged at his own indiscretion as he could possibly be, was far beyond all possible pursuit.

Half dead with fright, and bewildered at the pace at which the cab went, poor Marianna gave herself up for lost, and lay back upon the soft cushion of the seat more dead than alive in appearance.

The precaution that Horton had talked of taking of binding her eyes he gave up, for he did not wish to have another scene with her; and he conjectured rightly enough, that she was by far too terrified at what had happened to be able to pay the smallest attention to the route they were taking.

That route was towards Gore House, at Kensington, in which extensive establishment Horton seemed to have facilities for any description of villany that he chose to perpetrate.

It would have been most indiscreet to continue at the pace he was going at, so Horton gradually pulled in the horse, and by the time Gore House was close at hand, he was going only at a moderately quick pace, but by no means at such an one as to excite much attention from the passers by.

In the garden-wall of Gore House there was a door wide enough and high enough to admit a horse and a vehicle such as that in which Horton was riding. Before Marianna had yet recovered from the state of half-fainting she had felt into, Horton had alighted; and while he held the horse with his left hand, he, with his right, by the aid of a key that he took from his waistcoat pocket, opened the door in the wall.

"That is settled," he said, as he led in the horse and cab, and slammed the door shut behind them.

(To be continued.)

WEST INDIAN ATMOSPHERE.—A single fact will best illustrate the clearness of the atmosphere, and the greater prominence and brilliancy of the stars consequent thereupon. Oft when in Antigua, and also in the other islands of the West Indian seas, have I observed and called attention to the fact, that in certain positions of the planet Venus, she was seen under a crescent form like a small moon, and emitting or transmitting, in the absence of the moon herself, a quantity of light which made her by no means an insufficient substitute.—*Godwin.*

## THE SIEGE OF BRESCIA.

GENERAL PEPE was aware that Venice or Brescia or Rome could not be permanently kept against an army which the defenders could not meet in the open field; but he held out to the last for the sake of the great moral lesson which the defence involved. The sieges of these cities have, it is thought, changed in some measure the *morale* of the Italian. Italy is no longer the land of elegant accomplishments only.

Of all this striking series of events, perhaps that of Brescia is the most remarkable. In the rear of the victorious legions of Radetzky, the devoted citizens rose to provoke a diversion in favour of the Sardinians. While the agitation was only in the germ, the Austrians demanded a contribution of one hundred and fifty thousand lire: whereupon—"the populace assembled on the Piazza, and hearing of this demand, began to exclaim that lead, and not gold, should be sent to their oppressors. This commenced the popular movement. Several cart-loads of provisions and wood, which were stationed at the castle, were seized; the soldiers and gendarmes were put to flight; every Austrian ensign was torn down, and cries of 'Viva l'Italia! Death to the barbarians!' were alone heard. While this movement was in progress, the Commandant of the Piazza and the Chief of the Commissariat reached the municipality to receive the sum demanded; but the people arrived, and invading the municipal saloon made them both prisoners. They were with difficulty saved from the popular fury. \* \* The Castle of Brescia, recently restored and put in a state of defence by Radetzky, was armed with fourteen large guns, and contained about nine hundred men, under the command of Captain Leshke. The Germans required prompt submission; but the people were not subdued. In the middle of the night, Leshke began to bombard the city. In the midst of this fiery tempest the people ran boldly to arms; some extinguished the fires, some cleared the streets. The women and children repaired to the bellfries and rang a peal. Already bands of deserters came down to clear the streets and erect barricades. This nocturnal battle was almost like a festival long desired and promised, so great was the popular fury and faith in their country's deliverance. On the following day, the 24th, Leshke found means to send some gendarmes out of the castle, two of whom went to Mantua to demand succour. In the meantime the Brescians, wishing to increase and fortify the insurrection, chose for their chiefs the citizens Contratti and Cassola, men of rare devotion to the Italian cause. These made the best possible arrangements both for the defence and the attack. The 150,000 lire, which the city had collected to satisfy Haynau's extortion, were devoted to sustain the contest. \* \* In the meantime, the Imperialists, under the command of Nugent, came by rapid marches from Mantua towards Brescia. At dawn, on the 26th, a column of 1,000 men, with two cannons, appeared at Montecchiario, and from thence proceeded to Rezzato, to wait for reinforcements from Verona. The most expert company of citizens and deserters were posted at St. Eufemia, a large village two miles from Brescia. Bold marksmen defended them on one side towards the plain, and on the other from the mountains of Cajonvico. A small corps of reserve was placed at St. Francesco di Paolo, half way between Brescia and St. Eufemia. A little before mid-day, the Austrians opened their fire. They were most numerous on the left of the Brescians, whose courage in this first encounter was almost miraculous. Their numbers were few, and they were unused to arms; but they repulsed the Croats, and would have pursued them with the bayonet, if Speri, a brave and intelligent youth, who commanded this handful of heroes, had not stopped them. The Italians both fight and die gaily. An Austrian ball first struck a man named Raboldi on the breast: he expired, exclaiming, "Happy that I am! I have the honour of dying first on the field of battle!" and he recommended the captain not to forget to write his name first; "And mine second!" cried another, struck by a ball in the stomach. A third refused the assistance of his comrades: saying, "My loss is enough, without making a fourth leave his post." The Brescian rifles disdained to fight from behind trees or hedges, saying that this was not the Brescian mode of combat. The bravery of these men, scarcely more than a hundred in number, was prodigious; they stood firm for three hours against Nugent's battalions. The committee of defence ordered them to retire in good order, still keeping the enemy

in check. \* \* \* The morning of the 27th dawned happily. Mid-day passed, and Nugent had not yet moved; but when the expected reinforcements arrived, Leshke, from the castle, fired on the city with bombs and grenades; while Nugent attacked our men on all sides. These combatted joyfully to shouts of "Viva l'Italia!" nor did the wounded deign to interrupt with lamentations the warlike festival; but all, in one way or another, showed themselves happy to die for the liberty of their country. The populace, seeing that the artillery made more noise than mischief, asked leave to charge the enemy; and soon, at the gates of the city, every one wished to be first to act. About two hundred men ran boldly against the lines of the Imperialists, who were repulsed and forced to retreat. In the meantime, deserters descended from the castle, and gave their aid to the common cause.

On the approach of night, the chiefs thought it wisest for the citizens to return to safety and repose under the walls, and the bands of the curate Boifava again returned to the summit of the rocks where they were posted. The citizens, finding they could repulse the Germans, gained fresh courage and confidence in the future. \* \* While the combat continued with dubious fortune outside the walls, Leshke bombarded the city with great fury. Many bombs fell on the Civil Hospital; and the committee sent word to the military physician that the enemy must respect the sanitary banners, or expect reprisals. The people suspected that the municipality were treating for the surrender of the city; and if Speri and some others had not sworn that they were only in treaty for the hospitals, which, according to the laws of warfare, are always respected, they could not have calmed the populace. But the Germans took the opportunity of this momentary truce to penetrate insidiously under the gates, and set fire to many surrounding houses. At this sight, the Brescians became furious; they threw the flag of truce into the dirt, and exclaimed that they would rather bury themselves with their wives and children under the ruins of the city than suffer such infamy. While the breathless multitude was confusedly consulting how to avenge the insult, a large shell burst on the Piazza; some one took up the largest fragment and placed it in the midst of the people, who stretched out their hands and swore, as on the Gospel, to die rather than yield."

But valour and devotion was not sufficient to counterbalance Haynau's continually increasing battalions, his huge park of artillery, and his full command of military stores. We cannot stain our pages with the details of the atrocities committed by this inhuman soldier on the conquered citizens. Even his atrocities in Hungary have not effaced the memory of those in Brescia—

"The priest Gabetti, a schoolmaster, trusting in the terms of the surrender, went outside the walls to visit his cottage, which had been set fire to on the preceding night, and in which his mother lived; but scarcely had he gone out, when he was seized and conducted to Haynau in the castle, where on the following day he was shot as a patriot priest. A more horrible martyrdom closed the life of Pietro Venturini, a member of the legal profession, and popular among the Brescians: weighed down by years and by gout, he was pressed with threats to swear fidelity to the Imperial banners; he boldly threw himself on the bayonets pointed to his heart, and cursing the enemies of Italy, and lovingly saluting his country and liberty, he sought and obtained death. Some iniquitous Croats laid their hands on a poor workman, and deliberated on burning him for their amusement; as he was small and deformed, they supposed he could make but little resistance, and would perhaps die in more laughable convulsions. Carlo Zima possessed the strength of a plebeian: when in the flames, he seized on one of his executioners, and held him so firmly that they burned and died together. Thus fell Brescia, glorious and avenged."

Such acts are but the sowing of new seeds of revolution.—*General Pepe's Memoirs.*

**TURKISH COFFEE.**—I was very much disappointed with the Turkish coffee, of which we hear so much in England: it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the Estaminet Hollandais, in the Palais Royal, or any other good Parisian house. The coffee, in this instance, was bruised rather than ground, made very strong, sweetened, and then poured out, grouts and all, into the little cups. When it had settled, it was carefully sipped, and the grounds filled up above a third of the cup.—*Albert Smith.*

## SCIENCE AND ART.

**OPENING OF TWO ANCIENT TUMULI IN WALES.**—At a short distance from Kidwelly, on the top of a hill called Allt-cyn-Adda, are two specimens of tumuli, or ancient barrows, found not only in so many parts of Britain, but in many countries on the continent. Mr. Fitzwilliams, of Newcastle Emlyn, on whose property one of these "barrows" is situated, a few weeks since determined on the exploration of its contents. For this purpose, accompanied by Mr. Fenton, of Fishguard, he proceeded to excavate the more perfect barrow, which in the surrounding country, has been, from time immemorial, known as "Banc-y-Binsil," or the mound or elevated ground of Binsil. The barrow is a circle of about fifty-six feet in diameter, and in height about five feet above the level of the surrounding ground. At the apex it had a circular hollow or depression about six feet in diameter, and nine or ten inches in depth. The opening was commenced at the level of the ground on the north side about nine feet, and driven on at the same level until about six feet past the centre. The earth taken out contained large quantities of charcoal. After the middle of the tumulus had been thus passed over without discovering anything, a hole was dug down at the centre, when, at about a foot below the surface of the surrounding soil, the diggers came to a large flat stone of an irregular hexagonal figure, eight feet four inches long, and nearly seven feet wide, and about a foot thick, which was found to cover a hollow chamber dug in the earth below it. On digging down at one side of this stone, and removing the earth that formed that side of the chamber (which was nearly eighteen inches high) a tolerably perfect skeleton of a tall man was found lying on its back. The skull appeared to have one side of it on the lower hemisphere of the left side beaten in. This was a remarkably fine and regular head, but a slightly receding forehead. The palate and dental bones had fallen away, but the teeth were found and were exceedingly perfect, and showed that the individual must have been somewhere about thirty years of age. The chin-bone was particularly prominent. The thigh-bones were perfect. No weapon, coin, personal ornament, or crockery of any kind was discovered. The bottom and sides of the chamber had evidently been prepared and levelled with great care, and the body seemed to have been laid out as in a modern coffin, but did not touch either of the sides of the grave. After removing the stone, the remains, with the exception of the teeth and two or three of the vertebrae (which were kept as a memento) were repelled, and the earth thrown in upon them. After Bank-y-Bensil had been opened, the gentlemen went to the other tumulus, which does not appear to have had a distinguishing name. It was about the same diameter as the last, but only about eighteen inches in elevation, and without any depression in its crown. The opening into this was made at the summit in the centre, and about three feet down a large boulder stone was come to, when the approach of night put a stop to the proceeding. Several pieces of charred wood were thrown out with the earth in digging down. The operations being resumed the next morning, it was found that the stone had been placed over a large grave dug down through the rab to the solid rock, the surface of which seemed to have been carefully levelled. It was filled with earth, which appeared to be saturated with the decomposition of animal matter. Nothing being found in this tumulus, the earth was carefully replaced, and the hole filled up.—*Swansea Herald.*

**LONDON AND NEW YORK.**—An American gentleman, now on a visit to this country, describes, in the *Boston Register*, his impressions on entering the city of cities.—"I have heard it said by Americans, that entering London was very much like entering New York; and I can conceive that if one comes from the station asleep in a cab it may be so, but under no other circumstances. There is something not merely in the immense distances you traverse, but in the grim solidity of the houses—the continuous flow of the people—the ceaseless, thunderous, rumbling carriages, carts, and vans—and the dense canopy of smoke—which at once announces, to my mind, at least, the presence of multitudes of human beings and human interests, such as I never elsewhere saw or felt to be gathered together. And I know no better expression for the sentiment with which I have always entered and abided in London than Mr. Webster's, who, when he was asked what he thought of the city, answered, 'I have not yet done wondering.' Especially does this stupor affect

overcome one now, when the world-city is wrapped in its wintry mystery of fog; for all that has been said and sung of London fog conveys a feeble idea of the reality. We, born under the glowing Americansky, under sunlight more golden and blue heavens more blue than smile on any other land save Greece, can with difficulty believe that a place exists where for day after day the sun shines not at all, or only as through smoked glass, while a murky mist floats at morning and evening up and down the streets, blackening all it touches, and turning Parian marble to the hue of Newcastle coal."

**EASTERN LADIES.**—We believe a lengthened sojourn in the East to be as prejudicial to the mental as it is to the physical powers of the female sex, the climate alike enervating body and mind, rendering the one incapable of taking sufficient exercise to preserve health, and the other of pursuing those studies that enlarge its own capabilities. Thus, after a comparatively short residence in India, China, or Ceylon, a woman loses her vivacity, the principal part of her beauty, the whole of her energy becoming equally disinclined to corporeal or mental exertion. The routine of a lady's existence has but little variety under a tropical sun; the greater part of the morning is passed in reclining on a couch, *en deshabille*, being fanned by an Ayah, who tries to amuse her mistress by relating the occurrences that take place in the abodes of her acquaintances, this gossip being duly embellished with scandal. After tiffin, the fair dame will either receive or pay morning visits, when more gossip and scandal are indulged in, or she will read some silly tale of excitement to beguile the time, or soothe her to sleep. For seldom, we grieve to say, is any intellectual occupation pursued that tends to strengthen the mind. About four o'clock the fair one retires to make an elaborate toilette for the evening drive, or to "don equestrian gear;" in either case, the attire of every friend that she meets is severely criticised, and wonder expressed as to how their husbands can afford to supply them with their expensive finery, feeling quite sure they must be over head and ears in debt, strangely forgetting that, in all probability, she, the censurer of extravagance, has assisted in, if not insisted upon, incurring debts, which may preclude the possibility of her own spouse returning to his native land for many long years. Add to this flirtation which, if practised in England, would not be tolerated, and a slight idea may be formed of female occupations in a presidency or eastern colony.—*Sirr's Ceylon.*

**RATIONAL MEDICAL PRACTICE.**—At the time when Dr. Combe entered the medical profession, it was common for practising physicians simply to prescribe medicines, and to lay down dietetic rules to be observed by their patients, without explaining to them the nature of their maladies, or the rationale of the cure. Blind faith and implicit obedience were required of them. He early adopted the practice of addressing the reason and enlisting the moral sympathies of his patients, in every case in which this appeared to him practicable. He preferred the intelligent co-operation of a patient in the measures necessary for the restoration of his health, to mere observance of rules; and, therefore, communicated as much of the nature of the disease as could be stated without exciting injurious alarm,—explained, as far as the individual could comprehend it, the process which nature followed in order to reach the condition of health,—and urged on him the necessity and advantage of complying with her demands. He also stated to the patient, or his attendants, the occurrences which he knew would take place in the progress of the malady before his next visit, and instructed them how to act in the emergencies as they occurred. In his communications, he practised discretion, but avoided mystery; and stated truth, as far as it could be revealed without direct injury to his patient. The consequences of this mode of proceeding were equally beneficial to his patients and to himself. They became convinced that it was nature that was dealing with them, and that, although they might "cheat the doctor," they could not arrest the progress of her evolutions, or escape from aggravated evils, if they obstructed the course of her sanative action. Under these convictions, they obeyed his injunctions with earnestness and attention. By being premonished of approaching symptoms, which were frequently steps in the progress of the cure, but which, if not explained, might have been regarded as aggravations of the malady, they were saved from much alarm, and he from many unnecessary calls and attendances.—*Dr. Combe.*

### A RENCONTRE WITH ARABS.

THE following interesting narrative, from a correspondent at Constantine, is published in the *Constitutionnel*:—

"M. Mané, a merchant of Philippeville, was proceeding to Setif, in company with his servant, their vehicle being a small carriage drawn by one horse. On approaching Oued Temenia, a village eight leagues from Constantine, they observed with some anxiety that they were followed by seven armed Arabs, mounted on mules, who appeared to be seeking to surround them. They soon reached a stream which it was necessary to ford. M. Mané alighted, left horse and carriage to the care of his companion, and drew near the edge of the water to examine its depth. Meanwhile the Arabs had alighted from their mules, and dividing themselves into two separate parties, three of them rushed upon the servant, who was killed almost on the instant, being struck with two bullets, and pierced with twelve yatagan wounds. The four others sprang upon the master, who at that moment was near the stream. He had the presence of mind to seize one of his aggressors, a man advanced in years, and to use him as a shield against the weapons directed at him. The struggle was not a long one; the two men tightly clutching each other, fell into the water, which at that spot was shallow, and were endeavouring to escape each from the other's grasp, when one of the spectators, applying the muzzle of his gun close to the Frenchman's cheek, pulled the trigger, intending to blow out his brains. The gun, however, missed fire, and the Arab immediately set about renewing the priming and cocking the hammer with fearful coolness, and, aiming once more at his prostrate adversary, drove a bullet through the front of his neck. M. Mané, notwithstanding his wound, still preserved all his presence of mind, and, perceiving how vain would be any resistance, stretched himself with a convulsive movement upon his back, threw his head backward, and remained perfectly motionless, as though dead. The Arabs abandoned him, stripped their other victim, and unharnessed the horse. M. Mané was congratulating himself on being quit of them at such a price, when a young man drew near and dragged him out of the water along the mud, and pronouncing the usual formula, *Be's mal!* ('In the name of God!'), commenced undressing him. The Frenchman's dress being held together by the aid of buttons, buckles, and laces—all things unknown to the Kabyle—the spoiler deemed it expedient to have recourse to his knife, and as he used it without precaution from time to time, the point penetrated the skin of the pretended dead man, without eliciting, however, any untoward signs of life. This operation continued until the body was completely stripped. Twenty minutes of perfect silence and apparent abandonment then elapsed. M. Mané, stretched out on a bed of mud, and hearing no sounds about him, began to calculate the probable chances of his escaping alive, mentally inquired what might be the extent and severity of his wound, without, however, daring to raise his hand to it, and sought to form a notion of how much blood he was losing. His weakness seemed extreme, and the coldness of the water and of the night air could alone, he imagined, keep up his consciousness. These reflections were suddenly interrupted by the return of one of the party. He looked up, scarcely opening his eyes, and saw before him two horrible visitors, dressed in burnous. They had returned! They are sorry, thought he, that they have not cut off my head. The tallest of them was looking for something on the ground. M. Mané guessed at once that he wished to find the gun which the Doun had let fall at the commencement of the struggle. The other kept his eyes intently fixed on his victim.

"The following dialogue then sprang up:—*Ja salah, is he dead?* 'Chouff entra. Look for yourself. There is a bullet in his throat and two wounds in his breast.' 'Well, then. *Star morto. Ma kan hadja.* No matter, I'll look.' Imagine the terror of M. Mané as he followed, with half-closed lids, the movement of this inquisitive brute, who was trying to reach him without coming in contact with the mud. M. Mané for a moment was prompted to gather up strength, and suddenly rising up, to make a resistance. He was right in refraining, for the Arab chose not to dirty himself on this occasion. He proceeded up the river, and before his intention could be guessed at, suddenly cried out, '*Bah! Hach koun r horse*, who

knows?' and immediately M. Mané received on his head an enormous stone, dexterously aimed, and the blow was followed by the loss of all consciousness. Day was beginning to dawn when M. Mané recovered his senses. He looked around him for his assassins, but all signs of them had disappeared. He deemed it prudent, however, to remain an hour longer motionless and frozen on the muddy bed where he had passed the night, and did not make up his mind to move or to speak until he perceived a company of French travellers approaching the ford. He was recognised and conveyed, with the remains of his companion, to Constantine. M. Mané's wounds, though dangerous, allow of his recovery being relied on. He was enabled to give an account of his horrible sufferings to the officers of justice, and to describe the assassins, for whom active search is being made.'

### SCENERY OF CEYLON.

ALONG the coast, almost close to the sea, the screw-pine (*Pandanus*) flourishes in extreme luxuriance, and the whole shore is planted with cocoanut trees which droop over the road, the lover of nature pursues his way with feelings of intense gratification, especially when he gazes upon the waving palms above his head, then upon the blue ocean, upon whose surface the sun's young beams are reflected. The prospect is so exquisitely lovely that it appears more like enchantment, or a dream of fairy land, than sober reality. Upon reaching the water, the coach is placed in a boat, and ferried across the river, and this spot is also a scene of surpassing beauty. On the bosom of the tranquil stream, floats the pink lotus, the tulip-shaped flower; being enshrined amongst the broad green leaves; areca palms (*Areca catechu*) waving over, and drooping into the river; and here and there a flowery shrub of gorgeous hue, intermixed among the stately trees clothed in their vesture of brilliant green.

Within a short distance of the opposite side of the ferry, the constantly varying panorama of nature becomes, if possible, still more enchanting; the boundless ocean, with its never-changing hues on one side, its white spray dashing over the rocks, with the dense groves of noble trees on the other, are alike sublimely beautiful. Cocoa-nut trees planted on either side of the road, bend towards each other, forming a shady avenue through which the coach passes.

Occasionally young plantations of palms, the leaves spreading out thickly in an irregular fan-like form from the root, will greet the eye, contrasting finely with the older trees, whose slender-naked tall trunks are surmounted by a crown-like diadem of leaves.

Startled by the sound of the coach-wheels, a peacock, with a shrill scream, will take flight, his gorgeous plumage glittering in the sun, as he wings his flight upwards, or he may wend his way to a noble ebony tree, and alighting there, will proudly raise his crested head, the feathers of his drooping tail intermingling with the luxuriant foliage of the splendid tree. Sometimes a guano (a species of lizard), will cross the road in pursuit of his prey, whose short clumsy legs, and slothful, ungainly movements seem ill-calculated to enable him to pursue, or entrap a more agile creature. But see—he has marked that beautiful little squirrel as his victim: how nimbly the reptile is ascending the tree after the poor little animal, his clumsy legs move quickly enough now,—luckily the agile fellow has seen him, and with a bound to another tree, gets clear of his pursuer. These hideous reptiles are amphibious, and we have seen several that measured more than five feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, and it is affirmed they possess such strength in that part, that with one blow of their tail a man's leg will be broken. They are likewise carnivorous, for they will alike steal and devour your fowls and your fruit.

Indulging in gambols in the boughs of the trees that skirt the road-side, are to be seen monkeys of every size, and of numerous species, which, in the very wantonness of sport, will pluck a young cocoanut, and dash it on the earth: then run along the ropes that attach one tree to the other, performing again the same mischievous antic, despite the threatening gestures of the toddy-drawers, who have, for their convenience, thus linked the trees together.—*Sirr's Ceylon.*

## LIFE IN NUREMBERGH.

"THE tone of society here is unlike that of most other German towns which I have seen. If not so polished as in other places, it is, at the same time, less sophisticated, and not without its refinements. Let me, however, say one thing before I go any farther:—the inhabitants are, what in some of the more frequented towns they are *not*,—a simple-minded, kindly-hearted people; and if the spirit of considerate attention, kindness, and hospitality to strangers can deserve it, they still fully merit the designation bestowed upon them by some of the ancient German authors, of 'the good people of Nurembergh.' It must be remembered this is a 'Handel-stadt,' or commercial town, and also a tolerably wealthy one. Amongst some of those families, therefore, who claim to be the *first*, a mingling of the mercantile spirit is observable, a little more contention or competition than is perhaps otherwise usual in regard to appearances, and the chameleon-like quality of changing their hue every time they appear in public. The ghost of 'Mrs. Grundy' evidently exercises its customary influence, even here, among those persons who have not yet had courage enough to lay the intermeddling and troublesome spirit. Notwithstanding this, society is, as I have already said, upon a pleasant enough footing; and if you do not yourself make too many ceremonies, the natives (to most of whom they are anything but agreeable) know how to relax them in favour of foreigners, and it will be *your own fault* if you do not in this respect find it all that you can wish. Evening visits are, perhaps, the most pleasant. You enter the salon bonnetted and cloaked, the hostess or her daughters assisting the lady to disrobe; the gentleman's hat is taken in the same way by the host or a servant, and as for his cloak (or *mantel*) it must be hung upon one of the hinges of the door, whose brass projections are mostly finished above, seemingly with a view to this convenience. Each of these will hold at least two, and as, for the sake of easy access, every room has two or three, nay sometimes even four doors in it, half-a-dozen 'mantels' are thus easily disposed of. The ladies' paraphernalia is generally removed to another room, and the gentlemen's hats, sticks, &c. must be arranged in an out-of-the-way corner, until the whole are accommodated; as they best may be in the absence of cloak and hat-stands, which nobody here has ever yet dreamt of. The only real inconvenience is when the night is wet or snowy, which is soon proclaimed by the small pools of water which accumulate from the drippings at the door. Tea is served on these occasions at about half-past five or from that to six o'clock, and it is called a 'sweet tea,' from the multitudinous cakes that accompany it, many of which are of the most delicious description, except that they are sometimes a little too sweet. But the people here are addicted to sugar in immense quantities, wherever it is possible to use it. Strange to say, they do not seem to perceive how nature herself revenges the outrage. Yet it is easy to see they receive their punishment through the same medium by which the offence is committed, and, accordingly, of whatever beauties they may have to boast, a good set of teeth is generally *not* among the number. Tea, when they do drink it, is, from its diluted condition, not likely to please an Englishman. When strong, they say it heats them, and is too exciting to their nerves; therefore, under the same kind apprehension in regard to yours, they take care to offer it as hot water, fascinated by the bewitching influence of cinnamon, vanilla, and about sixteen tea-leaves to eleven persons. Eau-de-vie, or old arrack, is sometimes added, together with a little lemon peel, by way of correcting any evil effects which might otherwise even yet arise from so dangerous an infusion! The sight of a strong infusion is evidently unknown to many of them. Some acquaintance paid us a visit upon one occasion just as we were sitting down to tea. They were presented with some; but its colour condemned it, and unmindful of the teapot, it was politely rejected with, 'Ich dank sehr—Ich trinke keinen Kaffer'; nor was it until after much explanation, and the reduction of it to the usual degree of *agua-tinto* strength, that they could be prevailed upon to taste it. On these occasions, it is in vain to provide sugar-tongs, since nobody thinks of using them. Instead, the thumb and finger will be called into requisition, and upon the good old principle that these were first invented, the silver will be mostly dispensed with. Music and conversation (and in some houses, cards) lead the evening pleasantly along, which finishes with a slight sup-

per, backed by wine, beer, and an occasional glass of punch—Nuremberg punch!—and at an early hour all is over. Dinner parties are more formal, and on that account disagreeable. The hour is generally one o'clock. Dessert and coffee follow; after which you are expected to take your departure. A friendly dinner meeting is, however, quite another thing; but in these there is about the same difference as in England.—*Whitting.*

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

AMONG the notabilities of Pugwarra, twenty-four miles north of Loodianah, is a Brahmin devotee doing penance. He stands upon one leg all day, repeating "muntras" to himself, and the greater part of the night also; existence being supported by two chittacks of milk only, daily; and this has been going on for seven years!

A SMART shock of earthquake, which, however, was unattended by serious damage, was experienced at Antigua, on the 6th ult.

COFFEE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The mode of making coffee in Constantinople is thus described:—Their coffee is made in a simple, easy manner, and most expeditiously. When a single cup is called for, the attendant in the coffee-house pours hot water into a little copper pan, or rather pot; puts it over a charcoal fire for an instant, to make it boil; then adds a proportion of well ground or pounded coffee, either alone or mixed with sugar; returns it again to the fire, to boil for an instant, and the coffee is made. It is poured, boiling hot, into a small porcelain cup, and handed to the customer; the coarser grounds quickly subside in a few seconds, whilst cooling down to the drinking-point. Disagreeable at first, a taste for this strong unclarified coffee is soon acquired.

SALE OF THE METROPOLIS ROADS.—On the 8th of June the commissioners of the roads north of the metropolis held a public meeting at their offices, No. 22, Whitehall-place, for the purpose of putting up to auction, for the period of one year from the 1st of July next—subject to the conditions produced at the meeting—the tolls payable during the year at the gates and bars of the several turnpike roads within the district of the commission north of the metropolis. In consequence of the increase of traffic anticipated from the Great Exhibition of 1851, they were put up at the same sum they were let for last year, and they realised a much larger sum. The following were the tolls let on the several roads:—The Kensington, Brentford, and Isleworth Road, put up at fifteen thousand four hundred and thirty pounds, and knocked down for fifteen thousand five hundred and ten pounds. The Harrow Road went for one thousand and ninety pounds—nine hundred and twenty pounds being asked. The Kilburn and Edgware Road produced three thousand six hundred and sixty pounds, being disposed of the previous year for three thousand five hundred and eighty pounds. The Highgate and Hampstead Road realised, last year, seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety pounds, and this year, seventeen thousand five hundred pounds. The City Road was offered for three thousand one hundred and sixty pounds; it was disposed of for three thousand two hundred pounds. The Stamford-hill and Seven Sisters' Roads went for nine thousand one hundred and ten pounds, being the sum they put at.

THE CRADLE FOR THE INFANT PRINCE.—The cradle, which is carved in Turkey boxwood of the finest quality, represents the union of the Royal Families of Great Britain and Saxe Coburg, having at one end the armorial bearings of her Majesty the Queen, elaborately finished, forming the centre ornament. Beneath the shield, on the rocker, is seen a beautiful sleeping female mask, Nox, crowned with a wreath of poppies, having bats' wings, and being surrounded by the seven planets. The other end, that is to say, the back of the head of the cradle, is devoted to the arms of Prince Albert. The shield is in the centre, and round it, among the foliage, the six crests of the Prince are scattered. In the lower part of this end, on the other rocker, a sleeping mask is discovered: it represents Somnus. The drapery thrown over part of his face terminates in poppies and foliage. In the interior of the head of the cradle guardian angels are introduced, and above the royal crown is found embedded in foliage. The friezes, forming the most important part of the sides of the body of the cradle, are composed of roses, poppies, conventional foliage, butterflies, and birds, while

beneath them rise a beautifully arranged variety of pinks, studied from nature. The edges and the inside of the rockers are enriched with insignia of royalty or emblems of repose. It may be mentioned that the Queen herself suggested the general form and material for the cradle.—*Lady's Newspaper.*

A DESTRUCTIVE fire has occurred in Corning, State of New York, by which two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was destroyed. Another fire at Charleston, U.S., has consumed Johnson's Circus, a warehouse with 4,000 bales of cotton, and other property, value two hundred thousand dollars.

## HERONS.

ONE of the few heronries which still remain in the kingdom is at Parham, in Sussex; and our author gives an interesting account of his visit to this spot at the breeding time. On this occasion he proceeded to examine the nests of the herons by climbing the trees; and having captured a young one, and disturbed the old ones, he thus proceeds:—

"My operations having for the present disturbed the elder members of the heronry, who seemed unwilling to return to the trees while I remained there, I left the place for a couple of hours, and then cautiously retracing my steps, fastened my horse to a shrub at some distance, and taking off my shooting coat, from one of the capacious pockets of which the head and neck of the living heron protruded, I slung my spy-glass over my neck, and as silently as possible ascended a Scotch fir, which commanded from its upper branches a good view of a large nest in a neighbouring tree. The evergreen boughs, moreover, were so well clothed with leaves that I found less difficulty than I had expected in concealing myself; but notwithstanding all my care the old birds had taken the alarm when I began to climb, and I had to wait a long time before either of them returned. I had, however, a good opportunity of examining with my glass the grotesque inhabitants of the nest: they were three in number, appeared to be not more than a week or ten days old, and were partly clothed with a hairy down, resembling hemp or flax in colour and appearance; their heavy heads, crowned with tufts of this, and raised occasionally as they opened their enormous mouths in expectation of food, and then suddenly dropped again; their great staring eyes, writhing necks, and naked bodies altogether contributed to render their appearance irresistibly ludicrous; but their excitement seemed to have reached its utmost when one of the old birds, which had flapped round the nest for some time, at last prepared to alight, gradually allowing his outstretched legs to fall from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and working his wings with increased violence and rapidity until he found a firm footing on the margin of the nest, when opening his beak, he immediately disgorged several small eels, which were greedily devoured by the three young birds. The eels appeared to be very small; but I had, ere long, an opportunity of observing that even when a fish is of a tolerable size, the heron contrives to conceal it within the elastic pouch to which, in so many birds, the dilatate skin of the throat can be readily converted; for many minutes had not elapsed before I saw an old heron alight on a more distant tree, and opening his mouth, drop a fish, which appeared to be above half a pound weight, into the bottom of his nest. I had, it is true, only a passing glimpse of it as it fell, and, therefore, at the moment could make only a rough guess at its weight and species, but it appeared to be a bream, or large roach, and of such a shape and size as I should scarcely have supposed to have been stowed away within that graceful neck, if I had not been aware, from former observations on the habits of cormorants and divers, how great are the expansive properties of the gullet in all piscivorous birds. After dropping it on the floor of the nest, he commenced, by repeated blows of his beak, to lacerate and tear the flesh from the bones, and seemed to accomplish his task in an incredibly short space of time by means of the admirable tool with which Nature had furnished him, performing at once the double duties of pickaxe and pincers; then followed the feeding of the young birds, and so economical a housekeeper and skilful carver did he prove, that when I had afterwards the curiosity to ascend to his nest, I found as the remains of the repast, little else than the back-bone of a fish which might have weighed nearly a pound, with only a few ragged bits of flesh adhering to it; even the head had been devoured."—*Ornithological Rambles, by Knox.*

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## THE LOVE OF CHANGE.

THERE is a large class of well-meaning people in the world, whose greatest real or pretended horror is anything in the shape of Change; and there as certainly is another class, whose motto is, or should be, "Anything for a Change." The former class considers the latter anything but respectable; and the latter considers the former to be far gone amid the mental oxydation of prejudices, honouring their members by such opprobrious appellations as muffs, twaddles, &c., &c.

Perhaps there are many persons who preserve a golden mean between these two classes, and do not change for the mere love of Change, at the same time that they do not vegetate for the dread of Change; but the habits, manners, and feelings of these two extremes, are sufficiently amusing and curious to merit recording.

We consider that those who are possessed with an inordinate love of Changes—changes of habitation—of place—of pursuit—acquaintance—habits, and so on, are but a small section of the body politic of this country—a restless minority: for it must be apparent to any one who takes the trouble to philosophise upon the national characteristics of Englishmen, that no people upon the face of the earth—perhaps the Dutch excepted—are so much the slaves of habit, or so chary of making changes, or of not doing to day what they did yesterday, and what, to use their own language, their father's did before them.

A blind, and we had almost said stupid, but we certainly will say not wise, adherence to old habits of thought and action, certainly does characterise us as a nation. We have dozens of proverbs inculcating the wisdom of letting things alone; and nothing is so troublesome or galling to an Englishman, as the bustle of Change. Consistency in opinion is exalted into a virtue in this country, even although every circumstance upon which that opinion was founded, has undergone the greatest mutations. The whole of our legal system hinges upon *precedent*, i.e., upon what has been done before. Anything new stands a very bad chance, as a proposition, in any of our courts of law or equity. The greatest iniquities become quite reverent things in England, if they are but sanctified by age; and we do believe that a highwayman, who could prove that he had robbed folks, upon one particular road, for fifty years, might be fairly listened to, if he spoke of his vested interests.

So outrageous has grown the feeling of the detestation of Change, that people found notions of respectability upon the most absurd grounds having that character. Thus you will hear a man boast of how many years he has lived in the same house or in the same street, and claim a kind of consideration, because either the residence happened to suit him for so long, or he had not the means or the courage to remove from it, whether it suited him or not. Another one will object to a drain being cleansed, because his father, ay, and his father before him again, sniffed up the delightful aroma.

Everything that lasts long becomes sanctified in England, be it bad, good, vicious, or exquisite. People shed tears of delight when George III. had reigned fifty years, and he became the "good old king" forthwith. All the monstrous abuses of Church and State in this country—all the mal-administrations of charitable funds—all the social

and domestic robberies and iniquities that ensue from public and private dishonesty, are clung to by the people of England as good old things that must not be touched, or if gently meddled with, must be done so in a very reverent spirit, indeed. The tax-gatherer is sanctified by system and usage. The Church of England, with all its immense trickery, villany, and spoliation, is established—delightful word to Englishmen!—and, therefore, is to be revered accordingly. You cannot complain of the simplest nuisance, but up starts a host of defenders of it, who will put you down, by telling you how many years it has been just so.

All persons who propose Changes, even of the most salutary description, are called innovators. They used fifty years ago to be called Jacobins—disturbers of the public peace—brawlers, and demagogues; and, to descend from larger affairs to small, we are convinced that there are still people who persist in the use of a tinder-box, and a flint and steel, in spite of the world-wide discovery of the lucifer match; and it will take another age, at least, before, with quiet restlessness and many throes of conscience and uneasiness, *respectable* people will forego the delight of a pair of snuffers on the drawing-room table, and admit that candles can be made so as not to require them.

These are the people who tell you they like to live and die where they were born. They don't like gallivanting from place to place, not they: "a rolling stone gathers no moss," they will tell you. Better leave pretty well alone. And they will, with a pride of voice that transcends the bray of the noisiest donkey that ever lifted up its vagrant voice, tell you how many years they have paid taxes in St. Somebody's Parish. Yes, taxes are dear to Englishmen. To be well taxed is one of the old social delights of this country.

What a struggle gas-lights had in London before people would consent to believe that they could see by their aid. What a stigma even yet rests upon steam-packets and railroads. How well tradesmen understand the respectability of the establishment, feeling when they puff themselves off as being "the oldest house in the line," such, in reality, being a pretty good hint not to go to them—for old houses in any particular line of business get wedded to old habits, and seldom keep pace with the modern march of improvement, which, in spite of all the obstructors who don't like it, will speed on.

Is it not an absurd and monstrous thing, that in a country like ours, where education and intelligence exist to so really large an extent, there are always two battles to be fought before the most desirable change that can possibly be suggested, can hope to be adopted? One of these battles, and that is a rational one, is to prove that the Change is an improvement; but that is the least of the affair—for if that be proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, or the ingenuity of a cavil, the stoutest opposition arises from the large mass of people who oppose it, simply, because it is a Change.

The Smithfield Market—"Old Smithfield"—has its devotees. "Why, sir," said a man the other day, "my grandfather was nearly tossed in Smithfield-market, by an infuriated ox. Talk of doing away with the old market, indeed! Pho, sir! It can't be done!"

Alas! It is this feeling that perpetuates all abuses—that clogs industry—that flouts at all reform—that makes that strange feeling, loyalty, an irrespective condition of the mind, that bows down before a bishop, even if it be proved as clearly as that the sun shines at mid-day that he is a despoiler

of the church of which he is one of the heads; and it is this feeling of dislike to rational change, and conservation of whatever is *established*, that will keep England, not centuries behind other nations in the reach of improvement, social and domestic, but ages behind what she might be.

In our next, we will say a few words upon "Anything for a Change."

DAMASCUS.—This city, to which are applied the epithets, Eden of the Muslim, one of the Gates of the Kaaba, and the Eye of the East, occupies the centre of a tract of productive fields and luxuriant garden ground. Like a pearl in the desert, it is situated near the eastern slopes of the anti-Lebanon, and its territory forms the principal part of the territory of El Gutha, a district containing about eighty villages, which probably represents the ancient and limited kingdom of Aram or Syria of Damascus. With the exception of the suburb of Salahiyah, a mile and a half to the northwest of the city of Praise, and the city of Joy, as it has been designated, occupies level ground, and the view from the suburb, as well as that from the opening of the hills beyond, is strikingly beautiful. The mass of the town forms a triangle, one side of which extends nearly three miles N.W. by W. from Salahiyah, and another almost an equal distance N.E. by N. It is surrounded by the remains of its ancient walls, and within is a castellated citadel, besides the usual proportion of khans, baths, serais, sparkling cupolas, and tapering minarets: it is embosomed in flower and fruit gardens, dotted here and there with numerous kiosks shaded with trees, the whole forming a wooded belt at least thirty miles in circumference, which terminates on one side in an almost boundless wilderness. The interior of the city is not unlike, but on the whole, it is rather superior to its youngest sister, Grand Cairo, and its character is more particularly oriental; perhaps more strikingly so throughout than even Baghdad or Isfahan.—*Col. Chesney's Expedition.*

AN HOTEL WAITER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—There was the most wonderful waiter at this hotel that I ever saw—a tall, thin, lath-built fellow, from Venice, who sprang and darted about the *salle-a-manger* in such an extraordinary manner—changing the dish of meat into that of figs, with such strange rapidity; waiting upon twenty people at once; banging out at one door, and directly afterwards in at another quite opposite, and wearing such an odd tight dress, that we christened him Arlechino. He poured out tea for everybody, drew a dozen corks, shot into the kitchen, came back and said he had thrashed the cook who was a Greek, frightened two or three guests of nervous fibre so, by his activity, that they were afraid to ask for anything—in fact, did so much, that I don't suppose anybody would have been astonished to have seen him take a leap, and disappear through the dial of a clock, or the centre of a picture, or any other of those strange points which harlequins generally select for their sudden departures.—*Albert Smith.*

DEATH OF MISS JANE PORTER.—The death of this celebrated authoress, whose writings, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Pastor's Fireside," &c., must be well known to our readers, took place at the residence of her brother, Dr. W. O. Porter of Bristol, on Thursday night. Miss Porter's disease was a second attack of pulmonary apoplexy. She was in her seventy-fourth year, and maintained the vigour of her intellect and her habitual cheerfulness of disposition till the close of her life.

HACKNEY WATERMEN.—It is understood that it is the intention of the commissioners to have the watermen of coachstands sworn in as special constables to act on the different stands, particularly to prevent the system of allowing unlicensed persons, many of whom have lost their licences for misconduct to drive with badges belonging to other persons, a practice which has of late been carried on to a great extent.

THE SMITHFIELD NUISANCE.—The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the live and dead meat markets of the metropolis have agreed to their report, which will probably be presented soon after the re-assembling of parliament. Amongst other matters which have received their consideration, the Commissioners will recommend, we understand, the removal of Smithfield Market to a site without the metropolis, on the north side.—*Observer.*

## COUSIN CECIL;

OR,

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER VII.

DICK MUST HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL ESCAPE, FOR HE IS AT WORK AGAIN.

PERHAPS there has been some anxiety in the mind of the reader about Dick. We are willing to believe that such has been the case, and so it will be very gratifying to see him on the morning following his strange adventure at the Surgeon's, in the workshop appertaining to, and belonging to, the dwelling-house of Mr. Nipps, quite busy upon a coffin lid.

Tap, tap, tap!—Tap, tap, tap, tap! Yes—there was Dick.

Now, it had been a sad thing to see Dick only about fourteen or fifteen hours before that time; for if the reader will please to recollect—or, not recollecting, turn back to the pages of this veritable chronicle of smiles and tears—he will find that Dick's spirit was clouded by the shadow of the act he had lent himself to at Larchins, upon the instigation of Mr. Jarvis, the Surgeon, and a sovereign. Then the poor boy was a being to be pitied; and he had had an idea of running away—ay, and he would have ran away, too, but for the bright eyes of Susan Nipps, the peerless daughter of the undertaker.

Tears had fallen upon the very coffin-lid upon which Dick had found it necessary to tap, tap, tap—tap, tap, tap, tap; and in that moment of sensibility he had found out—oh, what a delicious discovery was that!—that Susan loved him—just a little.

Happy Dick!

And now, who shall say that human feelings and human passions are not like an April day? for, lo and behold! there is Dick—the weeping Dick—the melancholy Dick—the run-away-inclined Dick—actually now, with such a look of pleasure in his bright black eyes, and such a sunny smirk about his handsome mouth, and his head so jauntily on one side, and altogether such a comfortable look, while he whistles a tune, that you would not—you could not suppose him to be the same boy that he was only those few short and fleeting hours before.

But that is, at present, one of the mysteries of Hampton. The reader must, for the present, be content to see Dick as he is, without being too curious to know why he is so.

"A nice day," said Dick. Tap, tap, tap! "A very nice day." Tap, tap, tap! "How I should like a run in Richmond Park, to be sure! I do feel so—so—Who's that—eh?" Tap, tap! "Master coming, I suppose." Tap, tap, tap, tap!

"Dick was a 'prentice, bold and true,  
And he loved his Susan dear;  
He hammered away at a wooden house,  
With a smile, and, at times, a tear.  
Tap, tap, tap!

"Make me a coffin," the master says,  
'And let it be rather long;  
Hammer it well, with a tap, tap, tap!  
And finish it off quite strong.'

Tap, tap, tap!  
"Then came pretty Sue, with her eyes so blue—  
And a darling girl was she—  
She dropped a tear on the coffin-plate,  
And she—"

"You rascal!" cried Mr. Nipps: "do you call that working? Why, you do nothing but flourish the hammer about in the air, as though you were a Field-Marshal, and that was your batoon. Oh, Dick, you rascal, as the great Duke of Marlborough used to say, if you can't attend to your coffin-lids you had better leave them alone."

"Yes, sir. I—I—that is—" Tap, tap, tap—tap, tap, tap!

"Yes, you villain, you can work fast enough while I am here to watch you, but the moment my back is turned it is—"

Tap, tap, tap.

"And then there isn't anything to be got from you in the way of industry and application, as Napoleon said, but—"

Tap, tap, tap, tap.

Dick now hammered away at such a rate that Mr. Nipps nearly believed he meant to do a terrific morning's work, and, therefore, left the workshop

rather than be any hindrance to such a virtuous and remunerative resolution on the part of his apprentice.

How Dick smiled to himself; and when Mr. Nipps was fairly out of earshot, for Dick watched him down the road, he plunged his hand into his breast-pocket and took out a little purse, and opening it, here produced no less a sum than two very bright sovereigns.

"All's right," said Dick. "When I get a little older, Susan and I will marry and go into house-keeping upon these, and then won't we be as happy as the day is long?—tap, tap, tap. Why, there won't be such a couple as we are in all Hampton, no, nor in London either; for of all the charming, little—tap, tap—Oh, dear, I wonder if there is anybody else in all the world that's half so handsome as Susan? I don't think—tap, tap, tap—that there can be. What eyes she has, and what pretty long curls down her nice back; and then her little feet that go tripping about are quite—quite—"

"Well, Dick," said Susan, "what are they?" "Oh, dear—tap, tap, tap—oh, Susan, I did not see you—indeed, I did not; for if I had, I should have—tap, tap—spoken to you at once. When did you come into the shop, dear?"

"Just as you got to my feet, Dick."

"You don't say so? Well, I was going to say that your feet, peeping out under the flounce of those white trousers, were just like two little mice that didn't know whether to venture into the daylight or not. Oh, Susan, dear, dear Susan!"

"Dick, you—you are a very bad—boy."

"Bad!" said Dick, taking the badness in a physical, rather than a moral sense. "Bad! oh, don't say that, Susan."

"Yes, Dick, you are. You made me very unhappy yesterday, and you made me think that something sad, indeed, was upon your mind; and now I have been watching you, and you have been laughing and singing, and so I don't like you at all. Oh, you bad boy."

"But may not a poor fellow laugh and sing?"

"Not when he has pretended to be so sad that he was going to run away, and all sorts, only the day before."

"Well, but, Susan, I—that is, I will explain. You see, my dear Susan, that yesterday I—that is to-day—when one thinks that yesterday, one don't think what to-day is, and the smiles that come, and the tears that are gone; and take them all one with another, you see, Susan, that I don't think you ought to think that, now you understand it, there's anything wrong at all in it, dear Susan."

Tears gathered to Susan's eyes.

"Oh, Dick, I did think—"

"What—what?"

"I shan't tell you. You may run away now if you like, and as soon as you like. You may go. I don't want you here; not I: go along. Oh, yes, I mean it. You needn't open your eyes so wide. Go—go."

"Then I will. I am going—I didn't think this of you, but I'm going at last. There's a very small regiment of soldiers, they tell me, at Uxbridge, that are all going to be shot in the East Indies, and eat up by mad elephants, and I'll go and list among them. It will be a nice hearty thing. Good-by, Miss Nipps—I mean Susan—and I only hope that you may find some other Dick who will love you half as well as I—do—No, I mean, as I don't. Good-by."

Dick had got to the door, but Susan did not speak.

"Good—by!" he cried.

"Dick—Dick!"

She let her sweet face droop upon her hands, and burst into tears. Dick was by her side in a moment.

"My darling—my own dear Susan! Why, now, you didn't go all for to think that I could leave you? Why, I love you better than all the world, and all its gold, and all its diamonds. Look up, Susan. Oh, look up. I do love you, indeed, and, in truth, I do. You don't know how I watch for you of a morning to get the least peep at you: and when I do, I say to myself that the sun has come, and I go to my work with a cheerful heart."

"You do, Dick?"

"Indeed, and in truth, I do."

"But—but how is it that you make me so unhappy one day by pretending to be so miserable, and that only the next you are quite a gay boy, with your singing and laughing? I did nothing but cry all last night with thinking of you."

"Then I only wish I was in my coffin, and

somebody had screwed me down, rather than you should cry about me, dear—I do, indeed. But—but Susan, I must not tell you why I was unhappy yesterday, nor why I am happy to-day. Indeed, I must not. Will you forgive me?"

"You must not tell me, Dick?"

"No—no. Don't ask me, Susan, for, indeed, I must not."

"Well, I won't ask you; but what was it?"

"It's somebody else's secret, dear; but I tell you what I will do: I will tell the somebody else what a dear, good, kind, girl you are, and ask leave to tell you; and then I daresay they will say, 'Oh, yes; and if they do, I will tell you such a story that all your beautiful curls will stand on end.'"

"On end, Dick? What, will it terrify me so?"

"A little; but you won't mind that, you know, dear; and now you are my dear Susan again, Lord bless you, I won't list in that small regiment, not I; but I could just let myself be put at once in a lead coffin, and soldered down till the sexton came to steal it, and sell it by the pound, if I thought that you did not love me. You do, Susan, don't you?"

"Me? Why what put that into your head?"

The arch, yet sweet look of the young girl into his face saved Dick the necessity of an answer. He wound his arms round her. She let her head rest upon his shoulder; and with smiles of young delight, they looked into each other's eyes.

"Ha! ha!" said a voice.

With a scream, Susan disengaged herself from the arms of her young lover, and rushed from the workshop into the house. Dick, with his face flushed to the colour of crimson, turned upon the intruder, and beheld just within the door-way of the shop a tall, stout man, in dingy, dusty, travel-worn apparel, who was scowling at him from beneath a pair of shaggy brows, that were almost sufficient to hide his eyes completely, and close down upon which was drawn a coarse felt cap.

"Ha! ha!" said the man again.

"Who are you?" cried Dick. "You vagabond!"

"Ha! ha!"

"Be off with you, will you?" Dick snatched up his hammer, and approached two steps towards the intruder, who, crossing his arms over his chest, laughed loudly, and was evidently no way alarmed at Dick's passion.

"Ha! ha!" he said, "biling and cooing like two doves in a wood. Well, that's a dainty little piece of lamb that's gone, I must say. So, you begin early in Hampton. Ha! ha! I suppose old Nipps likes it. Ho! ho! If he don't, he's an odd master. I hope I didn't interrupt you? I don't like to spoil sport. Call the chicken back again, and tell her not to mind me. I should like to give her a kiss or two myself."

"You scoundrel!" cried Dick.

"Come—come, no hard words. They won't go down with me, young chap. Perhaps, if I were to tell Mr. Nipps how nicely you and pretty little Susan agree in the workshop, he would find out what Napoleon would say on such a subject. Ho! ho!"

Dick felt his heart sink within him at the idea of what poor Susan might have to endure from the reproaches of her father and mother, in the event of such a discovery taking place. He shrank from before the man, and clasping his hands, he said—

"Oh, what have I done that you should think of being so bad and mischievous? I never injured you, nor has she."

"No, and I don't mean to do it. What is it to me? I say, I won't tell. Lord bless you, boy, I am not that sort of chap. I was wild, and young, and handsome myself once."

"A long while ago," said Dick.

"Yes, a year or two. But give me your fist. I won't say a word on the subject; but I want to speak to you about something else, and that is what has brought me here. Did you screw down Colonel Danvers's coffin?"

Dick started, and turned very pale.

"I did," he said; "I did. Why—why do you ask that? Why do you want to know, and who are you?"

"A vagabond. You named me rightly enough when first you saw me, Dick. I like it. I live with the gipsies, though I ain't one of their people. Colonel Danvers used to give us leave to pitch a tent or two close to Larchins, by the side of the brook; and the young fellow, the son, was as good as his father in that way; but there's a piece of goods they call Miss Cecil, who has ordered us all off,

bless her! and all the folks hereabouts are full of an odd story about the old Colonel not being in his coffin; so I thought I'd come and ask you about it, as they say you screwed him down at Larchins. What did you do with him?"

"I do with him?"

"Yes, you."

"Nothing—nothing at all. I know nothing about it, and I don't want to speak about it. I don't know you, and you have no right to come and question me. I will not answer you one way or the other."

Dick resolutely sat down to the coffin-lid, and took his hammer in his hand to begin his work.

"I tell you what it is, young fellow," said the man, in whom the reader will not fail to recognise the same who had met Lionel and Minna, and Sir William Watson, in the shrubbery at Larchins. "I tell you what it is—you do know something about it."

Tap, tap, tap! went Dick's hammer.

"And what you know, I will know, recollect that. I don't mean any mischief; but I loved the old man as much as I could love anybody; and if there has been any foul play—"

Tap, tap, tap, tap!

"I'm just the sort of fellow to find it out. I shall leave you now to think it over; but when I come again, you had much better make a friend of me than an enemy. Do you understand that?"

Tap, tap, tap!

"Do you hear me?"

Tap!

The man struck the hammer from the hands of Dick, and the indignant boy laid his hand upon the collar of his assailant, crying—

"Do you think I'm afraid of you because you are big? No, I am not; and if you were as big as the Parish Church, I wouldn't be touched by you without a fight for it. How dare you?"

"Well that's good! Ha! ha! Lord bless you, boy, I like you. I wouldn't hurt you for the world—not I. Come, come, boy, we must understand each other."

"No, we won't!"

"But I say we will, boy. I mean well, and it ain't the nature of youth that you should mean other than well. You are too young, and I would take that pretty girl's eyes as a good bail that—"

It was at this moment that there bounded into the workshop, in all the mad excitement of the wildest terror, a young man, little removed from a lad. He wore a pair of scarlet military trousers, but his coat was such as is usually worn by the better class of country labourers. His head was bare, and the perspiration was streaming from his face.

"Save me! Oh, save me!" he cried. "If you have any pity, save me! They will kill me! It is war time, you see, and—deserters are shot. Save me, I beg—I implore you! They are after me, but they did not see me come in here. Have mercy upon me! I did not mean to desert, but I oversteered my time. I was looking for my father. They—they come—they come! Oh, God! they will kill me!"

The deserter flung himself at the feet of Dick in a paroxysm of tears, and still, in shrieking accents, cried for help.

The faint low sound of a bugle horn came from the open air, and the man who had been speaking with Dick, walked to the door of the workshop, and looked out.

"Ha!" he said. "There's a party of light cavalry coming along the road, and they point to this house. It is all up with him."

"No—no!" cried the deserter. "Oh, I hear the sound of horses' feet! They come—they come! Will you not make an attempt to save me? It will be a sad thing for you to think afterwards that you did nothing for me, and that I was murdered! Help! Oh, help me! Let me go somewhere to hide!"

"They come," said the man.

Dick was up to that moment almost paralysed with the suddenness of the event; but when he, indeed, heard the tramp of the horses' feet, he started into life and energy.

"Hold!" he cried; "are you sure they did not see you come in here?—are you sure of that?"

"Yes—yes; or if they did, they cannot tell if I came into this place, or darted through the gate to the yard adjoining."

"That's true," said Dick.

"Here they are," said the man.

"Quick—quick!" cried Dick, as he hastily displaced the lid of the coffin upon which he had been

working. "Get in here, lie quite flat, and don't move or speak for your life's sake. That do."

"Oh, how can I thank you?"

"Be quiet, that's all I ask of you."

Dick put on the lid of the coffin, and partially secured it. He then hastily sat down by it, and with his hammer and nails set to work, finishing the long row of ornamentation upon the gloomy receptacle of the dead, as it was intended to be; but as it was now the refuge of the living.

"That's not a bad idea," said the man. "I don't think they will find him, poor fellow. Let you and I be talking quite gently, as if nobody had been in here at all, boy. It's a kind thing of you to hide the poor youth. I wouldn't have him found for the world. I—feel for him. There was—a something in his tones that—that—"

The stalwart rough-looking man sat down upon an unfinished coffin, and held his hand hard over his eyes for a moment or two; and then, dashing it upon his knee, he said—

"Well, that's odd—But, hush! they are coming now. Hush!—Mind what you say and do, boy."

"I will—tap, tap, tap!—They shan't have him—tap, tap, tap, tap!—and I don't begin to think that you are a bad fellow, after all"—tap, tap!

"Thank you for the compliment. Hush! They come."

A Sergeant's guard of Hussars halted at the door of the workshop; and the Sergeant, with a couple of his men, dismounted, and strode into the place. He cast a keen, inquisitive glance about him, and the man whose name was Migsley, cried out—

"Hilloa! Here's some soldiers! Why, what can they want at the coffin-maker's? Whose dead, now?"

"The devil!" said the Sergeant, angrily.

"Poor fatherless Hussars!" said Migsley. Tap, tap, tap! went Dick's hammer, as he looked askance at the soldiers.

"Come, come," said the Sergeant, "stop that noise. We are after a deserter, and we saw him turn in here somewhere—a young fellow with scarlet trousers on. Have you seen such a one?"

Migsley shook his head, and so did Dick. The Sergeant looked suspicious, and walking up to Dick, he placed his foot upon the coffin, and his hand upon the boy's shoulder, as he said—

"Come, my lad. It will be a crown in your way, if you let us know where he is. We saw him come in here."

"Then, your eyes are sharper than mine," said Dick—tap, tap, tap!

"Oh, nonsense! We could not be deceived, I tell you. He is here now. Come—come, tell the truth."

Tap, tap, tap, tap!

"And, mark me, it's felony to hide a deserter."

"I suppose," said Dick, "that's what makes you think"—tap, tap, tap—"that I should be wise enough to do it?"—tap, tap!

"Just look between these boards, men," cried the Sergeant, and the two soldiers rattled about some planks that were against the wall of the workshop; but no deserter was to be found. "Where does that door lead to, boy, eh?"

"To the house," said Dick; "you can go in, of course. Missus is a very nice woman, especially if she happens to have any boiling water just at hand, and she thinks anybody intrudes."

"Oh, umph! Well, I think, we will go the other way by the yard. Come on, my men."

Migsley had strolled out by the workshop into the roadway; and now, as he came back, he met the Sergeant at its door.

"I say, Mr. Sergeant," he said, "has your man got a pair of trousers on like yours, with a white stripe down 'em?"

"Yes—yes."

"And a countryman's white coat on, and no hat?"

"Exactly so."

"And I suppose he can ride?"

"Like the devil himself! There's not a horse in the regiment he can't manage. Excepting myself, there's nobody can come near him!"

"Then, there he goes over yon meadow—No—yes—no, he's gone; but he was there on a horse without a saddle, that he must have stolen from the fields. He went over a hedge, as if he and the animal had been all made of steel springs."

"Thank you, that's the very fellow, you may depend. This way, men! come on! He has got away, and taken to the meadows. Come on! We shall run him down yet."

The Sergeant and his two men mounted again, and joining the rest of the guard, they all set off at a gallop in the direction that Migsley had indicated.

"Well," said Migsley, "if that fellow ain't a goose and a half, I have no faith in a lie."

Dick still hammered away furiously at the coffin-lid, beneath which lay the deserter, no doubt in no very enviable peace of mind from the very narrow escape he had had from capture.

"Wait a bit," cried Migsley. "Wait a bit. Let them be well away first before you move at all. What's your name, my boy?"

"Dick."

"Very good. That's odd, for my name is Dick likewise, so it must be a respectable name. Here's somebody coming. Why, it's Nipps, to be sure."

"Oh," said Dick, "what shall we do?"

"It's awkward. Stop that hammering. Hilloa! Mr. Deserter, do you hear me?"

"I do," said the deserter, in a muffled voice; "but I am very nearly smothered."

"Never mind that; but hark you, you must keep quiet till night, and then make your way to the gipsy's camp, close to the old brook by the south of Larchins. Dick will tell you the way. Ask for Migsley, when you get there, and you will soon see me. Good-by till night. And now, Dick, as in truth I don't want to have anything particularly to say to Mr. Nibbs, I will take my leave of you."

With these words, Migsley, who had his own reasons for avoiding the undertaker, hastily left the workshop, and walked very rapidly in the other direction to that from which the undertaker was coming towards his house.

How to dispose of the deserter until nightfall was to poor Dick a sore puzzle; but as he made up his mind to do so, he trusted to good fortune to provide him with the means.

Mr. Nipps, in a few moments, made his appearance in the workshop; but we must defer to another chapter a mode of how Dick managed with his friend, the hussar.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DETAILS HOW A VERY EVENTFUL NIGHT PASSED AT LARCHINS.

It will be recollected that Lionel had an appointment with Sir William Watson, in the library at Larchins, which stood for twelve o'clock. It sounded strange to poor Lionel—alas! he is poor Lionel in the fullest acceptance of the term—to be compelled to make an appointment with any one at such an hour in what should have been his own house; but so it was, and Lionel was doomed yet to have stranger things than that, to think of, in connection with that house.

Cousin Cecil had carefully kept her chamber during the remainder of the day. She, no doubt, waited with some anxiety the return of Mr. Greene from London. The Vicar did not show himself again upon the premises, although the servants would have it that they had overheard Cousin Cecil talking to some one, and that the voice that replied to her sounded wonderfully like that of the Vicar.

Minna had had communicated to her the projected meeting in the library, together with its object, which she could not but sincerely approve; and the more she saw of the generous consideration of Sir William Watson to her and her brother in their state of almost destitution, the more she felt inclined to thank Heaven for leaving to them such a friend. It was too frightful to contemplate what would have become of them without him.

As for Sir William himself, although certainly he was rather too much of a partizan to be a good executor; yet his high sense of honour made even Miss Cecil's interests safe in his hands, and she did not feel alarmed that he slept in the house, and was in hourly communication with those whom she could not but now consider as enemies. The servants of Larchins were well enough pleased that Sir William should live there, and attended upon him cheerfully. The conduct of Cousin Cecil had already been quite sufficient to convince them that a great change would soon take place in the domestic portion of the establishment; and, indeed, it was pretty clear that she intended to make a clear house of Larchins as soon as she had the legal and absolute power to do so.

It was with a heavy heart that poor Lionel kissed his sister, and bade her good-night at the door of her bed-room.

"Minna," he said, "I will let you know as early as you are stirring to-morrow, whatever Sir William's

and my search brings to light concerning our father's papers. No doubt I shall find some memorials of our dear mother, of whom we were too young when she died to know much, among the papers, and they will be specially dear to you, Minna, will they not?"

"Oh, yes Lionel, they will, indeed."

"All such, then, shall belong to you. And now good-night; and if we have anxieties, recollect that we have no reproaches. There may be deep-seated cares for the future in our lives, but our hearts have no weight in them, but such as affectionate regret for the dead has left. That pure, dear Minna—that pure soul which only the innocent of wrong can have, and which, indeed, passeth all understanding, is ours."

"It is, Lionel. Good-night."

It had been agreed upon between Lionel and Sir William, that they should retire to their chambers at the usual hour for going to rest at Larchins, namely, half past ten, so that Miss Cecil might not have any suspicions that they were remaining up for any object, and then if she heard, which no doubt she soon would do, that they had retired, they thought that in all probability she would be glad to rest from the fatigues of rather a harassing day, and that then they could easily search in the library without observation from any one.

This innocent plan of operations was well carried out; and Lionel, after he had heard twelve strike from an old turret clock, that was upon one of the outhouses of the mansion, cautiously opened his chamber door, and with a night-lamp in his hand, made his way down the staircase to the library.

The house was profoundly still, and there was something very solemn in its deep repose. Perhaps it was the ever-present remembrance of the fact, that the ancient owner of the place was gone, that made Lionel think that there was a much more sombre look than usual about the pictures that lined the walls of the old staircase, and that the air was more cold and heavy than usual in the place.

Alas! how strangely death changes even the features of a house as well as those of the dead! Larchins was not the same place that it had been since the Colonel no longer breathed beneath its roof. A melancholy stillness—the very genius of mourning, seemed to hang over it and all its contents.

"Never again," said Lionel to himself with a sigh, as he reached the foot of the staircase. "Never again will this place wear the joyous look it once wore. All that has passed away, and the glory of Larchins has departed for ever and ever."

Poor Lionel forgot that there were others in the great world who would own the place with fresh feelings, unshadowed by the grief and by the recollection that oppressed him.

He saw that a dim light shone through the key-hole of the library door. Sir William was beforehand with him. Opening the door very gently, the young man, who should have been the heir of all the rich appointments of that splendid apartment, glided into the room. Sir William was sitting in the great chair that had been so often occupied by the old Colonel.

"Is that you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I am here. I thought I would not come too soon; but I see you are beforehand with me, Sir William."

"Why, yes, I am; but I couldn't even pretend to sleep, Lionel; so when I heard that the house was pretty quiet, I came down here and sat waiting for you, and it has done me good so to sit, for everything around me reminds me of my old friend who has gone, and whom I must, in the natural order of things, soon follow."

"Don't speak in that strain, Sir William. What would I and Minna do without you, now?"

"Ah, my boy, there is something in that; and when I go home to-morrow, I intend, in case anything should happen to me all of a sudden, you know, to—But no matter: I ought not to speak to you about such matters. Come, Lionel, we have got this old knapsack to look for, and the sooner we set about it the better."

"Yes, sir, I hope Minna sleeps to-night."

"Sleep! To be sure she will. Zounds! why shouldn't she, sir? If she don't sleep, there's not an angel in all heaven but may look out for the night-mare. Sleep, indeed! I wonder how many millions heaped upon millions some people in this world would give, if they only had thus far such a peaceful conscience as Minna's—and yours too, my boy, yours too. So cheer up. Ha, ha! No one can ever will away that, eh, Lionel?"

"Indeed, not, sir. That is a birth-right that all may cling to if they please; and that no villany or chicanery can hope to wrest from them."

"True—true. And now here's the keys, and we will set to work at once. I found all the keys in one of the drawers here. To be sure, that was locked, but I've opened it. I gave it such a pull that I broke it open. I wonder the spinster did not take possession of your father's keys, Lionel; but if she had, it wouldn't have done her much good, for I would have taken upon myself to make it a case of open locks whoever knocks, and we would soon have found some way to what we wanted."

Lionel knew the keys well. He had seen his father use them often, and so for the matter of that had old Sir William Watson in his frequent visits to the house. It was with a feeling of great emotion that the young man grasped that bunch of keys, which had been always sacred to his father's use, except when upon occasions he had placed them in his hands or in the hands of Minna, with a message to fetch him something he wanted from his *escrioir*.

"Now, Lionel, where do we begin?"

"Here, sir. At the *escrioir* upon which you have placed a seal very properly."

"Exactly—I will; but the seal-maker, you know, may be the seal-breaker, so there it goes; and now unlock the *escrioir*, and a fine old piece of Spanish mahogany it is, too. Ah, Lionel, the head of the fellow that made this has done aching for many a long day."

"Yes, it has seen a few generations."

Lionel found no difficulty in opening the old *escrioir*, where he knew his father loved to keep his papers in exquisite order—an order that his military education, combined with a natural love of regularity, had enabled him to practise.

There was everything properly tied up and labelled; and as Lionel looked upon these memorials of his father whom he was not to see again in this world, he felt the tears rushing to his eyes, and his hand shook, as he opened one of the little drawers in the old cabinet.

"Cheer up!" said Sir William. "Cheer up!"

"I shall," said Lionel; "but my grief is young yet."

"So it is—so it is, lad. Time will do wonders, though, and you will be all right in a little time. What have we here? Oh, bills and receipts for the last year.—Umph! letters from Christmas to Midsummer. Ah! Where's the knapsack, Lionel?"

"The whole of these drawers slide out, Sir William, and behind them is a large receptacle for papers, in which it no doubt is. If you will take out that end while I take this—thank you, that is it. You see how they all come out together. A little further, Sir William, now. That is it."

"Capital!" said Sir William, as he and Lionel got out the sliding lot of drawers, and disclosed behind it the receptacle for papers, which the young man mentioned. The first visible object was the old knapsack that Lionel had mentioned.

"It is there," he said. "That is it, Sir William. I care not for any of the papers, but for such records of affection and family events as my father, I knew, kept in that knapsack."

"Out with it then, my boy, and take possession. That, you know, is nine points of the law. It is yours."

"But I will open it, Sir William, that you may see—"

"See what?"

A deep flush came over the young man's face as he said, in a low tone—

"I—I thought that you ought to see that there was no—no property—nothing of intrinsic value in it—that was all."

Sir William shook his head, and spoke sadly, as he laid his hand upon the young man's arm—

"Lionel, my dear boy, I understand you. I will look at what is in the old knapsack; for if evil tongues speak evil of you, I will be able to say that I saw what I should be able to say I knew, that there was nothing passed to-night into your hands but the papers that your father left, and which ought to be the sacred property of the son. I know what you mean. Open the knapsack. Oh, Lionel, how I hate the world—that I do. But never mind, my boy—oh, never mind. I will be your witness to-night. Open it, lad."

With agitated fingers, Lionel unstrapped the knapsack. Immediately upon opening it, he found within it a paper fastened to it, upon which were the following words:—

"This knapsack belonged to Charles Renton, a soldier in the thirty-second regiment of foot, who saved my life in an ambuscade in Googeratte. He fell in a subsequent engagement on the same day. Peace and God's blessing to his soul."

"CHARLES DANVERS."

"Poor fellow!" said Sir William.

"Yes, he saved my father," said Lionel. "God bless him! They have met again now, Sir William."

"To be sure they have, Lionel. Where we shall all meet, and where, between you and me, there will not be a certain spinster. But let us see what is here. What packet is this? 'Early letters of Minna's.' Early, indeed! Why, they are dated twenty-two years ago."

"They are my mother's," sobbed Lionel. "Our dear Minna is named after her."

"Oh—well—be quiet, will you, sir? What do you mean by crying here, eh, you dog? There, I have put them aside, and here's another packet. 'Memoranda of Lionel,' and dated the present year, too. What is all this about?"

"I will look, Sir William. With you I have no secrets. Let me see, sir. Why, what is this? 'To Colonel Danvers.' Another, too. Why—why, if I am not quite sure that I am not now mad, and ever have been, I should say that those two letters were in my own handwriting."

"Your own handwriting, Lionel?"

"Yes, Sir William. What can be the meaning of all this?"

Lionel hastily opened one of the letters, and to his intense amazement read as follows:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I have no sort of hesitation in admitting that all kinds of study are distasteful to me. I am in debt, I admit; and I expect a couple of thousands from you as soon as possible, or I shall try to borrow of one of your old military friends in London. You may guess how hard-up for means I have been when I have had to sell the old diamond ring, with mother's hair in. I forgot to pick the hair out; but what's the odds? Send money soon, for the Jews are worrying my life out."

"I am, dear father, yours,

"LIONEL."

This precious epistle dropped from poor Lionel's hands, and he looked at Sir William as though he were about to faint.

"Why, boy—what's all this?" cried the Baronet—"eh? Come, come—hold up, will you? Hilloa!"

"I—I am better. Oh, Sir William, that letter, as I believe there is a God in Heaven—as I hope to meet my dear father there, and to look again into my mother's face—as I live, and hope to live again, and bow down before the Majesty of God—I did not write it!"

"I know you didn't!" gasped Sir William—"you couldn't!"

"True—oh! most true—I could not! Behold—this is the ring with my mother's hair!"

Lionel tore open his vest, and showed Sir William that he had the very ring mentioned in the letter hanging, by a stout silken cord, round his neck.

"I would not wear it on my finger for the dread of losing it."

"Lionel—Lionel, my boy," said the old Baronet, as he took him by the hand, "there has been some monstrous villany at work here; and we shall find it out in time, you may depend. But here is another letter. What says it?"

"I read to read it. It is too sickening to think of what it may contain."

"Yes, but you must know, and you ought; so I will read it to you. In order to unravel all this web of villany, Lionel, that has proved your ruin, you must shrink from nothing. Shall I read it?"

"If you will, sir."

"Very good. Here it is, then. Oh, there is not so much of it as of the other; but, perhaps, it is as much to the frightful purpose."

"DEAR FATHER,—It's no use denying the bills. I did sign them in your name, so you had better pay them. It's only a couple of thousands, and you may deduct it from what I'm to get in the long run, you know. I must live, and youth is the season for pleasure."

"Yours,

"LIONEL."

"Oh, God!" said Lionel, clasping his hands "And did my father believe that I wrote him such letters?"

"It seems so, Lionel; but neither you nor I can tell how many confirmatory circumstances hedged

them round. The authors of these vile fabrications laid their plans well, you may depend. But here are other papers. Stop—this is a Bill of Exchange for a thousand pounds, and paid, by the signature being crossed over. It purports to be accepted by your father, and the drawer is a Mr. Black—Black enough, no doubt. But what have we at the back? Listen, Lionel. 'My name forged upon the bill by my own boy.' And here is another for the same amount. Oh, Lionel! we know now why you are disinherited, and only left the fifty-two pounds a-year."

Lionel rose from his chair, and paced the room with the most frantic gestures.

"Oh!" he cried, "is there no justice in the world? Is there no bolt in Heaven to reach the wretch who has done me all this wrong? I shall go mad—mad—mad!"

"No, you won't," said Sir William. "It's done now, Lionel, and it can't be helped, I tell you; but it is a good thing that we have come across these documents: they might have got into other hands. We will take advice upon them."

"Advice! Will any advice bring my dead father from the grave, to let him see that I am innocent? Oh! Sir William, this will break my heart!"

"Stuff! You knew there was something wrong; and now that you know what it is, you ought to be better pleased than when you didn't. There I have packed up the knapsack. There seems to be lots of other papers in it; but you can look them over yourself whenever you feel inclined; and I promise you, Lionel, that if I live, I will spare neither time, trouble, nor money, to get at the bottom of this frightful villany."

"My dear friend, whom ought we to suspect?"

"Cousin Cecil!—Oh, Cousin Cecil!" said Minna, at this moment rushing into the library, with only a shawl thrown hastily over her night-dress.

"The spinster?" cried Sir William.

"Minna!" exclaimed Lionel, as she crouched down at the feet of her brother in trembling terror. "Minna, you here?"

"Oh, you both protect me, for she is mad, I think. It is Cousin Cecil. Oh, it is horrible! Her eyes—"

Sir William half uttered an expression, concerning the eyes of Cousin Cecil, that we need not further explain.

"For God's sake, Minna, explain yourself!" said Lionel. "What has alarmed you?"

"I knew you were here, Lionel, as you told me, and I could not sleep. Some one rattled the lock of my chamber door. In terror, I opened it, and saw Cousin Cecil. She is walking like a ghost through the house, and in her sleep, I think."

Sir William perpetrated a long whistle. One struck by the turret clock at that moment.

"Walking in her sleep?" said Lionel. "Miss Cecil walking in her sleep? Are you sure of that, sister?"

"Oh, hush!—hush! Yes, Lionel, I saw her—indeed, I did, Sir William. Her eyes are fixed, and she mutters to herself. She looks, too, frightful. I felt that I could only fly here for refuge. Oh, Heaven protect us! she comes!—she comes!"

"The devil she does!" said Sir William, as he caught up a chair.

"Hush!" said Lionel. "Not a word. Let me watch her, and speak not, Sir William. I implore you to be still."

Minna crouched down close to Lionel's feet, and the door of the library, which had swung partially shut, was slowly pushed open, and, in her night-dress, with her hands clasped before her, and moving by strange spasmodic jerks, Cousin Cecil, evidently in a deep sleep, made her appearance upon the threshold of the room.

The old baronet staggered back till the wall stopped him; Minna hid her face in her hands, and clung to Lionel; and over the young man there crept a feeling of horror that he could scarcely do battle with.

Cousin Cecil looked so like a spectre.

Slowly she moved into the room, and in a low, fluttering whisper, she spoke—

"Hush—hush! No noise—no—no noise; all sleeping. The papers—the papers—keys—where are they now? Hush—hush—the keys—the keys. All burnt now—the grave and fire hides all. Hush—hush! All mine—mine, now."

She moved towards the large table in the centre of the room. It was a circular one, in which there were many drawers. It was one of those drawers that Sir William had forced open to get the keys, and now Cousin Cecil touched that drawer.

"Papers—papers," she muttered. "The bills—the letters—all safe—safe—safe. Hush! I sleep—

ing all—sleeping. The old man is dead. Well, dead—yes, but where is the body? Who will tell me where the body is? Ah, the papers!—safe, quite safe."

There was in the drawer some writing-paper, which she seized. The crackle of it in her hand seemed to satisfy her, and holding it tightly, she turned to leave the room, muttering as she went—

"Safe—safe. All safe. No noise. The old man in his grave, and the papers in the fire. Hush! oh, hush! But where is the body?"

She reached the door of the room, and amid the most breathless stillness of those who had watched her movements, she slowly passed out.

(To be continued.)

## THE TURKS AND ARABS.

"ALTHOUGH of a grave, phlegmatic, and even a listless exterior, the Turk is remarkable for his gentleness towards his children, and he makes no difference between them and his slaves or other servants. In addition to alms to the widow and the orphan, his generosity is frequently exercised in constructing mosques, khāns, and fountains; trees and burial-grounds are his delight; and horses, dogs, cats, and pigeons share in his consideration: scarcely anywhere else are birds so tame and so much linked with mankind as they are in Turkey; even children respect their nests, and it is not by any means uncommon to find tombstones on which, in addition to the sculptured devices indicating the vocation and sometimes also the manner of the death of the deceased, a little basin has been hollowed out by the workmen, in which the smaller birds find a supply of water. These tombstones are usually beneath the shade of a cypress tree or a rose bush.

"In summing up the character, it may here be observed that truth, openness, and candour, contentment and entire resignation to his lot, are qualities seldom denied by any one to the Turk. His memory is extraordinary, and his judgment is generally sound, while the safety of travellers, as well as the attention commonly paid to them, sufficiently proves his fidelity and hospitality. Religion, such as it is, being founded on the Khorān, pervades almost every act of his life, and mixes with every occupation. Frequent prayer is universally practised, whether the individual be in the bath, the field, the coffee-house, or the mosque; and, as alms are freely bestowed, abject poverty may be said to be scarcely known in the country."

This contrasts well with the character of the Arab, which we select for a great variety of information on the habits of this always interesting people. Colonel Chesney's impressions of the natives are, we observe, invariably favourable; and he found the Arabs desirous of entering into friendly relations with us.

"It is difficult to imagine any contrast more striking than that which is presented by the Bedawin in a town, and the same man when breathing the air of the desert. In the latter case, although indifferent to the beauties of nature, his spirits become elevated, the indolence and silence which characterises him in a town is exchanged for the highest degree of animation; and he indulges his lively imagination in inventing or relating tales, and at intervals, on a journey, screaming out some wild song, which, however agreeable to himself and encouraging to his camel, is anything but harmonious to a stranger. His cheerful disposition, his frugal repast, and an active, hardy life, are well calculated to secure the best possible state of health, with unimpaired faculties, till an advanced age; his quickness of sight and hearing are scarcely exceeded by those of the North American Indians, and the habits of an erratic life have taught him to trace the footsteps of any particular individual or animal. This singular power is called *kiafat*, or *ath*, according to Burckhardt, and is said to be more particularly possessed by the tribe of Moodlij. An Arab has been known to trace the footsteps of his camel for six days along a sandy valley which has been crossed in every direction by thousands of other footsteps, and also to name every individual who had passed. He is accustomed, also, by placing the mark of his foot at a certain spot, in a particular direction, to make known to his friends that he has been there, and also the route he has taken. His track enables him to find his way across the desert, independently of the compass, which is rarely used by him on land."—Colonel Chesney's Expedition.

A POLAR MIDNIGHT.—We pulled back again towards our former station. By this time we scarcely knew whether it was night or day. We had a sort of idea that we had been a night and a day away from the ship, but of that we were not certain. We had made repeated attacks upon the biscuits and canister of preserved meats; but although the appetites of steady-living people at home are pretty fair time-keepers, we found ours of little use in that way here. I suspected it was again night, but I could scarcely think it possible, the time seemed to have passed so rapidly. But there was a stillness about the air that must have struck every one as peculiar to the dead hour of the night; and although I have noticed it in far different situations, it never struck me so forcibly as it did here. The light passing breezes and cats-paws which had dimpled the water for some hours back had died away. It was now so calm that a feather dropped from the hand fell plumb into the sea. But it was the dead stillness of the air which was so peculiar. No hum of insect, none of the other pleasant sounds which betoken it is day and that Nature is awake, can be expected here even at mid-day in the height of summer twenty miles from land, and that land far within the Arctic circle, where, if one may say so, a third of the year is one long continuous day. Yet there is a most perceptible difference; there is a stir in the air around, a sort of *silent music* heard during day which is dumb during night. Is it not strange that the deep stillness of the dead hour of night should be as peculiar to the solitude of the icy seas as to the centre of the vast city?—*Goodwin's Voyage*.

TEST FOR THE PRESENCE OF CHLOROFORM.—THE ALLEGED MURDER AT CLAPHAM.—Dr. SNOW placed on the table, at the last meeting of the Westminster Medical Society, the apparatus which he used for detecting the presence of chloroform in the dead body. He said that the process was a modification of one described in the *Journal de Chimie Medicale* for March, 1849. The blood or portion of the body to be examined was put into a flask, from which there proceeded a tube, which was made red-hot in part of its course. Another glass tube, attached to the extremity of the latter, was moistened inside with a solution of nitrate of silver, and terminated in a Wolfe's bottle, the interior of which was also moistened with the same solution. Heat being applied to the flask by means of the chloride of calcium bath, the vapour given off had to pass through the red-hot tube, and any chloroform which might be present was decomposed, and the chlorine and hydrochloric acid gas being set free, were arrested in the next tube, where they formed a white precipitate of chloride of silver, which became rapidly darkened in colour by the action of light. The nature of the precipitate could be further proved by cutting the tube with a file, and introducing a drop or two of nitric acid into one portion, and of solution of ammonia into the other. He had distinctly detected the presence of chloroform, by this process, in two kittens, killed by inhaling the vapour, on six successive days after the death of the animals, although no precautions were taken to protect the bodies from the air, and the quantity inhaled by each kitten must have been less than one minim.

THE ARCTIC SEARCHING EXPEDITION.—Recently a Parliamentary paper was printed, containing an estimate of the sums required to provide for the expenses on account of the Arctic Searching Expeditions, under the commands of Captain Austin and Captain Penny. The wages to seamen and marines are estimated at twenty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-one pounds; for victuals for the same, eight thousand four hundred and eighty pounds; naval stores, five thousand four hundred pounds; medicines and medical stores, five hundred and fifty pounds; and miscellaneous services, eight thousand three hundred and sixty-eight pounds—making the sum of thirty-three thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine pounds. The supplementary estimate of the Royal Navy for the current year amounts in the whole to fifty-eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine pounds.

EFFECTS OF NEGLECTING VACCINATION.—The *Liverpool Journal* states that serious ravages were making by the small-pox amongst a vast number of children in and about St. Helen's. It is attributed to some objections raised against the system by nearly all the mothers, who declined having them vaccinated; so much so, that during the last season, comparatively speaking, very few children were vaccinated by those appointed for that purpose. It has been asserted that there were, a few days ago, some twenty children dead in one street in St. Helen's.

## A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND IN 1848.

In the month of February, 1848, we left Valparaiso in her Majesty's ship *Calyppo*, to which ship I then belonged, with orders to visit several of the islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, to communicate with the different consuls and missionaries, and to afford such assistance as lay in our power. When it was known among the inhabitants of Valparaiso and the men-of-war in the roadstead that we were to visit the romantic island of Pitcairn, subscriptions poured in from all quarters, and Bibles, Prayer and hymn-books, whale-boats, clothes, medicines, rope, twine, fishing-line and hooks, agricultural and other implements, with various other objects, were collected: an emulation existed among the subscribers who should contribute most.

After a fair passage, on the 9th of March Pitcairn hove in sight; and as the distance diminished between the ship and the island, this last presented itself like bluff and sturdy rock raising its head towards Heaven. The wind blew, and the rain fell, and the hopes of landing were almost abandoned, when a whale-boat was espied coming from the land towards the ship, urged by several sturdy rowers, who, as they came within hail, begged permission to be allowed to come alongside. Christians, Quintals, Adams, Youngs—all familiar names—were amongst them, and glad and happy were they to see an English man-of-war and English faces. As no prospect of our landing for that evening existed, they requested leave of the captain to remain on board for the night; and a very pleasant evening was spent listening to their stories.

On the 10th we made for the shores, and received a cordial reception. The beach of Bounty Bay was lined with the inhabitants in readiness to receive us, and 200 feet above all on the landing the female population had gathered to pour forth a warm-hearted expression of delight at our arrival. Among the females, the Anglo-Saxon feature predominated. Men, women, and children, crowded around us, and showed us their houses and their settlement. In each house pigs, yams, taro, and potatoes, were cooked for our entertainment, and cocoa-nut milk given us as drink, no wine or spirit being allowed among them excepting as a medicine. What they considered curiosities, or what they thought would please, were shown—as the spots remarkable for any particular incident, and the various remains belonging to the aboriginal inhabitants. It was a holiday to them, and they made it one to us.

It was in 1789 the Bounty made this island, having on board at the time nine Englishmen, six Tahitian men, and twelve Tahitian women. The names of the Englishmen were—Fletcher Christian, mate; Edward Young, midshipman; William Brown Gardiner, John Mills, Matthew Quintal, McCoy, J. Williams, Isaac Martin, and John Adams. They anchored the ship off Bounty Bay, and commenced unloading her of provisions and other necessities; but before all had been taken out she was set on fire by J. Mills, for what reason no one could tell. In 1793 the Tahitians, treated as slaves, rose upon the English, and massacred several of them. Amongst the rest was Fletcher Christian, who, for some time past, devoured by remorse and brooding over the act he had committed, had kept aloof from everybody. The remaining whites, uniting, made an attack upon the Tahitians, and cut them off to a man. In 1794, several of the women, rendered unhappy by the constant jealousy and bickerings of the whites, determined upon quitting the island; but after building a raft for the purpose and launching it, they found it useless. Some quiet followed until 1798, when McCoy succeeded in distilling a small quantity of spirit from the root of the ti plant; the kettle belonging to the Bounty was converted into a still, and the abundance of spirituous liquor this process afforded, was the cause of much intoxication. McCoy, the chief promoter of these degrading scenes, and the original distiller, was seized with repeated fits of delirium tremens, in one of which the wretched man, tying a stone around his neck, threw himself from one of the rocks into the sea, and was drowned. There now remained three of the original nine—M. Quintal, Ed. Young, and J. Adams. The first, anxious and ambitious to reign alone and have the whole command to himself, attempted the lives of the other two; but failing in his murderous views, and becoming by this act an object of mistrust, was himself put to death. He was knocked on the head with an axe and despatched. In 1800, Ed. Young dying of asthma, John Adams was left the sole male survivor of the original number. Thus in the space

of a few years all implicated in the mutiny, with this solitary exception, were swept away.

From the experience of his chequered life, and from the miseries entailed upon his companions by their vices and their crimes, John Adams determined upon bringing up the offspring of his doomed companions in the strictest principles of religion, and the severest maxims of morality; he framed a code of laws, and from the Bible and Common Prayer Book of the church of England, he founded the religion which was to be that of the future inhabitants of the island. Rigid and severe in his own conduct, he became as stern and inflexible as a Spartan; determined upon carrying into effect the laws he had promulgated, and intent upon punishing any infringement of them, some of his first laws were tinged with the spirit of a Draco. He sat as judge; condemning to death his own daughter, who had violated the law, the severity of the punishment caused the inhabitants to rise against its execution, and to take her under their protection against so unnatural a decision.

It was in 1808 that the first ship after the Bounty touched at the island of Pitcairn, very much to the alarm of John Adams, and to the astonishment of all the natives, to whom such a phenomenon was unprecedented. The ship was the *Topaz*, and its commander, Capt. Folger, landed, and was himself much astonished to find that any one still existed from the ill-fated Bounty. He said that chance alone had led him to the island, which pacified the fears of the old man, Adams. The astonishment of the younger natives at the sight of this floating monster of the deep—a ship—was very great. In 1814 his Britannic Majesty's ships *Briton* and *Tagus* made the island, and as they approached the land were astonished to find good English spoken by the natives, who came alongside in canoes, but still more so at their advanced state of civilisation. Since that period they have been frequently visited, by whalers chiefly, who touch here for the purpose of refreshment.

The arable part of the island is considered to extend over 400 acres; but of this one-tenth solely is under cultivation; this produces enough for their wants, and a sufficiency to supply the whalers touching for stock; the greatest number visiting them in the space of one year has been forty-nine; for the last eight years the average number of vessels visiting the island has been eighteen per year, before that period but two or three touched annually; it was, therefore, an over anxiety and an ignorance of the resources of the island, which induced John Adams to recommend emigration. A real cause for anxiety is their want of water; this supply is solely derived from rain water, collected in tanks. Of these there are three; the largest is situated high up the hill, and is calculated to contain about sixteen tons, the capacity of the other two is about eight tons each. During the rains which fall very heavily in the months of March, April, and May, water will filter through the soil, and trickle down the sides of the rocks in sufficient quantity to water a ship; but this cannot be depended on for any length of time. The land produces Indian corn, yams, common and sweet potatoes, bananas, plain-tains, fei, and bread fruit. The crop of the latter is very uncertain, the island being too much exposed, and the latitude too high, although this bountiful and beautiful tree is found in a flourishing state in Rio de Janeiro, which is almost in the same latitude.

Pine apples and cocoa-nuts also flourish, as do arrowroot and tobacco. Besides the goats mentioned above, hogs and poultry are abundant; the fish eaten are albacore, mullet, gropa, snappers, (a small red fish) small sharks, three different kinds of a small white fish, with plenty of shell fish. The small fish are caught in nets, whilst a line and hook are used for entrapping the larger ones, which are generally found in water varying in depth from 100 to 120 fathoms; many of these, when drawing up to the surface, are carried away by that rapacious monster, the shark, which at certain seasons abounds. The trees found on the island are the miro, cocoa-nut, pandanus, and tapan; these are chiefly used in the construction of their houses; *Puran* (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*), used for making wheelbarrows exclusively; tutue or candle-nut (*Aleurites triloba*); the kernel of its nut is strung, and used in lieu of a torch.

This island, long before the mutineers of the Bounty had chanced upon it, had been inhabited by a race of people whose bones, utensils, and various other implements, have been occasionally dug up, and are similar to those found amongst the

many islands that stud the Pacific, thus testifying to these people being a branch of the widely extended Polynesian race. Adzes, hooks, axes, chisels made of basalt, were shown and given us as witnesses to their existence; the foundations of houses have, in several places, been found, and in one spot a large tank, which is now in use, and is the largest of the three mentioned above. The Gambier islanders of the present day believe that their forefathers originally came from Pitcairn. It is thought that about the middle of last century the remains of these aborigines emigrated for good from this island, and sought refuge among the Marquesas, but, jealousies arising, they were killed and eaten by the fierce cannibals of this beautiful group.

On the face of a rock overhanging Rope Bay—so called from its having been explored by the mutineers on their first arrival on the island, and from the circumstance of its having being plumbed by Captain Beechey—I had heard that hieroglyphics, the memorials of this extinct race, were to be seen; I, therefore, determined upon visiting them, and taking as my guide Arthur Quintal, an intelligent man, we commenced our ascent towards a part of the ridge or spur that bounds the island. Passing through the Miro Valley—so called from the miro-tree abounding—we overlooked St. Paul's, which, for its beauty, the luxuriance and the diversity of its trees, is considered to be the garden of Pitcairn; I was led through this beautiful scenery to the height overhanging the place we were to visit. From this pinnacle the sight was grand indeed; the immense Pacific lay extended in a vast expanse before us; but as I looked into the bay beneath, down a precipitous rock, and being told that down this lay my path, I felt a horror at the thought, I forgot all about the magnificence that surrounded me, and my blood curdled within me; but as my guide said that not only himself, but many of the inhabitants had performed the feat, I thought I might try, and as prudence dictated, I would return or proceed. Downwards we progressed, amid pandanus and small miro trees, the long leaves of the former, from their toughness, serving as handspikes, until we arrived at the shoulder of the rock; I stopped and looked downwards and around. I felt lost in astonishment. I saw no possibility of continuing our way, for no signs of a path existed or any symptoms of a good hold beyond what the herbs or small fissures in the rock presented; but urged by my guide, who assisted me as he would a child, and encouraged me by his kindly modulated voice,—I descended, and continued to do so until the bare rock, without a herb to lay hold of, or a chink or fissure to hang by, barred my further progress; along this, to me, apparently impracticable path, my guide proceeded, still encouraging, and I followed, resting one foot after the other upon his hand; and as I stood, my foot's sole resting place in that hand, I felt that one slip, one hesitation on either part would have plunged us both into the yawning chasm, to be dashed on the pebbles beneath. The waves lashing themselves against the rocks into a furious foam; the rushing sound of the majestic waters as they chafed on numberless blocks of lava and pebbles breaking in a voice of thunder, the beetling and bare rock above, with the dreadful precipice beneath, the foam, which, by its whiteness, dazzled my eyes at a distance of three hundred feet below, created within me a shuddering dread. I closed the churned foam and giddy precipice from my vision—the sound of waters ringing in my ears, and feeling that having “stept in so far, returning were as tedious as go o'er,” I reasoned courage back to me. The stepping-stones were so but in name, and I wished my hands had been exhausting machines to have clung more firmly to my hold. The kind voice of the guide, however, still urged me onwards, and gave firmness to my foot; step after step I overcame, until at last the dreadful precipice was passed, and I stood on the ledge comparatively safe. Now that the danger was past, though still on a precipice two hundred and fifty feet high, a tremor ran through me at the mere recollection of what we had done. Not until you have gained the beach is the path sure, and when I placed my foot upon horizontal terra firma, I felt as one relieved of a heavy burden.

As I looked upwards, I could not trace the path by which we had descended—so steep, so precipitous, that I scarcely gave credit to my having performed the feat; I felt as one bewildered, as one just aroused from a painful dream, too dreadful for reality. Had I been placed at the foot of the precipice where I now stood, and been told that my

path to the summit lay upwards on the face of this rock, I should have pronounced it next to impossible.

We proceeded over huge blocks of lava that strewed the strand, washed by the waves. On the face of a high, beetling rock, at the bottom of the bay, hieroglyphics of some antiquity are hewn; the surface of the rock, eaten away by time and the action of the sea air, has rendered the sculpture indistinct in several places, yet it is sufficiently defined to allow the eye to follow and discern the lines. These sculptured symbols of some ancient mysteries were evidently the work of some aboriginal people, whether to commemorate an event or as emblematic of some religious rite, is of course unknown. A bird, a figure of a man, a circle, perhaps hieroglyphic of eternity, and several other indistinct figures, constitute the whole.

Besides these hieroglyphics, several idols have been found, and not very long ago a rude statue was given to one of the ships visiting Pitcairn, the natives attaching no value to the religious remains of a people they term "the Pagans." Amongst the Solomon Isles, and, if I am rightly informed, the New Hebrides, hieroglyphics have also been found.

A short time after my return the bell tolled for the inhabitants to assemble, our captain having expressed a wish to speak a few words ere leaving them for good; when the elders and all the people had congregated, Captain Worth said that he felt much pleasure in finding that they were doing so well, he trusted that they would persevere in their present condition, that the interest evinced by the world at large depended upon their state of morality and their attachment and devotion to their religion; to abandon these would be to take away all that was interesting, and that called for the sympathy and assistance of their fellow creatures throughout the British world; he left them with a sincere wish for their well-being and their happiness, and a cordial hope that they would ever continue in the right path. When the hour for parting came, the islanders, hand in hand, accompanied us to the beach, expressing their gratitude to us for our kindness in visiting them. The boats that brought us on board, waited alongside until the ship was fairly under weigh, and the rowers, then standing erect, waved their hats, and gave us one cheer for old England. As the canvas spread to the wind, and the ship moved onwards to her destination, a cloud of smoke was seen to arise from the settlement, followed by the report of a gun; this was their last farewell, and the last signal given by Pitcairn. The gun thus fired had, for the last fifty years, lain at the bottom of the sea, one of the Bounty's guns; and much ingenuity, perseverance, and labour, were exhibited in the placing it where it now is—a height of about hundred feet above the level of the sea: it is much honey combed, is seldom fired, and then by means of a long train, the natives being well aware of the dangers attendant upon the experiment. Besides this gun, other articles taken from the Bounty are in their possession: a portion of a Troughton's sextant and the pump nozzle were given with other curiosities to the officers. Evening soon closed upon us, and shut out the view of the curious and interesting island of Pitcairn.—*Diary of an Officer.*

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH].

### A POETICAL INTERREGNUM.

THERE has been a considerable gap in the succession to the Poet-Laureateship, though it is rather singular that there should be any interregnum whatever, for if *poeta nascitur non fit*, we ought to find a poet already born for the office, and not be compelled to look out for the *poeta*, who when *fit* may be a miss-fit, and be incapable of wearing the crown of laurel. Many are of opinion that the pause in the succession has been caused by a necessity for taking in the diadem, that, though not too large for the temples of the late laureate, would completely bonnet the individual who may be selected to come after him.

The chief difficulty we see about the office, is the fact of there being nothing to do in it. The virtues of our Queen are of too matter-of-fact a sort, and of too every-day occurrence, to be the subject of mere holiday odes, or, indeed, of fiction in any shape. As the angler refused to go fishing, because

there were no fish, so the Poet Laureate finds a difficulty in employing his fancy, because the virtues of the Sovereign form such a prosaic matter of fact as to afford no opportunity for mere flattery to play the lyre. If any duties are to be attached to the Laureateship, we would propose that they should consist of the task of giving a poetical turn to that otherwise very dull and uninteresting affair, the *Court Circular*, which fills the somewhat contemptible duty of *Paul Pry* in constant attendance on what ought to be the domestic privacy of royalty. As an illustration of what we mean, we give the following specimen:—

This morning at an early hour,  
In Osborne's peaceful grounds,  
The Queen and Prince—spite of a shower—  
Took their accustomed rounds.  
With them, to bear them company,  
Prince Leiningen he went,  
And with the other royal three  
The Duchess, eke, of Kent.

His Royal Highness Prince of Wales  
Went forth to take the air;  
The Princess Royal, too, ne'er fails  
His exercise to share.  
On the young members of the flock  
Was tenderest care bestowed,  
For two long hours by the clock  
They walked—they ran—they rode.

Calmly away the hours wear  
In Osborne's tranquil shade,  
And to the dinner-party there  
Was no addition made.  
Judge-Advocate Sir D. Dundas  
Having returned to town,  
The Royal Family circle has  
Settled serenely down.

"ONE *Swallow* does not make a summer," as the Cook from Eton Square said at Herne Bay, when she was told there was but one Policeman.

### THE STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD.

THE Camel has a peculiar way of remonstrating when too much is put upon her back. She turns round, and sighs. If the sighs take no effect, she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible, and she is allowed her own way. We have heard of the same expedient being resorted to when ladies consider themselves "too much put upon." They turn round, and weep, and instantly they are allowed their own way. The strongest thing in the world is decidedly a woman's tear, for we never knew a man yet who could stand up against it!

### METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

AIR.—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE'S not in the wide world an odour less sweet  
Than the stench that's exhaled where the Thames,  
waters meet!  
Oh, the last sense of smelling my nostrils must  
close,  
Ere the stench of those waters offend not my nose.

Vile scent of Thamesis, how'er can I rest,  
And know you, perchance, may engender a pest—  
Till the law, bidding shameful monopolies cease,  
Lets us wash in, or drink, our pure water in peace?

### OFFICIAL FALSE ALARM.

At a moment of considerable doubt and interest as to the disposal of the Chancellorship, considerable excitement was occasioned in legal circles, by a report which got into extensive circulation, that Mr. Briefless had actually had an interview on the subject of the Great Seal. On further inquiry, it turned out that the rumour originated in a fact somewhat analogous to the subject of the Great Seal—namely, that Mr. Briefless had been to see the Hippopotamus.

### AN IMPERFECT BISHOPRIC.

A Correspondent, who dates from Hanwell, begs to call our attention to an imperfection in our episcopal institutions, inasmuch as the Bishopric of Llandaff, being 'Alf-Land, must be an imperfect sea (see). (We have placed this in the hands of the Commissioners of Lunacy, who will act accordingly.) "The Roar Material."—One of Verdi's operas.

It is rumoured that the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey are about to be sold, and that it is probable they will fall into the hands of the Roman Catholics, who, it is stated, intend erecting a very splendid cathedral there.

### A SUMMER'S MORNING.

A film of gladness glimmer o'er the fields,  
And fruitful nature swells her teeming board;  
A wand of verdure o'er the earth she wields,  
And, lo! from out the bosom of the sward,  
Rising in myriads at her beck, and go'd  
With mouldy struggles, up the clover springs,  
Shaking its honey'd crimson—while restor'd  
To pristine life the heavenward lark now sings,  
Soaring from yellow corn upon its dewy wings.

The grassy glades now woo me to repose  
Along the flowery margin of young rills,  
Prattling their liquid welcome, where the rose  
A satiate essence on the air distils:  
The distant clacking of the homestead mills,  
The sharpening clink of scythes where mowers sweep

The gleaming steel around—each murmur fills  
My thrilling soul, all on my senses creep,  
Till I am fain, from every joy of heart, to weep.

For I have loved the woodlands from my birth,  
And doated on their green display of leaves;  
The meanest nook of Nature on this earth  
Hath latent charms whose desolation grieves  
My yearning eyes. The merest shade bereaves  
Some evanescent insect of the glow  
Of sunshine where its quick life basks. The sheaves

Ofrusting Autumn, hoary Winter's snow,  
Are ever dear to me as Springtime's buds that blow.

But Summer, with its luxury of boughs,  
Its emerald freshness and resplendent wealth,  
Decoys in more alluring guise, endows  
The pallid cheek more readily with health;  
Luring the world's fagged denizen by stealth  
To snatch some casual glimpse of moss-clad meads

Untrampled, or the fluttering commonwealth  
Of fickle branches—sowing tender seeds  
Of thoughts that sweetly bloom like flowers from  
idle weed.

The humble bee now drones o'er musky thyme,  
Rifling its virgin buds of sugary sweets;  
The wrestling torrent booms with shout sublime,  
Adown the shelving ridge, and foaming beats,  
Amid the rocks its curbsless current meets—  
Then glides in sedgey silence thro' the dells:  
And now the munching flock incessant bleats,  
Where cowslips shake aloft their freckled bells,  
And in blue violet nests the glossy mushroom swells.

The faint narcissus with its lustrous gold,  
The gorgeous dahlia in its velvet dress,  
The purple heather nestling in the world,  
The dark-tinged leaves of water-leaping cress,  
The grape green-golden and its tendrils tress,  
The sickly lavender, the lilac's plumes,  
The proud laburnum's tassels' daintiness,  
The dazzling hyacinth, the aloe's glooms,—  
All paint the varied scene, or scatter rich perfumes.

A flood of pleasure bathes each humming copse:  
The goldfinch twitters, while its streak'd wings  
flap;

The juicy pear from bending twig now drops  
With patterning noise about the orchards lap;  
In elder bark, cool circulates the sap,  
And tingles the soft pith encas'd beneath;  
While dimly echoes the woodpecker's rap,  
And Flora twines her humid Summer-wreath,—  
The barley-grain grows hard within its bearded sheath.

WILLIAM CHARLES KENT.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH BY BURNING.—Some of your readers will be surprised to learn that, within the memory of witnesses still alive, a woman was burnt to death, under sentence of the judge of assize, for the murder of her husband. This crime—petty treason—was formerly punished with fire and faggot, and the repeal of the law is mentioned by Lord Campbell, in a note to his life of one of our recent chancellors; but I have not his work to refer to. The post to which this woman was bound stood, till recently, in a field adjoining Winchester. She was condemned to be burnt at the stake, and a marine, her paramour, and an accomplice in the murder, was condemned to be hanged. A gentleman lately de ceased told me the circumstances minutely. I think that he had been at the trial; but I know that he was at the execution, and saw the wretched woman fixed to the stake, fire put to the faggots, and her body burnt. But I know two persons, still alive, who were present at her execution.—*Notes and Queries.*

GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY  
OF ALL NATIONS.

WE understand that considerable progress has been made in the preparations for submitting to public competition the design for the vast building that will be required to carry out this undertaking on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the nation.

We have reason to believe that the following information on the subject will be found to be substantially correct:—

The building will be about 2,300 feet long, rather more than 400 feet across, and the roofed area will probably extend to about 900,000 square feet, or upwards of twenty acres.

In the centre of the south front, opposite Prince's-gate, will be placed the principal entrance and offices. There will be three other great entrances in the centre of the other side of the building. Gangways forty-eight feet wide, clear and uninterrupted, excepting by seats, will connect the entrances, and at the intersection of these main lines it is proposed to form a grand circular hall for sculpture, 200 feet in diameter. Considerable spaces surrounding the old trees (which must be carefully preserved) will be fitted up with refreshment-rooms, surrounding ornamental gardens, with fountains, &c.

The vast area destined to be filled with the products of all climes will be covered with a remarkably simple iron roofing, of forty-eight feet span, running from end to end of the building, supported by hollow iron columns, resting on brick piers, and covered very probably with boarding and slate.

The extent of the roof covering the main avenue will be ninety-six feet. The lowest line of the main roofing will be twenty-four feet high, and the clear height of the central gangway will be about fifty feet. The floor will, for by far the greater portion of the area, be formed of boarding laid on joists and sleeper-walls. The external enclosures will in all cases be constructed of brick. The light will be principally derived from skylights.

The central hall will be a polygon of sixteen sides, four of which will open into gardens reserved around it. Its main walls will be of brick, and about sixty feet high. The covering of this splendid apartment will be of iron, and probably domical. As the conditions with regard to time, &c., must necessarily be most stringent, contractors will no doubt be required to deposit an actual sum of money as security for the fulfilment of their respective contracts. The whole building must be finished and delivered up by January 1, 1851.—Contractors will, we understand, be required to tender on two systems, one involving a resumption, after the termination of the exhibition, of property in the materials supplied by them, and the other proceeding on the supposition that Her Majesty's Commissioners become *bona fide* purchasers, and take the risk of a subsequent disposal of the building upon themselves.

In the arrangements of the design, it has been the aim to specify such materials and combinations as will be likely to be most valuable after the expiration of their temporary employment in the building, so that the cost for "use and waste," as it is technically called, may be the least possible; contractors will, however, be permitted, and, indeed, invited, to suggest any tender for the use of other materials which may, probably in their opinion, prove more economical.

From the varied and distinct nature of the work, and the simplicity of the plan, a division of the contracts into the two classes best suited to the different plants and connexions of engineering and architectural contractors will be quite feasible; and upon this basis it is more than probable that separate specifications for the sewage, the central hall, and a portion of the iron roofing and walling, and for the central offices and respective sets of refreshment-rooms, &c., will be prepared.

From what we have ascertained of the actual state of the drawings, &c., we have little doubt that another week will not pass away without some decided step being taken by the committee in inviting the attention of the vast body of intelligent and able contractors whose spirit and enterprise have done so much to elevate the scientific and structural character of the public works of Great Britain.

ATTEMPT not two things at once, for the one will hinder the other.

THE WORKING OF THE WINDOW TAX.—In regard to the total amount of the window-tax, of late years, if not to the mere additional ten per cent., it is a singular fact that the latter, added to the previous burden, seems to have been like the last faggot thrown upon the overloaded ass; for, strange to say, it has caused a break down of the total amount between 1841 and 1847, to the extent of no less than thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-three pounds. A letter to the Chancellor, by "An officer of the Tax Department of the Board of Inland Revenue," in noticing the decrease of one hundred and eighty-four thousand and forty-seven pounds, on the whole of the assessed taxes between these years, says:—"Perhaps the most striking fact which this comparison discloses is, that there should have been any decrease whatever under the head of window duty. This must, indeed, be matter of surprise to all who take into consideration the enormous increase of such towns as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle-upon Tyne, Brighton, &c., and above all, of the vast metropolis itself, with its wonderful suburbs. It might certainly be inferred that at least the window duty would manifest no symptoms of retrogression. Such are the facts, however, as published in authentic documents, patent to all, and they seem to call for inquiry and investigation." As an instance of the way in which this obnoxious tax works to the hindrance of healthful ventilation, "I beg to acquaint you," says a correspondent "that I am living in a cottage in the country, free from the window tax, but to enjoy this privilege I have two bed-rooms, a passage and staircase, a larder, a back kitchen, and a water-closet, all without any light or ventilation, except what the doors when open give: and this has been for many years. This has saved four pounds per year—say for twenty years—which gives a saving of eighty pounds." A "Hearty well-wisher" says, "As the faithful champion of the profession, and also of the two trades I allude to, I propose to you to encourage a society of architects, glass manufacturers, and builders, to enforce all legal and honourable means of putting a stop to a tax on the gracious gifts of the Almighty—light, air, and health."—*The Builder*.

THE OLDEST OAK TREE IN BELGIUM, which was planted in the reign of Charles V., about 1540, or 1550, was cut down last week at Rooborst. It measured thirty-six feet in length, and eighteen feet in circumference. Planks two feet wide may be cut from some of the branches. This tree was purchased for eight hundred francs by M. Vander Banck, a cabinet maker at Audenaerde. It is said that he intends to send a plank, cut from this tree, from four to five feet wide, to the European Exhibition in London in 1851.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

SCHOLIAS.—There are some good ideas in your letter upon the subject of physical education, but it is too lengthy for our columns. The primitive education at Athens consisted of two branches; gymnastics, for the body—music, for the mind. The word "music" is not to be judged according to the limited signification which it now bears. It comprehended from the beginning everything appertaining to the province of the Nine Muses—not merely learning the use of the lyre, or how to bear part of a chorus, but also the hearing, learning, and repeating, of poetical compositions, as well as the practice of exact and elegant pronunciation—which latter accomplishment, in a language like the Greek with long words, measured syllables, and great diversity of accentuation between one word and another, must have been far more difficult to acquire than it is in any modern European language. As the range of ideas enlarged, so the words "music" and musical teachers acquired an expanded meaning, so as to comprehend matter of instruction at once ampler and more diversified. During the middle of the fifth century B.C. at Athens, there came thus to be found, among the musical teachers, men of the most distinguished abilities and eminence; masters of all learning and accomplishments of the age, teaching what was known of astronomy, geography, and physics, and capable of holding dialectical discussions with their pupils, upon all the various problems then afloat among intellectual men.

B. C. S. R.—Moles on the face, or on any other part of the frame, will not yield to any known treatment. They must just be put up with, along with the other ills that poor human nature is heir to. We would not advise you to adopt any empirical treatment of them, or the cure, or attempted cure may be worse than the disease.

A FIRST EFFORT.—We regret to say "Declined with thanks," but we think you may try again, as there is in the verses the germ of future excellence.

CHARLES BERTRAND.—We like the style of the verses. Here and there is a roughness of composition. We here insert the stanzas—

## SHE'S LOVELY IN MY EYES.

She may not be as beautiful  
As other maidens are;  
She may not gleam upon the world  
A bright and radiant star;  
She may not strike men's eyes and minds  
With wonder and surprise;  
But though she seem not so to them  
She's lovely in my eyes.  
Oh, they may condemn her tresses,  
They are not silk or gold,  
Or say her cheek is far too pale,  
Her manner strange and cold;  
Or all assort that when she smiles  
No sparkling dimples rise:  
It may be false, it may be true—  
She's lovely in my eyes.  
She may not be possessed of grace  
Of feature or of form;  
Her heart I only care to win,  
And that I know is warm;  
A treasure vast of love and truth,  
Within that casket lies;  
And tho' the world may sneer and laugh,  
She's lovely in my eyes.  
She boasts not Beauty's earthly gifts,  
But unto her are given  
Modesty, virtue, and true worth,  
Which savour more of heaven.  
I care not what the world may think,  
Her love alone I prize;  
Whate'er they say of want of charms,  
She's lovely in my eyes.

A YOUNG LADY OUT OF TOWN has left a bean in Town, to whom she is rather attached, but she has not yet known him quite long enough to make up her mind whether she would like him for a husband or not. As she will be out of town all the summer, with her friends, the bean has made it a particular request to her that she would correspond with him, but she shrinks, rather, from doing so. He proposes that the correspondence should be by the medium of letters being left for at the post-office, while she could write freely to his address in London. The young lady would be very much obliged to the Editor if he would be so kind as to give her his opinion upon the subject.—Yes; with great pleasure, we will advise you. Decline the correspondence, by all means. We have never advised a young lady to write letters, and we never shall. So long as a girl keeps her hand from epistles to men, she is independent; but from the moment that she writes a letter, she parts with that independence, and she is certain, sooner or later to repent of such an indiscretion. Take our advice, we beg of you.

A FETCH.—The subject of our correspondent's note is curious. It is an ancient superstition both in Scotland and in Ireland; that deaths are announced in particular families by a ghostly appearance. The following bears upon the subject, and is from the Berlin correspondent of the "Daily News."—"There was a rumour circulated some time ago that the 'White Lady' had been seen in the Schloss at Berlin! The late attempt on the King's life, from which His Majesty so narrowly escaped, has given even this absurdity a place among the discussions of the press on the deed. Like the 'Black Friar' of Newstead, sung, if not seen, by Lord Byron, the 'White Lady' is said to walk the palace whenever anything special is about to happen to the family of the Hohenzollerns.

'When an heir is born,  
She is heard to mourn;  
And when aught is to befall  
To that ancient line,  
In the pale moonshine  
Her shadow flits by the wall.'

So says the tradition; scandal asserts that the disguise of the 'White Lady' has been more than once assumed for very earthly purposes, and the dramatist Gutzkow has adopted the expedient to work out the denouement of his comedy, *Zoif-fellen Schweri*. However this may be, the papers state that a formal inquiry has been instituted into the lady's last appearance, for what purpose is not known, as the spirit, as usual, did not give any information likely to be useful to the authorities, and they must be luckier than they generally are if they collect anything from the evidence likely to be produced as to the fact. It is only mentioned as the first instance in which a legal inquiry, in modern practice, has been extended beyond the things of this world. The legend is a favourite one with the Berliners, among whom it may be observed, in passing, there is a good average amount of superstition and credulity. We have new religions about once a month; there were almost riots last year round the house of a wonderful child, who wrought miracles; herb-doctors advertise that the moon is in the favourable quarter for swallowing their compounds; dream-books sell well; old women are frequently being taken up for fortune-telling with cards; the papers described only a few days since a man who has made a handsome fortune as a consulting conjuror without once falling into the hands of the police, which speaks volumes for his tact, but he saw none but 'respectable and educated' people! If details could be gone into, some strange facts of this kind could be catalogued against the 'city of intelligence.'

**A. Z.**—Declined with thanks. We regret that it is the subject alone that makes the lines inadmissible.

**CURIOSO.**—Your question would involve, in order to answer it fairly, the publication of rather an elaborate table. You will find it in "Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," to which work we must refer you.

**A. READER.**—The Brighton and South Coast Railway. Why do you not purchase a Railway Guide?—you will get the information you require, there, in a tabular form.

**ZETA.**—Accepted, and will appear shortly.

**A YOUNG MAN.**—Mere quackery. If you really wish to acquire the French language, you must work hard with your brains. If you fancy that by paying a high price, or that by any ad captandum method you can escape the real difficulties of the study, you will find yourself much mistaken.

**H. S.** is a candidate for the hand of Mary Ann D. We regret that our space will not permit us to print the letter. H. S. was certainly not inspired by the Muses when he wrote the rhymes.

**NOX.**—Declined with thanks. We think, from what we can see of Nox's writing, that by practice he will do better things.

**WORREY SCRIBS.**—We really do not see the wit in our correspondent's epistle.

**W. B.** is a suitor to Clarinda A., and will be happy to rescue her from her painful hemo position.

**E. JOHNSON (CORK).**—We beg to decline the polite offer. Our literary engagements are complete.

**W. C.**—We do not see the object of the rather indifferent lines commencing with—

"He comes to chapel, it is true,"  
and beg to decline their insertion.

**EMILY W.** has a beau who waits for her every night, but Emily's mother does not see the propriety of letting Emily out; and the beau is too shy to speak to the home authorities upon the subject, as Emily wishes him.—If the young man is serious in his attentions, he ought to relieve Emily from the embarrassment of meeting him clandestinely; but after all, it is an awkward thing for a young man to march up to a mamma, and say "If you please, madam, will you let Emily come out to-night?"

**XENOPHON.**—We have repeatedly stated that we not only decline giving advice respecting particular places to emigrate to, but that upon a subject of such importance to a man's concerns in life, we decline advising at all.

**AN INQUIRY.**—Yes; you must pay to see the winery at Hampton Court. We do not know the precise charge at present. We hardly know what amount of backstairs court influence it would take to get apartments in Hampton Court Palace. Dr. Johnson tried it in vain.

**SUSANNA** has for the first time in her life fallen very much in love, and she thinks, as the Editor has been kind enough to say a number of sweet things to gentlemen about the best way of getting introduced to ladies for whom they have a tender sentiment, it would be just as well to give the ladies a hint or two as to what they are to do if they fall in love with some one who is so blind as not to see the favourable impression he has created, or with whom there may be no acquaintance-ship, by which he may have the opportunity of seeing it.—We think, Susanna, if she had given the subject a little consideration, would see that the cases were not the same. The usages of society appoint that ladies should be sued, and that man should sue. Any effort to reverse that order of things, is sure to bring disgrace and contempt upon the female. We cannot advise you of any means to let the gentleman know how willing you are to be his; but if he should commence the love-making, you can then give his suit such fair encouragement as modesty and maiden dignity may warrant; but be careful that that don't go too far, or he will think you too easily won.

**DRAMATIC.**—There are considered to be fourteen regular theatres in London, and two operas—that is to say, Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

**JACK JUNK.**—You will be able to see more of Windsor Castle when the court is not there than when it is. The tickets to view the state apartments are a mere idle form. You may get them in Windsor at any of the principal hotels.

**A STUDENT.**—The old Hunterian Museum of anatomy has been removed to Surgeons' Hall.

**A YOUNG LADY AT SCHOOL.**—We cannot too strongly reprehend the practice of a teacher lending money to the scholars and charging a serious rate of interest, so that their pocket-money is all, in effect, mortgaged for some time to come. It is your father with whom you should communicate upon the subject in preference to the authorities of the school.

**THE DUKE.**—We cannot help thinking that as regards the case you have so clearly and graphically detailed to us, you ought to look well before you leap into matrimony. The circumstances are not such as we should like. We don't admire flowers that are so very easily plucked, and we should be inclined to think—we may be wrong—but we should be inclined to think the young lady was anxious more for a husband than for you as the particular husband. Perhaps there are reasons. We advise you to keep very wide awake, indeed, and not to be in a hurry, and to write no letters.

**ROMEO** would be glad to "claim a holy friendship" with Ariel, whose communication appeared in our columns some time since. We don't believe in holy friendships between ladies and gentlemen. They may do at the Agamemnon, but not in real life.

**W. F. F. A CURATE.**—A correspondent signing as above, requests that we will have the kindness to reprint the

following paragraph respecting Biddulph Moor. If it be correct, it certainly records a very lamentable state of things, indeed. "The District of Biddulph Moor.—We have been requested to insert the following extract from an 'occasional paper of the Pastoral Aid Society,' which gives a graphic but melancholy picture of the state of the district of Biddulph Moor, in behalf of which Mr. Bateman's Orchids are to be sold:—'The district is situated at the north-western extremity of the county of Stafford, and embraces portions of three parishes. In its physical aspect this district is wild and romantic, and contains large tracts of land, that, in consequence of their great elevation and exposure, have not been brought into cultivation. Here, almost beyond the pale of ordinary life, exists a large and rapidly-increasing colony of human beings, sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation, but presenting many features of deep and peculiar interest. Originally (as is believed) of Moorish descent, they were introduced from Spain, about the sixteenth century, by one of the feudal lords of this parish, and being speedily cast upon their own resources, they established themselves upon the neighbouring height, where they have ever since remained, as it were entrenched against the humanising power of civilisation on one hand, and the elevating influences of religion on the other. While their features have much of the Moorish or gipsy cast, their mode of life and habits are quite in conformity with this supposed origin. They live crowded together in the most miserable hovels; and would rather undergo almost any privation than submit to the drudgery of regular labour. Having, moreover, by long unmoested occupation, established a right of freehold in their houses and tenements, they not only exercise a most important influence in county elections, but maintain a spirit of proud exclusiveness in regard to the population of the surrounding valleys; and to such an extent is this carried, that it has been found impossible to prevail upon them even to send their children to any school frequented by their lowland neighbours. In the summer the men spread themselves over the country, carrying pots or other wares for sale, while in the winter they chiefly subsist upon potatoes or other produce of their plots of land. As might naturally be expected among such a nomad population, crime abounds, and in its most awful forms. Not only are the lawlessness, the dishonesty, and drunkenness of the district proverbial, but, (on Sundays especially) scenes of the most open and revolting licentiousness may be witnessed in broad daylight: while theft, burglary, murder, and even fratricide, and other crimes too shocking to be mentioned, have within the last few years attracted the attention of the philanthropist to this unhappy spot. It has, however, been found impossible to reach the evil by means of any existing machinery, lying, as the district does, at the extremity of three large and populous parishes, the ministers of which are already greatly overworked and underpaid.'

**A. B. L.**—Quite out of our power. Our arrangements have been long since quite complete.

**A SINCERE FRIEND.**—We do not recognise A. Sincere Friend; but, as the suggestion is a good one, we beg to thank our correspondent for it.

**A GENTLEMAN.**—You will find a portrait of Fitz-Alwyn, the first Lord Mayor of London, in Drapers' Hall, which is situated in Throgmorton-street, and to which any member of the company can introduce you.

**A YOUNG HISTORIAN.**—It appears to us that you have rather injudiciously taken some of your historical notions from plays and romances, which are not exactly the sources you ought to go to for correct information upon such subjects. The following account of the execution of Lady Jane Grey is taken verbatim from a letter of the period:—"First, when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout: 'Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The facts, in deed, against the queen's highness were unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me: but touching the procurement and desyre thereof by me or on my halfe, I doo wash my handes thereof in innocencie, before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day,' and therewith she wrong her handes, in which she had hir booke. Then she said, 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to beare me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other meane but only by the mercy of God in the merites of the blood of his only sonne Jesus Christ: and I confesse, when I dyd know the word of God I neglected the same, loved my selfe and the world, and therefore this plague or punishment is happely and worthly happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God of his goodness that he hath thus given me a tyme and respect to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assyst me with your prayers.' And then, kneeling downe, she turned to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this psalme?' And he said 'Yea.' Then she said the psalme of *Myserere mei Deus* in English, in most devout manner, to the end. Then she stode up, and gave her maiden mistris Tinley her gloves and handkercher, and her booke to maister Bruges, the lyvetenantes brother; forthwith she untied her gown. The hangman went to her to help her off therewith, and also with her rose paast and neckercher, giving to her a fayre handkercher to knytte about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled downe, and asked her forgiveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the strawe: which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it of before I lay

me downe?' and the hangman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tyed the kercher about her eyes; then feeling for the blocke, saide, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers by guiding her therunto, she layde her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body and said: 'Lorde, into thy hands I comend my spirit!' And so she ended."

**META.**—We regret to say "Declined with thanks," but the poem is too long and the subject one only of local interest.

**A YOUNG LADY** wishes to know what is the colour of a nightingale's egg, and what is the best food for young nightingales.—Perhaps some correspondent learned in those subjects can advise. We cannot approve of taking a nest of young birds. To a certain extent the parents unquestionably do feel poignant regret. It is a rather abstruse question to decide how far the instinctive feelings of the feathered race may carry their grief for the deprivation of their young. A Young Lady must consult her own feelings. The hand-writing is not in the fashion as regards ladies' writing, but it is very good, and clear and distinct. It has a legal character about it.

**LOUISA B.**—The best thing your young friend can do to get rid of what we cannot call by a milder term than a piece of sentimental folly, is to get a sweetheart as soon as she can. We never heard of anything so extravagant as a girl of sixteen pining away with melancholy, for love of a young man of twenty-five! She might be laughed out of the folly.

**ADDRESS (Hanwell).**—Fifty-two Numbers will make a volume of our MISCELLANY. A title, index, and preface will be given, and the whole will form a very handsome volume, with such an amount of reading as never before was offered to the public for ten times the money. We cannot say just yet what the binding would be.

**A WIDOW.**—We very much regret that it is completely out of our power to facilitate in any way A Widow's laudable exertions to get her son into Christ's Hospital. It is not an easy thing to do, unless the influence is very direct, and then it is nothing.

**SURGEY.**—St. Saviour's, Southwark, was called Our Lady's Chapel, and was likewise the Chapel of Cardinal Wolsey. It is of great antiquity.

**MISS ANGELINA A.** has a thousand pounds, and she is quite beset by the fellows. She could marry immediately if she liked, although she candidly admits, that she is decidedly plain; but the dread of being married for her money oppresses her like a nightmare. Can the Editor tell her of any mode by which she may escape from such an indiction, and really ascertain if her numerous suitors are in love with her or her thousand pounds?—Not exactly; but Miss Angelina A. may do something towards that desirable end, by announcing her determination to have all her money settled upon herself, whenever she does marry. If an eligible offer should come with a full knowledge of that condition, we should not advise Angelina A. then to refuse it, or with her money she may chance to remain an old maid. As for her plainness, there is a beauty that lies deeper than the skin, which perhaps she has.

**A. X.**—We will make the inquiry.

**A CITIZEN.**—We do not think that a bill for the removal of Smithfield Market will pass quite so easily as A Citizen thinks. There are vested interests in the way. The following is from the "Observer":—"The Smithfield Nuisance.—The fate of the Smithfield nuisance may be considered as sealed. The report of the commission appointed to inquire into the London markets is decisive on the subject; and albeit the corporation members of that body—Sir J. Duke and Mr. Woods—have dissented and recorded a protest against the conclusion of the majority, that focus of feulnace, and cruelty, and crime, must be looked upon as in the course of speedy extirpation. It is not wonderful, however, that the corporation of London should make a fight for the retention of the market in its present place, though the health and even the lives of the inhabitants of the metropolis are hourly periled by the droves of infatuate cattle goaded through the crowded streets of this city, and their sense of decency and propriety momentarily shocked by scenes of rufianism and vice there enacted, seeing that the income derived from it is so large. The 'clear gain' to the corporation is five thousand pounds a year; and as corporations have no conscience, it is easily credible that the whole of the metropolitan population would be permitted to perish rather than this body should forego its gripe upon that large sum of money. The facts elicited in the report are very curious as well as instructive. The value of live cattle disposed of in Smithfield Market is about nine millions a year; but it is a singular circumstance that there are fewer of the smaller animals—such as sheep, calves, and pigs—sold there now than there were at two periods of 120 and 150 years ago. Our forefathers, like their German ancestors, gave the preference to the smaller meat—men of the present day prefer the larger and full-grown animal. For the pound of beef that was eaten at those periods—according to the returns—there are three pounds eaten at this period. The increase of animals upon the whole, however, has been enormous—say quadruple—in that time; but yet the size of the market has been very little increased—in fact, it is scarcely double. The suffering, the misery, and the loss consequent upon this want of accommodation, can scarcely be credited by persons unacquainted with the facts as regards Smithfield."

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[SOLOMON PERSONIFYING THE COLONEL'S APPARITION IN THE BED-CHAMBER OF COUSIN CECIL.]

## COUSIN CECIL; OR, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE. A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MORE VISITORS AT LARCHINS.

For a few moments after Cousin Cecil had left the library, neither Lionel, Minna, nor Sir William Watson could speak a word. Surprise, not unmingled with some terror, kept them silent and motionless.

It was Sir William Watson who first moved and spoke.

"Why, Lionel, boy, what's all this? What's the spinster about now? She's as good as confessed to everything, my lad, didn't she?"

"I am lost," cried Lionel, "lost in a maze of thought. Oh, Minna—Minna! why were you present at such a scene as this? Sir William, can we longer doubt the guilt of that woman?"

"Longer, boy? I never doubted it for a moment, I tell you. Oh, Cousin Cecil, spinster! out of your own mouth will I, indeed, condemn you. Now, Lionel, my lad, if you put up with the will quietly after this, you are a milk-sop, and ought to be beat up into pap for a lame baby."

"I will follow her," said Lionel, and he caught up the lamp that was upon the table and darted from the room in the direction that Cousin Cecil had taken. Minna was so alarmed at the whole proceeding, that she clung to Sir William Watson's

arm, detaining him most effectually in the library, while she entreated him to follow Lionel.

"Oh, Sir William, go to him. Poor Lionel! he will do or say something that he may yet repent of. Follow him, Sir William. Oh dear—"

"But, I can't, my dear, while you hold me so tight."

"We will both go. Yes, we will both go."

Before Sir William and Minna could reach the door of the library, Lionel had placed the lamp upon a bracket, from which it shed a tolerable light all over the corridor, and had bounded up the staircase after Cousin Cecil. She must have been in profound sleep, indeed, not to hear him, for he was regardless of the noise he made in his haste to overtake her. She had reached about half way to her own room, when Lionel approached her.

There was something awe-striking in that spectre-like woman, with all her subtle feelings wrapt up in sleep—moving so strangely, and muttering her own guilt, as she made the night hideous by her unlooked-for presence.

The young man recoiled a step or two, after confronting her with the intention of stopping her. He felt as if it were in some mysterious way intimated to him that it was the will of Heaven he should not do so. But he could not refrain from speaking.

"Cousin Cecil!" he said, "it is yet time to repent. It is not of the fair house and lands of Larchins that I speak, but of my father. Oh, speak of him. Tell me if your guilty soul has entertained ought against his life; or proclaim your innocence of that, and avow the greed of wealth only, unstained by darker crimes, and I will forgive you."

Still in that somnambulist state, Cousin Cecil appeared to have an impression that some one

addressed her, for she paused and placed herself in an attitude of listening.

"Hush!" she said. "What is that? No noise—the old man's papers. Well, he will die soon. What of that—what of that? Mistress of Larchins: entire mistress—the papers—the papers. They will never know. How are they to know?"

She still held in her hands the crumpled-up papers that she had taken from the drawer in the library-table; and again the feel of them as they crackled in her hand appeared to satisfy her.

It was at this moment that a flash of light came into the corridor from whence all the sleeping chambers opened, and upon Lionel turning hastily to see from whence it proceeded, he, to his intense surprise, observed a head with a night-cap upon it projected from the door of one of the rooms, while the hand above the head held a light. A second glance assured Lionel that it was the Vicar; but before he could decide what was to be done, Cousin Cecil glided past him towards her own chamber, and opening its door, disappeared within it. Sir William Watson at this moment entered the corridor with Minna, and shouted out—

"Hilloa, Lionel! what cheer, my boy?"

Bang went the door of the room in which the Vicar was, and all was comparative darkness in the long, gloomy-looking corridor.

"She has gone," said Lionel, "she has gone! Minna, let me implore you to retire to your own chamber. The night air will harm you. Do not, I pray you, linger longer here. Cousin Cecil has retired to her room, and, doubtless, will not again leave it. Go, dear! go!"

"I will, Lionel. I will." Minna trembled excessively, and sobbed upon Lionel's shoulder. She seemed scarcely able to move.

"Come, come, my little girl!" cried Sir William. "This won't do. There's no danger. Just let me carry you. Lord love you, I should think nothing of it."

"Oh, no—no! I can walk."

"Very good, my darling. Lean on me, do now, and come along. Which is her room, Lionel? Let us get her comfortably to bed, and then we will talk on what is to be done with the delightful spinster."

"Thank you, I can walk now, indeed, I can. Good-night, Sir William. Good-night, Lionel."

They left her at the door of her room, and Lionel after calling to her to lock it on the inside, and hearing her do so, turned to Sir William Watson, and said—

"Sir William, the Vicar is in the house."

"What?"

"Vicar Anson. The man whom you in the exercise of your authority ordered out of Larchins, is in that room yonder."

"You—you don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. I saw him. Hearing a disturbance in the corridor, or rather my voice, for I was speaking to Cousin Cecil in a high tone, he looked out, and I saw him plainly."

"Then, my boy, he is here with the permission of the dear delightful spinster."

"It appears like it."

"Appears, Lionel? It is."

"It must be so, Sir William. Oh, what disgrace is this that has fallen upon my father's house!"

"Never take it to heart, my lad. I tell you what I will do: I will fall back upon the silver spoons."

Lionel look puzzled, as well he might, at the idea of Sir William finding relief from an emergency by falling back upon some silver spoons.

"Listen to me, my boy. The only way that I can interfere is, by way of taking care of the property, and in my great regard for its preservation. It don't matter to me whether this man, who is in the house without leave, is a vicar or a highwayman. It is sufficient for me that he is here without reasonable excuse, and so I will turn him out."

"But, sir—"

"Nay, now, not one word. You will oblige me very much, Lionel, by going to your own room. Yet, stop a bit. Just come down to the library, and get that knapsack that is, and shall be, your own property, and then you go to bed. We will have a consultation about this affair of Cousin Cecil's sleep-walking to-morrow, my boy. Go for the knapsack, now, at once."

Lionel did not require much urging to possess himself of that repository of his father's papers. He rapidly ran down the stairs and procured it, and when he reappeared, Sir William took him by the arm, saying—

"Now, Lionel, to-bed with you, and don't move, let you hear what you may; for, remember, the servants all look upon me just now as the master of the house, and I am up and about."

"Very well, Sir William. I feel that in leaving matters to you, I cannot be wrong."

"Certainly not, my boy. Be off with you. Be off at once."

"But you must not do anything very violent."

"Quite the reverse, my lad. Quite the reverse."

With this assurance, Lionel felt that he was bound to be content, although he suspected that Sir William would not be very tender in the means he might adopt for ridding Larchins of the Vicar.

The moment the old Baronet had thus got the field to himself, he hurried to the domestic part of the mansion, and tapped at one of the doors of the men servants' sleeping room.

"Hillo!" he said. "Get up. Thieves!—thieves!"

A very few moments sufficed to get Sir William surrounded by half-a-dozen men, including Solomon Soaker, who evidently had not been to rest at all. They looked rather startled at the summons to rise at such a time in the morning, for it was now not quite two o'clock. But Sir William soon made them understand what he wanted of them.

"Do you think, now," he said, "that after he was turned out of the house in the way you are all aware of, that Vicar Anson, as he calls himself, would be likely to go comfortably to bed at Larchins, in the next room to Cousin Cecil?"

The men looked at each other aghast. Solomon saw, however, by the sly twitter at the sides of

Sir William's mouth what he meant, and he said at once—

"Oh, dear, no. Can't be Vicar. Some house-breaker. Looks like him, perhaps; but can't be Vicar."

"That's my idea," said Sir William; "and as circumstances are at present in the house, nobody, I am sure, wants the trouble of a prosecution; so, in my humble opinion, it would be just as well to take the thief, who really is evidently very like the Vicar, and give him a good ducking in one of the fish-ponds, and then let him go."

"Capital pump in stable-yard," said Solomon.

"Is there? Well, all I can say is this, my lads, that it really would be very wrong to pump upon him too much. Hem!"

The men looked at each other with broad grins. They knew perfectly well that they were all on the move from Larchins, for Miss Cecil had quite intimated as much to them; so they were not at all disinclined to a little diversion, such as Sir William pointed out to them before departing.

One and all, they professed their readiness to follow him, and with quick steps he led them up the staircase to the corridor.

Just before emerging from the stairs, Sir William fancied he heard a voice, and motioning to the men to be silent, he went alone into the corridor. To his intense surprise, he saw Vicar Anson, with a little night lamp in his hand, that shone like a faint star, stooping down to the lock of Minna's chamber-door.

Poor Sir William was thunder-stricken.

The Vicar had a key in his hand, which it afterwards appeared he had taken from the lock of the door of his own room, and with which he was endeavouring to unlock the door of Minna's chamber.

The slight sound of the key had evidently alarmed Minna, and Sir William had heard her cry out, "Who is there?"

"Your brother Lionel," said the Vicar, in as good an imitation of Lionel's voice as he was capable of assuming. "Open the door, Minna: I must speak with you, dear."

Rage, for a few moments, almost got the better of all discretion in Sir William; but he managed to get back to the servants, and then bringing them to the top of the stairs, he pointed to the Vicar. At the moment that with stealthy steps they were advancing towards him, poor Minna, deceived by the idea that it was Lionel who was at her room door, opened it, and the Vicar, immediately clasping her in his arms, cried—

"Hush! hush! My dear girl, not a word. Only have the kindness to listen to me for a few moments, and I—"

The servants made a rush upon the Vicar, and seizing him by the arms and legs, they carried him away without a word, while the terrified Minna slammed the door shut, uttering a shriek of alarm as she did so.

"Help! help!—murder!" cried the Vicar.

"Don't you know me? I am Vicar Anson."

"Gammon!" said Solomon. "Can't be—Don't believe it—Bosh!—Carry him on—All's right!"

"I am—indeed I am—I will give you a guinea a-piece—two guineas a-piece, if you will let me go!"

"Couldn't do it," said Solomon. "Housebreaker on premises—caught nicely—may be remarkable likeness of highly respectable parson—but can't be him—wouldn't do such a thing—all gammon! This way turn—to the left."

Rage now lent the Vicar more strength than he usually possessed, and he made a desperate struggle for freedom. He was, however, too much overpowered by numbers for the fight to have any other effect than producing for him more inconvenience in the shape of a good shaking, and a firmer clutch being taken of him.

"This way to the pump," said Solomon.

"The what?" roared the Vicar.

"P—u—m—p! That's the thing. It's very healthy, they say—fine spring water!"

"Now, now, my good fellows," said the Vicar, who, finding that strong measures, in the shape of threats and kicking, would not do, thought it would be as well to try the soothing system. "Now, my good fellows, a joke is a joke, and I am as ready to laugh at one as anybody you know. You will take five guineas among you, and we will say no more about this little ridiculous affair; and any of you that would like to stay at Larchins, I think I can manage that by speaking to Miss Cecil."

"Idea of housebreaker speaking to Miss Cecil!"

said Solomon. "Too absurd—quiet lady like her—Oh, oh—"

Sir William followed the party, and was highly amused at the scene, and at the shifts to which the Vicar resorted to avoid the threatened punishment to which he was so justly entitled. The stable-yard was reached, and the unfortunate Vicar was seated in the stone receiving pan of the pump, and there firmly held while Solomon worked the pump-handle with vigour. It took three or four plunges of the handle before the water began to flow; but then out it gushed in a copious stream, and the Vicar uttered a half-smothered shriek of dismay. All he could do was to protect his face as much as he could, by holding his head down; but owing to the judicious manner in which the men turned him about, he got the copious cold stream in all directions; and, at length, half dead, and looking more like some gigantic drowned rat than a human being, he was released and permitted to leave the premises, which he did with as much speed as he could possibly make.

The poor Vicar was too much prostrated even to swear vengeance against his persecutors; and he took his way to the village in a frame of mind easier to be imagined than described.

The moment he was fairly gone, Sir William made his appearance among the men, and spoke to them.

"Now, my men," he said, "to-morrow you must ask me for five guineas among you. Surely I can manage as much for the job of pumping upon a housebreaker, as he offered to let him alone; and you will all bear in mind, if anything should come of this affair, that, although the fellow was very like Vicar Anson, yet it could not possibly be him; and, therefore, it was no use his trying to deceive you."

"It's all right," said Solomon. "Couldn't be better, sir. To bed again, now. Good-night."

"Good-night, all of you."

Sir William was so thoroughly pleased at this defeat of Vicar Anson, that he retired to rest as satisfied as any man could possibly be with himself. The strange conduct of Cousin Cecil likewise had had the effect of inducing a belief in the mind of Sir William that something might really be done now in regard to disputing the will of the Colonel, in which he anticipated, after what had happened, the concurrence of Lionel.

But the events of that night were not yet at an end, for Solomon had a little plot of his own, which he hoped to be able to carry out, much to the advantage of the orphans and to his own satisfaction. If the disturbance connected with Vicar Anson had not occurred, Solomon would have commenced proceedings before then; but now that that was all over, he set about what he had determined to do with the greatest alacrity.

The idea of Solomon was, that if he could only get hold of the abominable will of his late master, and have the liberty of committing it to the flames, all would be well with Lionel and Minna; and as nothing would persuade him that Cousin Cecil would let such an important document out of her own hands, his notion was that he might succeed in getting it from her.

Full of this intent, Solomon now waited until the house was profoundly quiet, and then he commenced operations.

"Frighten the spinster!" he muttered. "Make her believe ghost come to bed-side—give up will—burn it then, and Lionel kick out Cousin Cecil in morning. All right. Like very much to pump on Lawyer Greene as well as Vicar Anson. Perhaps be able some odd day."

With these interjectional remarks, Solomon made his way to the dressing-room that had belonged to his late master. His perfect acquaintance with the house, an acquaintance that embraced a knowledge of the peculiarities of every lock and hinge of every door in it—enabled him to proceed without a light to the dressing-room with the greatest ease.

When there, though, Solomon had the means of lighting a candle; and as it slowly burnt brighter and brighter, he looked around him with saddened eyes upon the many remembrances of his master that were all around.

"Ah!" he said, "there hangs his sword that he won't put on again; and there are his spurs and military boots. There's the pistols that he had with him in all his battles; and there's the tin case, with his cocked hat in it. Well, times are changed a little, to be sure; but I never thought to see this day. No matter—where's the odds? Must all go, sooner or later—those best off that go first—no mistake about that!"

Solomon looked at himself mournfully in the dressing-glass; and then, opening a drawer, he took out a brown peruke, which the Colonel had been in the habit of wearing, and carefully shaking back his own gray hair, he fitted it on his head.

When he had that wig on, he was not so very unlike the late Colonel; but a very active and excited imagination might, at night, suppose that it was the veritable Colonel Danvers that they saw before them.

"Think it will do. Try it—that's all."

Solomon's object was evidently to make up as nearly like his old master as he possibly could; for with great rapidity he now set about equipping himself in a complete suit of the Colonel's apparel, which consisted of a frock coat, as the principal article that buttoned right up to the throat, and gave a character to the whole figure; and to tell the truth, when he, Solomon, had that on, he did look as like his old master as could be at all expected.

"That will do, Frighten Cousin Cecil now—out of her wits perhaps—no great matter—got too many of them, and all of wrong sort. Bad 'un she is! If get the will, soon put a stopper on that. Umph! can but try."

Leaving the light, then, in the dressing-room, Solomon, with slow and stealthy steps, went upon his expedition to the chamber of Cousin Cecil.

That lady, quite innocent of the fact that she had made rather an exhibition of herself during her fit of somnambulism, had gone composedly enough to bed again, leaving, however, as was a custom with her, a night-lamp burning upon a small shelf in a remote corner of her bed-room. That little light did not give enough beams to the room to disturb sleep, but yet it was sufficient effectually to scatter darkness, and to shed throughout the apartment a dim radiance that was like a slight reflected dawn.

To eyes accustomed to that faint light it was amply sufficient to make everything fully visible.

It would have been a startling thing for either Lionel or Minna to have met Solomon stalking through the house, attired so precisely like his late master; for although they would, no doubt, in a very few moments, have detected the imposition, yet while the delusion lasted they might have suffered most intensely; but Solomon knew very well that he ran very little risk, if any at all, of encountering any one; so he proceeded calmly and quietly upon his mission.

Upon reaching the chamber door of Cousin Cecil's room Solomon cautiously tried the lock, and to his great satisfaction, it yielded to his hand. In another moment he stood within the room; but he was a little startled to hear Cousin Cecil say—

"Is that you, Anson?"

Solomon did not think it prudent to trust his voice until he had produced such an impression upon the eyes of Cousin Cecil by his impersonation of the late Colonel, that she should be much better prepared to be deceived by the tones he might assume.

Walking directly round the bed, Solomon soon came into the line of vision of Miss Cecil, and confronted her. The spinster, as Sir William Watson would say, was in evident expectation of some one very different from the person that met her gaze. She had half risen, and was supporting herself upon her arm; and as Solomon's figure slightly appeared, she said—

"Why, what o'clock is it?"

She had just uttered these words when she saw the figure, as she supposed, of Colonel Danvers, and with a harsh, strange cry, that frightened Solomon, she fell back upon her pillow. Her lips turned livid with fear, and she grasped the bed-clothes with both hands, while the heavy drops of perspiration stood upon her brow, and her eyes glared like metallic plates.

"Female!" said Solomon. "Oh, female Cecil! listen—listen—listen!"

"I—do," gasped Cousin Cecil. "Oh, God spare me!"

"The will—the will—the will!"

Solomon held out his hand, and clutched the fingers of it open and shut, in unison with his words, so that she should fully comprehend what he meant; and, half dead with fright, she tried to answer him.

"Not here," she said. "Oh, it is not here. Greene has it. Oh, God, help me, it is not here!"

With a deep groan Solomon acknowledged now to his own mind that Cousin Cecil, in such an extremity of fear, was not likely to speak other than

the truth; but yet, although, he had failed in his principal purpose, he thought he might say something for the benefit of his late master's children, and in his eagerness to do so, he advanced a step or two closer to the bed. Cousin Cecil's agony of fear reached its climax, and with a gasping sob she fainted.

"Female," began Solomon, "oh, female!—Hilloa! she's as dead as mutton. The deuce! I'm afraid I have rather done it now. Cousin Cecil—hilloa! Confound it! Well, it can't be helped. I didn't want to kill her—I don't know that there's much good in that. I wonder if a little cold water would do any good."

Glancing round him, Solomon saw a large jug of water on the wash-hand-stand, and holding it then in his left hand, he began to slouch Cousin Cecil rather liberally with his right, and she suddenly gave a shudder, which so startled Solomon, that he dropped the jug into the bed, water and all, which accommodated Cousin Cecil with the cold water cure to an extent that she little expected.

"The deuce!" said Solomon. "No go."

With these words, he made a rush from the room, leaving Miss Cecil to recover from her cold bath and her fainting fit as best she might.

## CHAPTER X.

SHOWS HOW UNGRATEFUL THE DESERTER WAS TO DICK.

We left Dick in rather an awkward position as regarded the deserter to whom he had given shelter in the coffin. From the look of Mr. Nipps, as he came into the workshop, Dick thought that he had a suspicion there was something unusual in the place. The countenance of the undertaker was not generally the most suggestive you might see upon a summer's day; but Dick saw, or his fears saw for him, something certainly more than usual in it.

"Dick," said Mr. Nipps, "the village is full of all sorts of odd things."

"You don't say so, sir. What things, sir?"

"Now—now, no impertinence. Odd reports, as Field-Marshal von Blucher would not hesitate to say. Tell me—when you screwed down the Colonel, at Larchins, was he there, really, or was he not?"

"Well, sir, I can't say."

"You can't say, you ruffian?"

"No, sir, the fact is I didn't look, for I don't much like the job, you see, of screwing people down, and I just hustle on the lid of the coffin as quick as I can, as Bonaparte used to say."

"As what, you vile impostor?"

"Bonaparte, sir."

"Bonaparte never said any such thing, sir. Never, sir. And hark you—if I catch you at any such remarks again, I'll pull your ears for you, master Dick, as long as any jackass's in Hampton."

"Oh dear, don't, sir," said Dick. "I don't think a 'prentice ought to think of having his ears so long as his master's."

"You wretch! I'll annihilate you, as William Pitt used to remark. I'll be the death of you."

"And pray what for, Jacob Augustus Nipps?" shrieked a highly treble female voice, and to his horror, Mr. Nipps found that his better half was at the doorway that led from the workshop to the house.

"And so, Mr. Nipps, all you can do, you lazy, pitiful, ignorant, wretched, mean, contemptible scab, is to come home and bully the poor boy, when you know he does all the work while you are sweltering and gutting, and swilling, and squabbling, and guzzling at the King's Head, you idle, good-for-nothing sot—you ape—you baboon—you—"

Mr. Nipps beat a precipitate retreat.

"Yes," cried Mrs. Nipps, "that's the way. He can't bear to hear a mild reprimand the wretched orang-otang. But never you mind him, Dick. Sue tells me how you go on working all day long, and making yourself as useful as possible, though she does think you are not a good-looking boy."

"Hem!" coughed Dick. "Yes, misses; but I think that Sue is the beauty of Hampton, mum, and as like you as one green pea is like another."

"Lor, Dick, why what a eye you must have, to be sure, in your head! That was just what the artist said as did all our likenesses for three-and-sixpence a-piece last summer was a twelvemonth, only he said beans instead o' peas, Dick."

"Did he, misses?"

"Yes, to be sure he did, and we ought to know—"

"Yes, to be sure, misses; but everybody might know as takes the trouble only to look; and I mean to say, misses, that if Sue only grows up to be like you, misses, you'll be both took away some day, that you will."

"Bless the boy, what a tongue he has. Take a rest, Dick; you can't be always tapping away at coffin lids. I'll send you out a piece of bread and jam. Ah, Dick! you should have seen me when I was eighteen—just eighteen, Dick."

"I shouldn't have liked, misses."

"Not have liked, Dick. And why not?"

"Oh, misses, you wouldn't have condescended to notice a poor boy like me; and what would have been the use o' me falling neck over nothing in love, and perhaps committing—what do you call it?—suicide—cos I couldn't all for to come to go to have you."

"Drat the boy!" laughed Mrs. Nipps. "Well, I never! I'll send you out the bread and jam, Dick. Well, I never! Drat it, there's more sense in Dick's little finger than there is in some folks whole carcasses, that there is."

Mrs. Nipps departed, quite delighted with Dick's gallant speeches.

"Ah!" said Dick, "it isn't the bread and jam that I care about, but I know she will send Sue with it. My dear—dear Sue! She's my jam, she is, bless her—"

"I say!" cried the deserter from the coffin.

"Silence, will you?" cried Dick, giving the lid a tap or two with his hammer. "You can't come out yet, you know."

"Yes, but—"

Tap, tap, tap!

"Will you be quiet? There's somebody coming, I say."

Tap, tap, tap!

"But I'm nearly smothered."

"Never mind; you will get used to that in time."

The deserter was silent just at the moment that Susan, with an arch smile upon her face, and a large piece of bread covered about an inch thick with Mrs. Nipps' best jam in her hand, made her appearance.

"Dick," she said, "mother has sent you this, and I'm sure you don't deserve it."

"Oh, yes, Sue, dear, indeed, I do. If you had known one-half only that I had to say to get it, you would confess that I did deserve it."

"That is the very reason why you do not, Dick. You flatter poor mother because you have found out that she will listen to it, and it is not fair, Dick! so mind you don't do so any more."

"But the temptation, dear Sue."

"The temptation of bread and jam. Oh, Dick!"

"No. It was not the temptation of bread and jam; but did I not know that you would be sent with it, dear Sue? Ah, yes! and here you are looking so kind and so good, and oh, so beautiful, that—"

"Dick! Dick!"

"It's my father!" said Susan. "Run, Dick. He wants you."

"Yes—but—but—don't stay here. Fly, Sue, into the house, will you at once? Don't stay here."

"Dick, I say!"

"Coming, coming!"

Dick ran out of the workshop to meet Mr. Nipps, leaving Susan in a state of amazement at the vehemence with which Dick had urged her not to stay in the shop.

"Not stay here?" she said. "Why must I not stay here? What did he mean? I wonder what father wants him for?"

Susan went to the door of the workshop and peeped out, and as she was there, the deserter slowly moved up the lid of the coffin in which he had been lying an enormously long time in his estimation, and sat up in it, glaring at Susan, and every now and then casting a hurried glance around him, as though he expected his enemies to appear and pounce upon him. Suddenly, Susan turned round, and, with a scream, she became conscious that some one was sitting up in the coffin at which Dick had been at work so short a time before.

"Oh, miss," said the deserter, clasping his hands together, "do not, oh, do not betray me. I shall be shot, I shall, indeed."

Now, Susan was not a very fine young lady or she might have fainted or gone into hysterics, or something of the sort; but after the first scream of surprise, and that was not a very loud one, she had her wits fairly about her, and feeling that in a moment she could leave the workshop, she banished

her fears, and in a voice rather of severity than dread, she said—

"Who, and what are you? What do you want here?"

"I have deserted from my regiment, miss. I am a soldier, as you may see from part of my dress. Do not betray me. I beg of you. It will be my death if you do."

"I do not want to betray you; but does Dick know that you are here?"

"Dick? Oh, the boy that was hammering away at the coffin-lid? Oh, yes, he knows. It was he who hid me: but I do think they are off now; so I will get out of the coffin. Oh, miss, you see before you a poor fellow whose life you may save."

"No," said Susan. "I can do nothing. Dick will understand better than I can what to do."

The soldier slowly advanced towards Susan, and when he was sufficiently close to her to do so, he suddenly caught her by the arm, and with evident admiration in his looks, he said—

"You are the most charming girl I ever saw in all my life, my dear; and if you will only save me by hiding me somewhere, but not in a coffin, I will marry you as soon as you like."

Susan struggled to free her arms, crying—

"How dare you, sir? Help! Dick—"

"Oh, never mind Dick," he cried. "One kiss will set us all to rights, and we shall understand each other perfectly well, my little dear."

"Dick—oh, Dick, where are you?"

"Here!" said Dick, as he sprang into the workshop with his hammer in his hand, and dealt the deserter a crack with it on the side of the head that was rather confusing. "You scoundrel! is this the return you make for my hiding you from the party that was after you, and that I wish with all my heart had found you out now? How do you like that?"

Susan clutched Dick by the arm, and the deserter rubbed his head. It was well for him that the hammer was a very light one, with which Dick tapped in the tacks on the coffin-lids, or the deserter might have possibly enough brought his career to an end there and then in Mr. Nipp's workshop, and might have been supplied with the very coffin that he had taken up a temporary lodging in already.

"Confound you!" said the soldier, looking round him for some weapon with which to attack Dick, "I'll have your life."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Susan.

"Don't be afraid of him," said Dick. "Just run out into the road, Susan, and if you see any soldiers, beckon them to come this way. This is the fellow they want, and they shan't say that I hide him from them now. They are pretty sure to come back this way when they find they have been sent on a wild goose chase across the fields after nobody."

"Stop, stop," cried the deserter; "don't do that—oh, don't—I didn't mean anything—I did not, indeed."

"Then be off with you at once," said Dick, "for here you shall not stay. If you don't go directly, I'll raise an alarm, and have all the village up against you. Be off!"

"But it's daylight. I was to stay here, you know, till dark, and then to go to the gipsy's camp. You won't turn me out in daylight?"

"Yes, but I will, though. If you had behaved yourself as you ought to have done, you might have staid; but you shall not now do so. Call out for somebody, Susan, at the door, will you?"

"No, no," cried the deserter. "Confound you both! If I must go I must, and there's an end of it. I'm going, I tell you—I'm going. If I'm taken, my death will be at your door for turning me out in such a way."

With these words the soldier made a dart out of the workshop, and encountering Mr. Nipps, who, hearing voices, was upon the point of making a dart into it, they both fell together, and rolled over each other in the roadway.

"Murder!" cried Mr. Nipps. The soldier uttered a word or two of a very strong tendency, an octave higher, and disentangling himself from the undertaker, he ran off at full speed, leaving Mr. Nipps sitting on the ground, looking rather bewildered at the suddenness of the transaction.

"Dear me, sir," said Dick, "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Hurt—hurt? As Lord Bacon would say, I am astonished!"

"Allow me to help you up, sir. There, sir, you are all right now."

"Yes—I—that is, I think I am, but I don't quite know. Who was that ruffian that rushed out of the workshop?"

"A soldier, sir. He came in and said he had deserted, and wanted to hide till night; but, of course, I would not listen to it, and insisted upon his going; and then he got in a passion, and flounced out in the manner you saw, sir, and happened to run against you."

"Dick, you were quite right, and I begin to think that I have not sustained any very serious injury. You are a lad of great discretion, and I shall send you out half a pint of the strong ale—I mean the small beer, Dick—the small beer, as Napoleon would say."

"Thank you, sir."

"You go on with your work, Dick, and you will be an ornament to a coffin-lid—I mean, to society at large, Dick. I will not forget the small beer."

Mr. Nipps walked majestically into his house, and Dick sat down upon the coffin and drew a long breath. Susan had fitted into the house upon the first moment that she had ascertained her father was not hurt by his collision with the deserter, so that once more Dick had the workshop all to himself, after the unprecedented adventure that had taken place within it.

"Oh dear!" said Dick. "I only wonder where all this will end! Why, things keep happening now, one after the other, at such a rate, as if they had been saving themselves up for years past, just to be down upon me all in a mob. Here's deserters, and soldiers, and gipsy fellows—and dear Sue! Ah—my own Sue! Well, I do love her—that's certain. Ha, ha—bless her!"

"Susan was fair, and Susan was good—"

A dimpled chin had she:

A nice little foot, and an ankle smart—

A laugh, like a wild bird's, free.

Tap, tap, tap!

"Dick," said Sue, and she looked demure—

"Dick," said Sue, and she smiled:

'Dear Sue,' says Dick, 'I will love you true,  
For my heart you have beguiled.'

Tap, tap, tap!

Yes; she is the most charming—the most—Hilloa! who is this?"

A figure for a moment darkened the doorway of the workshop, and then no less a person than Dick's acquaintance, Mr. Ashley Jarvis, the surgeon, made his appearance.

Now, it was a very odd thing, and we don't mean to dispute it for a single moment, but the last time that Dick had an interview with Mr. Ashley Jarvis, of which the reader is cognisant, it had ended in anything but a seemingly satisfactory manner, for Mr. Jarvis had laid violent hands upon Dick; but now—you will hardly believe it—Dick beld out his hand to the surgeon, and with quite a blithe and smiling face, said—

"How do you do, Mr. Jarvis?"

"Quite well, thank you, Dick," replied the medical man—and, to hear him say so, you would not believe that there was anything upon his medical conscience at all. "How are you, Dick?"

"Oh, I'm always pretty well, sir. I wasn't brought up in what they call the lap of luxury, you know, Mr. Jarvis, so I didn't get ill with nursing."

"I should suppose not, Dick. But better times will come for you, my boy. Are we quite alone?"

"Yes—yes: there's nobody here."

"You are sure of that, Dick? No listeners?"

"None at all, Mr. Jarvis, I assure you. I suppose you have got a something to say about—"

Mr. Jarvis nodded.

"Ah!" said Dick. "Oh!" Mr. Jarvis approached him, and whispered something in his right ear. "I will," said Dick. Mr. Jarvis then whispered something else in his left ear. "Certainly," said Dick. "Because, you know," said Mr. Jarvis; and then he whispered again. "As clear as possible," said Dick. "I understand you. Depend upon me."

"I know I may, Dick. Good day."

With this, Mr. Jarvis left the workshop—he and Dick exchanging smiles and nods as he did so, and showing that they were on the very best possible terms with each other that any two people could be.

"That will do," said Dick, when he was alone again. "That will do. Oh, he is quite a nice fellow, he is. I do like him very much. Well, I think, for a poor boy that hasn't only got a Christian name—and they wouldn't have made me a Christian if they could have helped it, I know, or if it had cost anything—I do think I'm in luck's way; and some day Susan and I will go to Hampton Church and marry. Yes; and the Parson will say—"

"Dick, my lad, oh! what is it now?"

'I come to marry,' says I:

'And Sue is the dear one I only love,  
Like the apple of poor Dick's eye.'

Tap, tap, tap!

And then, as coffin-making is rather a gloomy trade, I'll give it up, and make packing cases, and other kinds of boxes; and we will have a garden, and a few chickens, and a duck-pond. Ah, Susan is a duck! There isn't such another in Hampton. In Hampton, do I say? No: there isn't such another in all the world; and what's more, there never will be. Bless her—no! When I look at her, I seem as if I saw—"

"Half-a-pint of small-beer, Dick," said Susan, who had crept into the workshop again with the imperial present that her father had promised Dick.

(To be continued.)

## THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

A FISH was seen beside the ice at no great distance from us, but beyond a "fair start." I have noticed a peculiarity about the whale, that if there is a piece of ice within sight it will run towards it, and come to the surface beside it. And when beside a floe it always rises beside its edge, and never appears at any distance from it. And, moreover, if there should be a crack or bight in the floe, it is ten chances to one it will rise to blow in it, in preference to the outer edge of the floe. This is well known to the whalers. Such a crack being now opposite to us, and at such a distance from where the whale was last seen, it was likely she would rise there next, and we pulled towards it. Here we lay for some minutes in breathless expectation, our oars out of the water, and the harpooner silently motioning with his hand to the boat-steerer which way to "scull." Up in the very head of the crack the water was now seen to be circling and gurgling up, "there's her eddy," quietly whispers our harpooner: "a couple of strokes now, boys, gently,—that'll do." Looking over my shoulder, I could see first the crown, then the great black back of the unsuspecting whale, slowly emerge from the water, contrasting strangely with the bright white and blue of the ice on each side—then followed the indescribable hurstling roar of her blast. But short breathing-time had she—for, with sure aim and single tug of his trigger-string, the keen iron was sent deep in behind her fin. "Harden-up, boys!" he cries; and the boat is pulled right on to the whale, when he plunges the hand-harpoon deep into her back, with two hearty digs. The poor brute quivered throughout, and for a second or two lay almost motionless; then diving, and that with such rapidly increasing speed that the line was whirled out of the boat like lightning. The usual signals were now made to the other boats that we were "fast."

For the first few minutes the lines were allowed to run out without interruption; then one, two, three turns, were successively thrown round the "bollard." This had the effect of stopping her speed somewhat, but the line still ran out with a great strain. The boat's bow was forcibly pressed against the ice, and crushed through the under-washed ledge, to the solid floe beyond; the harpooner sitting upon his "thwart," allowing the lines to run through his hands, which were defended by thick mitts, stopping the progress of the fish as much as he could, as the rest of the boats were still some distance from us. Every few minutes the fish seeming to start off as with renewed strength, the boat's bow would be pulled downwards, threatening to pull us bodily under the floe; but then allowing the line to run out, the strain was partly removed, and the boat's head again rose, but only to be again dragged downwards. Upwards of twenty minutes had elapsed since we had "got fast," and the strain now began to slacken: but it was full time, we were drawing nigh the "bitter end." The welcome sound of a gun was heard; and in a few seconds, looking down the edge of the floe, we could see one of our boats with the well-known blue "Jack" flying. A few fathoms more of line were rapidly drawn out, and then the strain as suddenly ceased. We commenced hauling them in, and whilst doing so, could see a third boat "get fast." The rest of the boats were now at hand, and as she appeared at the surface, closely surrounded her, and busily piled her with their lances. It was in about an hour and a half from the time we first struck her that we heard the distant cheers announcing her death.—*Goodwin's Arctic Voyage.*

## STREET MUSIC.

The Musicians are estimated at 1,000, and the Ballad Singers at 250. The Street Musicians are of two kinds—the skilful and the blind. The former obtain their money by the agreeableness of their performance, and the latter in pity for their affliction rather than admiration of their harmony.—The blind Street Musicians, it must be confessed, belong generally to the rudest class of performers. Music is not used by them as a means of pleasing, but rather as a mode of soliciting attention. Such individuals are known in the "profession" by the name of "pensioners;" they have their regular rounds to make, and particular houses at which to call on certain days of the week, and from which they generally obtain a "small trifle." They form, however, a most peculiar class of individuals. They are mostly well-known characters, and many of them have been performing in the streets of London for many years. They are also remarkable for the religious cast of their thoughts, and the comparative refinement of their tastes and feelings.

The English witness called up to testify to the prosperity of our "Street Bands," complained, as more aristocratic instrumentalists have done, of the German players spoiling the home market. The German, on the other hand, who represented the band of seven that played for sixpence a dance, confessed to living well, and admitted that "London is as good a place as I expect to find him."—The Christianized Bengalee deposed that the attraction of his beating "tom tom" and "singing song about greatness of God," in the streets, had declined. A steady income of twelve shillings a week is to be earned by a perambulating Pananini.

"I imitate," said he, "all the animals of the farm-yard on my fiddle. I imitate the bull, the calf, the dog, the cock, the hen when she's laid an egg, the peacock, and the ass. I have done this in the streets for nearly twelve years." &c. &c.

After the players come the singers—foremost among whom, of course, are the small serenaders, in humble imitation of the great Ethiopians. But perhaps the most noticeable evidence collected is the last item gathered from the ballad singer who confessed to making his rounds on the strength of Bayly, Barnett, Bishop, &c. &c.—and who called attention to the fact that he would not, and *could not*, sing in the streets songs which nightly attract audiences to the cheapest concert-rooms. This is worth grave pondering.—Considering the case in a more professional aspect, it may be repeated, in connexion with this subject, that by these nomadic performances, Music gets at once spread and corrupted into forms which at a future period may lend themselves to Music's reconstruction. The other day we were arrested in the streets by the singularly wild and strange tunes of a violin and a guitar, played by a pair of Hungarians. These melodies appeared for the first five minutes truly, freshly original. On listening for a few moments longer, however, it became clear that they were merely the melodies of Weber's 'Preciosa,' graced, 'rhymed, twirled,' and otherwise helped out,—as a Luther psalm tune might be by a country church orchestra. Weber himself would not know his children, committed by these street-players to other street-players, and by the latter, in turn, discretionally treated! But these lawless and wild subjects must give place to more orderly, and often tamer topics.—Enough has been said to show that either as regards manners or music the question of street minstrelsy is not unworthy of attention.—*Atheneum*.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.—It may be remembered that Goethe, in 1827, had delivered over to the keeping of the Government of Weimar a quantity of his papers, contained in a sealed casket, with an injunction not to open it until 1850. The 17th of May being fixed for breaking the seals, the authorities gave formal notice to the family of Goethe that they would on that day deliver up the papers, as directed by the deceased poet. The descendants of the poet Schiller also received an intimation that, as the papers concerned their ancestor likewise, they had a right to be present. The casket was opened with all due form, and was found to contain the whole of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. The letters are immediately to be published, according to the directions found in the casket.

## MOORE.

[FROM THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.]

On one occasion Moore and Corry were ordered, by medical advice, to drink port wine while they were sojourning for their health at Brighton. The *idem velle atque idem nolle* was perfectly applicable to their friendship, and they detested port wine with perfect antipathy; however, they were under advice which required obedience.—Moore got the port wine from his wine-merchant, Ewart; but in travelling from London it had been shaken about so much, and was so muddy, that it required a strainer. Mr. Corry bought a very handsome wine-strainer, prettily ornamented with Bacchanalian emblems, and presented it, with a friendly inscription, to Moore, who wrote in reply the following lines, never, we believe, before printed:—

"TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.,

"On his making me a Present of a Wine-strainer.

"This life, dear Corry, who can doubt,  
Resembles much friend Ewart's wine—  
When first the rosy drops come out,  
How beautiful, how clear they shine!  
And thus awhile they keep their tint,  
So free from even a shade with some,  
That they would smile did you but hint  
That darker drops would ever come.

"But soon the ruby tide runs short,  
Each moment makes the sad truth plainer—  
Till life, like old and crusty port  
When near its close, requires a strainer.

"This friendship can alone confer—  
Alone can teach the drops to pass,  
If not as bright as once they were,  
At best unclouded thro' the glass  
Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,  
Of which my heart were fonder, vainer,  
Than thus, if life grew like old wine,  
To have thy friendship for its strainer!

"THOMAS MOORE."

Brighton, June, 1825.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.—A few weeks ago we gave our readers some account of Mr. John Wilkes's plan for an Electric Telegraph between New York and Europe:—we have now to add to it, on the authority of the *Deutsche Reforme* and other German papers, some account of the progress which is being made in thus belting the earth in the north of Europe. The importance of rapid communication of intelligence in such times as we have recently passed through has made itself deeply felt in Russia. Not content with connecting St. Petersburg with Moscow, Warsaw, and Odessa—the Baltic with the Black Sea,—the Emperor Nicholas has established a convention with Prussia and Austria, in virtue of which lines are now in progress of being laid down between the Russian capital and Berlin, by way of Posen, and between the same capital and Vienna, by way of Warsaw and Cracow. The Brandenburg Ministry resolved some months ago to connect Berlin with the great cities on all the frontiers of Prussia. In Belgium, the lines are continuous. The connexion between London and the Continent is nearly completed by the submarine wires now being laid down between Dover and Calais; so that at no very great distance of time it will be possible for a person to repair to the Telegraph office at Charing Cross, and transmit messages in a few minutes to New York, St. Petersburg, Vienna or Odessa! This new agency has produced many curious changes in the relative value of position. For example, the Manchester and Glasgow merchant had formerly need of an agency in London, because it was the first point at which commercial intelligence arrived. Now, important despatches are sent forward by telegraph, and are known as early in northern cities as in London. When the great lines referred to shall be completed, a message may be sent from Charing Cross to the Black Sea or to the Hudson River, and an answer obtained, in as little time as a person could ride to St. John's Wood and back in! While writing on this subject, we may add, that both in Prussia and in Austria a trial is being made of the under-ground telegraph. The experience of our own country has shown that the wires above are not subject to much risk of de-

rangement. Wanton offences against them have been very rare; but it is well that we should have a trial of both plans.

SURGICAL OPERATION UPON A LEOPARD.—The chetah, or hunting leopard, recently presented to the Zoological Society, by the Pasha of Egypt, having accidentally broken one of its legs during its gambols in the cage in which it is confined, amputation of the limb was decided on, and the operation was skillfully performed by Professor Simonds, of the Veterinary College, Camden-town. Previous to undergoing the operation, the animal was made to inhale chloroform, by applying to its mouth and nostrils a sponge moistened with that liquid, and fastened to the end of a stick. Its dislike to this part of the process was very loudly expressed; it, however, soon fell under the influence of the chloroform, which evidently rendered it totally insensible to suffering, as it lay perfectly motionless and quiet during the operation, and until it was removed from the operating table, and placed on some clean hay in its den, when it speedily revived and moved about on its remaining three legs as though nothing had occurred.

METROPOLITAN COMMISSION OF SEWERS: NEW MAPS OF LONDON.—At the last meeting of the Commissioners, Captain Dawson reported that the whole block plan of London will comprise about 900 sheets, printed upon paper measuring three feet by two feet, and the survey, when made and printed, will extend some distance into the country around it. When these 900 sheets are united into one map, they will measure 100 feet in length, by 72 in breadth. As this size is likely to be very inconvenient for any ordinary use, the court had in consequence been induced to order that, in addition to this large map, which they were bound to prepare and keep in their office as a reference for owners and occupiers of land, there shall also be prepared one on a reduced scale of one inch to a foot. The map so prepared will occupy forty-four sheets, and be twenty-two feet in length by fourteen in breadth. One sheet for this map is now drawn, and is almost ready to pass into the engraver's hands, and several other sheets were in progress. All those sheets which comprise the centre of the town and the most thickly populated districts, will be in the engraver's hands by Michaelmas, and will no doubt be in the hands of the public at the end of the year. It was then resolved that the sheets of the general map, and of the block plan, shall be sold to the public at the price of two shillings per sheet.

JOURNALISM IN GERMANY.—The *Deutsche Reform* publishes, as a curiosity, a selection, though an imperfect one, from the catalogue of the flying leaves and small cheap journals, political and satirical, that sprang into existence after the revolution, mostly in Berlin and Vienna; not more than three or four of which now exist. The insect world was a favourite source of names for the satirist, the sting of whose productions was frequently only in the title; every week produced the *Hornet*, the *Wasp*, the *Gadfly*, and their plurals, the *Wasps* and the *Gadflies*; there was also an *Imperial Gadfly*, and one *Wasp's Nest*. The necessity of enlightenment exhausted the means of doing it through the *Torch*, the *Taper*, the *Jet of Gas*, the *Lamp*, the *Ever-burning Lamp*; (the last flickers still at uncertain intervals, the extinguisher of the Berlin police coming down on it whenever it appears;) the *Lantern* and the *White Lamp*. The *Snuffers* followed the list of lights, and the whole category concluded in an *Egyptian darkness*, to which most of them have descended. The other titles are not so well classified: there was a *Democratic Reasoner*, a *Shrieker* (or *Shouter*), and the *Berlin Widemouth*; the *Barricade Journal*, the *Street Journal*, the *Cat's Music*, the *Red Cap*, the *Sans-culottes* (*Olme-Hosen*), the *Tower of Fools*, are miscellaneous. There was a variety of devils—the *Travelling Devil*, the *Devil Untied*, the *Church Devil*, the *Revolutionary Devil*: some of the titles were cant words, quite untranslatable, as *Kladradatsch* (the *Berlin Punch*, still existing), the *Klitsch-Klatsch*, the *Pumperrickel* (a kind of black bread); the three last were—*The Prussians have come*, the *General Wash*, and the *Political Ass*. In the provincial towns all the flying leaves were something for the people—*Volks-boten*, *Volks-freunde*, *Volks-zeitungen*—in a list that would be too long to repeat.

## THE PUBLIC GARDENS OF GERMANY.

"NUREMBERG may be aptly enough compared to a curiosity shop, in which models and pictures, carvings in wood and stone, jewels of silver and jewels of gold, old furniture, glass, coins, tapestry, books, manuscripts, trinkets, implements of wood-craft, things appertaining to the gentle art, and fragments of ancient armour, are all mingled together, amid the varied productions of nature and science which combine their aid to lend interest to the collection."

The gardens and places of public resort and entertainment afford a fair glimpse of the social pleasures of our sober German brethren; and we copy the description of one of them, as a sample of the general run—

"Cast your eye round the gardens, what parasols, what colours, what a rainbow display of rich mantles and gaudy shawls, what fluttering of ribbons and tassels, white pocket handkerchiefs, broad lace, and bright linings. There you see some young gentlemen in very wide tailed brown and blue coats, of a cross breed between the full dress and surtout, with bright figured buttons, and blazing chain-cabled waistcoats, fond of narrow shirt collars to turn down, and broad wristbands to turn up, and of cultivating beards to the size and appearance of birds' nests, very much after the manner of our own 'Byrons' of the desk and counter." Out of the way, or we shall be run down by those three young ladies, who are chasing each other in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable, to the great edification of the aforesaid young gentlemen. Yonder is a group of junior officers, seated with stretched-out legs in an attitude of very devil-may-care admiration, staring about them in all the self-complacency of the same order in England. At a little distance to the left is another and quieter group, with sterner faces and collars more deeply striped,—these are some of the vieux-moustache, who know better. There sit some noisy Frenchmen, drinking wine, most of it deneededly bad in this place. Here are some Italians enjoying chocolate. Now we are passing a party at tea, principally ladies, all of whom are knitting and talking with equal grace and rapidity, neither tongues nor fingers are for one moment idle. There are some thorough-paced Nurembergers, doing all they can to assist the funds of the hospital, by drinking the Bavarian beer, renowned throughout Germany, and which, indeed, forms a principle beverage of all classes of the inhabitants of this town. See! they are beginning to light the coloured lamps. The music gets more energetic, and in its pauses, the conversation more lively. Visits are paid to each other's table, and many interchanges of formality or of kindly greeting take place in these gardens, where even tea or supper parties are sometimes given. Near the orchestra stands the Crown Prince of Hesse, son-in-law of the King of Bavaria. He is talking in the most familiar way to a tall man there, in a straw hat and fanciful cravat, who, although one of the long guns of the town, is certainly not one of the great ones. Close to him, in gayest attire, sits the man of whom you bought your boots this morning; he is ringing his glass with his knife by way of calling for another supply. At the next table but one beyond us is the tailor who mended your coat; he is not alone, he has got his wife with him, two children, and a servant girl, a little half-shaved, but not half-starved poodle dog, and a large cane, highly polished, and bearing two silk tassels, and a broad silver mushroom-shaped top; his hands are garnished with several rings, and a broad paste brooch confines the ends of a 'tie,' marked with flashes of lightning; but with all this he has no desire to be taken for anything more than he is; neither have those of a higher class any fear of being mistaken for what they are not. Each is quietly enjoying himself in his own way, without fearing or shunning the other; all are polite, contented-looking, good-natured, and sociable. Those who please to afford it sit in the gardens. Those who do not, or whose arrangements render it unnecessary, avoid giving the 'wirth' that trouble, for which, I dare say, the 'kellner' is very much obliged to them; and when the music, which of its kind is often excellent—always good—is ended, all go quietly and happily home. So easy, polite, and well-ordered is the conduct of most people here, that, without a little close observation, it is at times almost impossible to distinguish the gentleman from the 'tailor'; but I will give you one or two rules which greatly influence my opinion in this particular; and

although it is true I have sometimes erred, they are nevertheless of tolerably safe application. Besides not being, perhaps, quite so highly dressed, a gentleman will never pick his teeth with his knife and fork; will always have his face and hands clean, and the latter especially free from the broad ebony tips which unfortunately are so often found to terminate the dingy-looking digits of the other."—*Whitting's Travels.*

## THE SULTAN AND THE DERVISE.

"At the beginning of his reign, the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the Muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words 'I burn.' The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears. 'I burn' was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed in reply that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard. One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mahometan Law. Again, during his devotions, were heard the words 'I burn,' and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the Muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found—not a burning Sultan, but a Dervise. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, 'You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus.' In a few minutes more the Dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate 'Mashallah. Allah is great; there is no God but God, and Mahomed is his prophet.'"—*Aubrey de Vere.*

## BUILDINGS FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THAT which may be called the first act of the Great Industrial Exhibition has been accomplished. The committee appointed to arrange for the building have decided on their plans, and are now in course of receiving tenders for their erection. This responsible task was confided to a committee consisting of six members, including Mr. Barry, Sir John Burgoyne, and Mr. Cubitt. The committee asked the public for "suggestions," and promised upon receiving them to publish a report. This promised report has now been made, and we avail ourselves of an opportunity to give a synopsis of its contents.

The committee, it appears, received no less than 245 different plans. Thirty-eight of these were sent in by foreigners. The committee held twelve or fifteen sittings to consider these designs. Ultimately they selected from them seventy plans which they considered entitled "to honourable mention." Of these seventy, no less than thirty were designs of foreigners. From among the seventy the committee again selected eighteen, which they reported entitled "to honorary distinction on account of their distinguished merit." Of these eighteen, one was from Dublin, four from Reading, and one from London. The remainder were all the designs of foreign architects. The committee then proceeded still further to reduce the list, and they ultimately selected two

as "worthy of particular attention, as evincing the most daring and ingenious disposition and construction." These two designs were (1) from Mons. Hector Horeau, of Paris, and (2) from Messrs. Richard and Thomas Turner, of Dublin.

The committee report of the various designs submitted to them, that our continental neighbours have distinguished themselves by compositions of "the utmost taste and learning, exhibiting features of grandeur, of arrangement, and of grace." Of the plans of our own countrymen they say, "their practical character, as might have been expected, has been remarkably illustrated in some very striking and simple methods suited to the temporary purposes of the building, and paying due attention to the pecuniary means allotted to this part of the undertaking." "In another class of design, the authors have viewed with enthusiasm the great occasion and object of the proposed exhibition, and have waived all considerations of expense. They have indulged their imaginations, and employed the resources of their genius and learning in the composition of arrangements which present the utmost grandeur and beauty of architecture suited to a permanent palace of science and art. These, as addressed to the architectural student, are of the highest value, and, though their expense has placed them beyond reach, they cannot fail to inspire and elevate the treatment of the reality."

With regard, however, to that "reality," the committee, it seems, have not found it in any of the numerous plans which engaged their attention. After acknowledging the assistance they derived from many of the projects, the committee state that they "nevertheless arrived unanimously at the conclusion that there was no single design so accordant with the peculiar objects in view, either in the principle or detail of its arrangement, as to warrant them in recommending it for adoption. The committee have, accordingly, prepared a plan of their own. The building they propose will fill the entire space of ground between Rotten-row and the carriage drive in Hyde-park, which runs parallel with the road to Kensington. It will be no less than 2,300 feet long, and upwards of 400 feet in breadth, and the roofed area will consist of as much as 900,000 square feet. The principal feature of the building will be a vast central hall, surmounted by a dome, the diameter of which will be no less than 200 feet. This dome will, consequently, be nearly double the diameter of that of St. Paul's, which is only 112 feet. The height of the central hall from the floor to the summit of the dome will be about 160 feet. Its shape will be a polygon of sixteen sides, and it is proposed to light it in the day time from the summit and centre of the dome. The main object of this dome is stated by the committee to be "to form a striking feature to exemplify the present state of the science of construction."

The building itself will be of brick, except the dome, which is to be constructed of light sheet iron. Some attempt is to be made to ornament the external face of the building by using bricks of different varieties of colours. There will be four entrances; the principal being that towards the south, immediately in front of Prince's Gate. The north entrance, which will front Rotten-row, will nearly correspond with this; and there will also be handsome entrances at the east and west ends. To afford still greater facilities for exit, there will be twenty-five corresponding doorways, situate at equal distances from each other at the sides and ends of the building.

The door of entrance at Prince's Gate will lead at once into the Great Hall. This edifice is to be devoted to sculpture and the plastic arts. A corridor, fifty feet in breadth, will run out of it the entire length of the building. The entire space to the west of the hall will be devoted to manufactures. The uniformity of its arrangement will be varied by the formation of ornamental gardens under the clumps of trees, which it is intended to preserve, as far as possible, and among which refreshments are to be provided for those who choose to pay for them. At the eastern part of the building there will be a large central court of the same kind. One half of this part of the building will be appropriated to the exhibition of raw materials, and the other will be devoted to machines; numbers of which will be kept in motion by a steam engine which is to be provided. We must not omit to mention that a space adjacent to the Great Hall is to be appropriated to agricultural implements, and a corresponding space to another refreshment court overshadowed by the park trees.

The principal points the committee have endeavoured

voured to attain in this plan, are, they say, first, economy of construction; second, facilities for the reception, classification, and display of goods; third, facilities for the circulation of visitors; fourth, arrangements for grand points of view; fifth, centralization of supervision; and, sixth, some striking feature to exemplify the present state of science of construction in this country. The "grand dome" seems designed to supply the last desideratum, but it may be very much questioned whether it will not greatly militate against the first. The committee, foreseeing this objection, observe that "a considerable amount of the difference between the cost of this construction and a simple arrangement may be recovered, should the building be hereafter converted to other purposes, which is more than probable." But here the committee obviously place themselves in collision with a large number of those whose designs they have rejected, after reporting upon them as "compositions of the utmost taste and learning,—worthy of enduring execution." If a part of the building is to be constructed with a view to a permanent erection, those whose designs are so "worthy of enduring execution" have cause to complain that the committee have taken the best points of their various projects to make up one great design, which they present to the public as their own.

With respect, however, to the cost of building, there is nothing to guide us in the report of the committee. Tenders have been invited for the execution of the works, in accordance with the drawings and specifications of the committee, and they are also invited with "suggestions and modifications, accompanied by estimates of costs, as may possibly become the means of effecting a considerable reduction on the general expense." Contractors are also required to tender on two systems—one involving a resumption of the property after the termination of the exhibition; the other proceeding on the assumption that the royal commission will take the risk of disposal on themselves. The whole building is required to be built, finished, and delivered up to the committee by the 1st of January, 1851. The builders, therefore, have by no means too much time before them.

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE entire number of the Jews is now estimated, Dr. Da Costa tells us, at from five to seven millions. In Austria, there are 700,000—in Russian, 200,000—in France, 84,000—in England, 30,000—in the Netherlands, 50,000, of whom 30,000 live in Amsterdam—in Turkey, 800,000—in Arabia, 200,000—in Africa, 600,000—in the United States, 50,000—and in China, India, and Persia, 600,000. The ultimate hope of all these Jews, Dr. Da Costa holds, lies in their Christianization, and restoration as Christian people to the land and the glory of their ancestors.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.—The proposed banquet by the Mayors of England to the Lord Mayor of London and the Commissioners of the National Exhibition, is fixed to take place at the Guildhall, York, in the first week in August. Prince Albert, it is said, has accepted the invitation sent by the Lord Mayor of York, and will be present on the occasion.

ERECTION OF A BEACON ON THE TONGUE SANDS.—During the last few weeks the board of Admiralty have caused an accurate survey of the Tongue Sands to be made, in furtherance of rendering the channels more safe to mariners beating up and down. The result has been the erection of a conspicuous buoy at the north end of the Tongue of the Prince's Channel, the spot where the Royal Adelaide was wrecked. The new buoy is of gigantic dimensions: it is painted black, and is surmounted by a staff and ball, and is discernible at a considerable distance. The subscriptions for the relief of the widows and orphans of the unfortunate creatures who perished in the ill-fated vessel, have, we are sorry to hear, been exceedingly small, and inadequate for the purposes intended.

AN INDIAN SUTTEE.—A suttee (female immolation) has recently occurred not far from Bombay, of which a correspondent of the *Telegraph* writes as follows:—The suttee occurred at a village about twenty miles from the Cutcherry. The husband was an old man upwards of sixty years, and the unfortunate woman quite young, say twenty-two or twenty-three. The patell of the village came in to the collector to give information that such an

event was to be apprehended, and expressed a wish to have a guard sent with him to prevent the sacrifice. The guard was given to the man at once, who returned immediately and with all despatch, but found on his arrival at the village, that the woman's object had been effected in his absence, and all that remained was a heap of ashes. All who were known to have been present at the suttee were apprehended and tried by the district judge. Nineteen or twenty were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, from ten to two years. I heard the whole case, and blame could be attached to no one. The scene of the tragedy is an out-of-the-way place, and the patell did all in his power to prevent it. No one seems to have advised the woman—it was her own act, dictated and carried through of her own free will. The parties were all of low caste; the husband of the woman was a spurious Brahmin, and by no stretch of the Hindoo law, or rather traditions, could have been entitled to such a sacrifice on the part of his widow.

MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.—The aggregate sums specially provided in votes by Parliament for the repairs and alterations of the buildings for the accommodation of the Military Knights of Windsor from 1840 to 1850, amount, according to a return lately issued, to nine thousand one hundred and eighty-six pounds.

JUDGES' SALARIES.—According to a return to Parliament, just printed, the salaries of the fifteen judges in 1815 amounted to sixty-two thousand five hundred pounds, and at the present period the salaries of the twenty judges amount to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a-year. In 1815, the salary of the Lord Chancellor was five thousand pounds, and now it is ten thousand pounds, with four thousand pounds in addition as Speaker of the House of Lords. Fees and emoluments were considerable in 1815, but they cannot be ascertained. The salaries of the other judges have been increased since 1815. The puisne judges have five thousand pounds as salary. Their duties have increased of late years; and besides an expense of about three hundred and forty pounds on each of two circuits a-year, they have, when ill, to pay a fee of three hundred guineas to a serjeant-at-law for officiating in their stead. The judges are called upon to contribute towards providing apartments in Serjeants' inn for the transaction of chamber business.

SHIPWRECKS IN THE ICE.—The arrivals during the last ten or twelve days from the Atlantic have brought sad intelligence respecting losses of a large number of vessels amidst the floating fields of icebergs in the western latitudes; and, among the number, we regret to add, one was from one of the Irish ports, with between eighty to one hundred persons on board, every soul of whom is supposed to have gone down in the unfortunate vessel, and perished. Great quantities of ice are generally looked for by the traders in those parts of the Atlantic about the months of April and May, the result of the break-up of the frost in the Arctic seas, which are driven down to the southward by the force of the currents. The masses that have appeared this season exceed anything of the kind that has for years been met with. They have been immense. Fields of ice, some hundreds of miles in extent, towering up in all manner of forms to a very great elevation, have swept the waters of the Atlantic.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.—According to a return to Parliament, just printed, an estimate is given of the expense of making an ornamental enclosure, and forming a public garden, in front of Buckingham Palace. The expense is stated at twenty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven pounds, of which fourteen thousand pounds will be required to be voted in the present session.

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

### SHAKESPEARE COOKERY BY M. SCRIBE.

M. Scribe threatens to oust M. Soyer, and to surmount the laurels of the original dramatist with the paper-cap of the cook. M. Scribe's first dish to an English audience having been relished with such delight, press scribes—their ink-bottles foaming with champagne—having declared the fricassee of wondrous spiciness and flavour, and fast men having smacked their mouths, and yelled their applauses of the treat, the new French Opera Cook, in the depths of his gratitude, is about to publish the recipe by

which he has been able to lay before a thoughtful, Shakspeare-loving audience, the savoury mess. *Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the document.

### HOW TO COOK A SWAN (OF AVON.)

Cut the swan into pieces, throwing away the heart and brains.—

Put the fragments of the swan in a brazen kettle.

Place over a quick fire, which fan with the poem of *Venus and Adonis*.—

Stir with the toe of Mlle. Grisi, now fast, now gently; now stir not at all.—

Use Lablache as a bellows, when wanted to boil.—

Take a song of Sontag's as cold as champagne, occasionally to cool.—

Boil again with an air by Coletti.—

Cool and boil, and boil and cool, until the fragments of the swan shall be thoroughly dissolved.—

Strain through canvas, painted by Marshall.—

Serve hot to an enlightened public, who will be frantic with delight that a French cook should have made so admirable a *fricassee* of their adored Swan of Avon.—

N.B. It would doubtless give the dish a fine flavour if the fire could be made of the rafters of Shakspeare's Birth-place.

Further, *Mr. Punch* may be allowed to advise M. Scribe, who can hatch such admirable French geese of his own, not to meddle with the Swan of Stratford.

CALUMNY, THE REAL BLACK REVIVER.—A man's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first, to come out the brighter afterwards.

A GNATTY AND KNOTTY POINT.—We are happy to find that we are not likely to have any difference about the Mosquito Shore with the American Government. We always thought it partook a great deal of the absurdity of straining at a gnat when there was any talk of extraordinary exertion about the Mosquito. Any rumour with reference to war on the subject of Mosquito, turns out, happily, to be all Buzz.

A COACH GETTING SLOW.—Among the most obstructive carriages that stop the way of Universal Reform, who ever would have expected to find a Brougham?

DEAF TO COMMON SENSE.—AND EVERYTHING ELSE.—It seems that it is very difficult to hear anything in the new House of Commons. According to this, the fallacy of petitioning will be rendered clearer than ever, for it will be quite impossible now for the people to "gain the ear" of Parliament.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—Taking the Nepanese Princes to see the *Island of Jewels*.

BANQUET TO M. SCRIBE.—The Dramatic Authors' Society are about to give a banquet to M. Scribe. This is noble—manly! For how rarely do men, deep in debt, thus seek a meeting with their heaviest creditor?

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A short time since (says the *Count Journal*) the rector of a parish, situate in one of the Midland Counties, having by dint of much personal exertion obtained subscriptions towards the restoration and repair of his beautiful church, still found himself unable to meet all the claims which the outlay had occasioned. To supply the deficiency, he wrote to many persons of wealth and eminence in the country, politely apologizing for the intrusion, and soliciting their aid. The following is a copy of the reply which the worthy rector received to the application which he made to his Grace:—"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —. As Mr. — feels that his letter needs apology, the Duke will say no more on that subject, but he must add that, as there is not a church, chapel, glebe-house, school, or even a pagoda, built from the North to the South Pole, or within the utmost limits of the earth, to which he (the Duke of Wellington) is not called upon to contribute, the Duke is surprised that Mr. —, having already raised seven thousand five hundred pounds towards the restoration of his church, should make application to the Duke, who has nothing to say either to —, or to — shire." Immediately upon the receipt of the epistle, the rev. gentleman was offered five guineas for the autograph, which he readily accepted, entering the amount in his subscription-list as the Duke of Wellington's contribution to the fund.

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

In our last, we described some of the peculiarities of those persons who, from a morbid dread of change in any shape, cling to old prejudices, ancient abuses, and time-worn iniquities, with a dogged perseverance, that they, at length, assume to be a virtue of startling consistency. In the present few observations, we shall allude to those restless spirits who are willing to do anything, or dare everything, for a change.

Cesar was right, when he preferred for his comrades "sleek-headed men, who slept o' nights;" for, there are, in truth, men whose restless spirits will not permit them to rest by night or by day; men, in whom the constant desire for change of scene, and change of occupation, shows a mental disease. These men are the very reverse of those who were described last week; and it only shows how human nature is prone to run into extremes, and how few persons, in the conduct of their feelings and their passions, are able to say,—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Men who are ever changing, may be considered to be the spendthrifts of intellect, for they squander that capacity in the mere ambition of Change, that, if directed for any length of time to one definite and legitimate aim, would be sure to be successful. With an untiring insanity of restlessness, their lives are continually upon the fret, and worry to awaken new combinations of circumstances, and, as a legal friend of ours expresses it, to change the *venue* of their existence. These are the men who feel a sensation of stagnation if they remain for long in one place, or continue for any period that may be appreciable, as regards results, at one pursuit. Success, in any line of life, is only with them a hint to change it for another; and if they do for any unusual length of time persevere at any one thing, it is sure to be something that is quite in a desperate condition as regards its success. There are men who, if they are educated for the Church, irreverently go into the army—who marry as soon as they find out that the only rich relative they have will cut them off with a shilling if they do. These, in short, are the men who are never looking at the present, but always at the future.

Moore describes felicitously, how Common-sense and Genius went one day a walk, and how they came to a stream, over which Common-sense passed in safety:—

"While the boy, whose look,  
Was in heaven that minute,  
Never saw the brook,  
But tumbled headlong in it."

And so it is with those persons who are possessed with what may be called the perpetual fidgets. They are always tumbling into the brooks that are in their path, while their eyes are fixed upon the unattainable something, far beyond their reach.

We once knew, and respected too, for many sterling qualities, one of those unhappy persons who will do "Anything for a Change." With considerable ability, the unstable character of his habits completely unfitted him for the business of life. He might have done well in England, but as it was Anything for a Change, he went to China. There he narrowly escaped with his life, owing to penetrating into the interior, and alarming a Chinese village, just for a Change. The next we heard of him was that he was quite settled in Andalusia, in Spain, and that he had rented a forest

of cork trees, and was a fixture for life. That lasted until he heard that there was an Arctic Expedition getting up, and as it was very hot in Spain, he made a quick route to England, and volunteered to go with the expedition to the Polar Seas, just for a Change, that was all. From there he did come back, but we were only astonished that it was not on a whale instead of in a ship—for that would have been a Change.

A strange rumour got abroad that he had married an Esquimaux damsel, who was inch thick of bear's grease, just for a Change; and the wags would have it that there was another damsel in China with such little almond-shaped, winking eyes, as never were seen out of the Celestial Empire, to whom our friend had plighted his troth, just for a Change, and that if he had staid there he might have attained to the dignity of an official button. Folks did talk, too, of a dark-haired Andalusian beauty, but that must have been scandal; and we are quite convinced that if our friend did indulge in these little fanciful notions of bigamy, it was only for a Change.

Being of an ingenious turn, he, after the Arctic Region affair, invented a mechanical contrivance that procured him the favourable notice of a person in power, and he dropped into a snug government situation. "What a change!" he said. "Here have I been vagabondising, as one may call it, all my life, and now how comfortably I have settled down." Settled! thought we. Wait a bit. Well, we began really to think that our friend's discursive imagination had taken a turn—that he had given a sedative to his soaring fancy. We thought nothing of a few little eccentricities in the shape of galloping about from one residence to another—now having a lodging in the Strand—then a home in the loneliest district of Surrey. These were little off-shoots of the old habit, that were trivial; but one day a man advertised a new balloon that was constructed upon the Anything for a Change principle, and wished some one to ascend in it, he being, as he stated, "too heavy a weight" to go himself. We were in the country some two hours ride from the metropolis, and walking through a meadow, we saw rapidly descending a balloon. It fell all of a heap, as the saying is, in a meadow not far from us. We hastened to the spot, and, pale and ghastly, we saw our changeable friend lying half out of the car. "Good Heaven! B," we cried, "is this you?" "Oh, yes—yes—I—oh!" "Why, how on earth came you into this situation?" "This situation? Oh, I wanted a Change, you see, and—~~and~~—" "Why, you are dying, my poor friend! Alas! this is a sad end for you." He sighed deeply, and as the film of death gathered over his eyes, he whispered—"Quite a Change!"

In another moment he was no more.

It is sad to think that those erring mortals who race through life in such a way, generally possess qualities that make them esteemed by all who know them well; and are such as, if they chose to be so, would be the ornaments of their age, and the benefactors of the human family. But there is that one fault in their mental organization—a want of stability—a total absence of earnestness, and fixity of purpose. And we are very much afraid, that even in another and better world than this, they will get tired of flapping their angelic wings, and bathing in the dew of Heaven, and will even then be looking out for a Change.

The *Builder* says, it is proposed to erect a monument in honour of the poet Cowper, in Westminster Abbey, from a design by Mr. Marshall, the sculptor, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849.

**A MAN AND A CHRISTIAN.**—A poor parson was in the habit of every Saturday borrowing of a friend a five dollar note; this was invariably returned, with wonderful punctuality, early every Monday morning. What astonished the lender more than all, was the singular fact, that he was always repaid in the very same bill he lent. Being a very curious man, this puzzled him amazingly. He felt sure that the parson could not want the money for household expenses, because the note was never changed. After a time, he resolved to seize the first opportunity of begging for an explanation of so unaccountable a proceeding. Shortly after, the parson himself came on Saturday evening, and asked for the loan of a ten dollar note. His friend seized the opportunity of demanding the solution of the mystery. After a pause, the borrower said,—"You must know, my dear Smith, that my income is so small that I never have at the end of the week one cent I can call my own. Now, some cannot preach or pray on an empty stomach: I am one who cannot do so on an empty pocket. When I have nothing in them, I feel a poor, miserable devil, and afraid to look my congregation in the face, much less to denounce their wickedness; but with a five dollar bill in my pocket, I feel a man and a Christian, and I preach with great eloquence and force. Now, as the President is coming to hear me to-morrow, I intend to try the effect of the double money power, and I shall feel obliged by your lending me a ten dollar bill to put in my pocket for this grand occasion!"

**COFFEE.**—Coffee, as used on the continent, serves the double purpose of an agreeable tonic and exhilarating beverage. This fact we have had practically and powerfully illustrated by Napoleon Bonaparte, whose buoyancy of mind and energies, intellectual and physical, were, perhaps, never surpassed by any man. He abstained from the use of spirits, but drank coffee at all hours of the day. The following is given as the mode in which he directed his coffee to be prepared:—For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burnt and ground coffee are put into an empty coffee-pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of isinglass; this is held over the fire, and shaken by this hand, so as to prevent the burning of the coffee. When a smoke is seen to issue from the pot at the boiling point, milk is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast-cups in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk. The coffee-pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but, being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand. The ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma. A cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate; and in two or three minutes, the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan, which is certainly superior to many now in use.

**VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.**—Every one who has passed through St. Paul's Churchyard to Cheapside on a rainy day, when birch brooms are very much in requisition, must have noticed the well-known Hindoo crossing-sweeper, who has for years past regularly stationed himself at the north-east angle of the Cathedral. A day or two ago he was at his post as usual, when the attention of the Nepalese Ambassador, who was passing at the time, was attracted towards him. His Excellency ordered the carriage to stop, and entered into conversation with him, the result of which was that he threw his broom with desperate eagerness over the railings of the burial-ground, and then scrambled into the carriage and took his seat by the side of his Excellency, who immediately drove off with his singularly acquired companion. We understand that our ex-crossing-sweeper is engaged during his Excellency's stay in this country, which will probably be about two months, to act as interpreter to him and his suite. He now appears in the carriage of his Excellency every morning, arrayed in a new and superb Hindoo costume, and is not too proud to recognise his old acquaintances and friends of the broom.

**THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.**—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the lust of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should be a sanctuary for all who seek it.

## THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOWS HOW MARIANNA WAS MADE A PRISONER BY HORTON.

THE state of stupor into which poor Marianna had fallen, upon finding herself in the power of one who could not be a friend, had, unhappily, lasted quite long enough to enable Horton to open the door in the garden-wall of Gore House, and to conduct the cabriolet into the garden, and to close the door again, without the young and beautiful girl having a chance of getting away, or to attempt her rescue by a cry for help.

Once within the precincts of that establishment—if such it could be called—she was, to all intents and purposes, in the power of Horton for a time. There he could check her screams—there he could make use of threats towards her that elsewhere he would not dare to venture upon.

She was recovering.

Horton had barred and bolted the door in the garden-wall, as was his custom when he was upon the premises, and had entered by that door, when Marianna uttered a cry of despair.

Horton was by the side of the vehicle in a moment. He spoke to her in a calm, stern voice.

"Hark you, girl," he said. "I do not quite know if you will comprehend what I am about to say to you or not; but it will be well for your own peace of mind if you do."

"Help! Oh, help! Have mercy upon me!"

"There is no need of such a speech. I tell you that here you are quite safe, if you choose to be so; but you may, by a perversity of intellect and of temper that Heaven only knows if you possess or not, make your position positively uncomfortable. I tell you that it is necessary—or I think it so, which comes to the same thing—to my views, that you should remain here at present. No harm will be done to you or attempted. There is no other purpose intended in your abduction from the school but your security in the house to which you will be introduced. There is nothing to fear; and, as regards escape, there is nothing to hope. When you are no longer necessary to me in this place, you may go. I shall not seek to trouble myself for one hour after that period with your safe-keeping. But mark me—any attempt to escape, or to give an alarm, I will consider as an offence, and I may probably make you understand then that you may make your situation much worse than it at present is. Do you understand me?"

"Hear you," sobbed Marianna; "but it is a cruel and a wicked thing to make a prisoner of me. What have I done to you, that you should take me from the place that was my home, and doom me to this unhappiness?"

"Nothing whatever!"

"Then how can you dream of perpetrating such an injustice?"

"Injustice!—Ha! Well, well, it don't matter; I have no objection in the world, Marianna, to admit that you have all the argument upon your side, so that I have all the power; and now I will trouble you to alight and come with me."

"Oh, no, no! God help me!"

Horton had fastened the bridle of the horse to the branch of a tree in the garden, and he now stood by the side of the vehicle, to aid the young girl in leaving it, which she seemed as loath to do as she had been before anxious, for she dreaded the touch of that man.

"Quick, quick!" he cried; "I cannot waste time upon such an affair as this. It has occupied too much already."

"Help! help!—Oh, Theodore, where are you now?"

"Why, where most of your friends are," sneered Horton, "when you happen to want them—quite out of hearing. Must I lift you from the carriage, or will it please you to alight of your own accord?"

Trembling in every limb, poor Marianna alighted, and the moment she reached the ground, Horton seized her by the wrist, saying—

"Come with me; you need fear nothing, as I before told you."

Marianna, however, did not put the degree of confidence in the promises of Horton that he wished she should; and after making a most ineffectual effort to free herself from his hateful hands, she called aloud for help, in the highest tone she could

produce. Horton waited quite patiently until she had finished, and then he said, calmly,—

"Now that you have made that effort, Miss Marianna, and quite convinced yourself how futile it is, perhaps you will see the propriety of being quiet. You may make your condition worse, as I tell you, but you cannot make it better. I can look over this little ebullition of fear and anger, but it is the last."

Horton had taken his chance of any one happening to be passing Gore House at the moment, and hearing the cries of Marianna; and even if there had, he had a large reliance upon the English principle of not interfering in other folk's affairs, which has so fine a hold of the nation as a nation; and then, again, if any one were to knock at the door, and want to know what was amiss, he could easily concoct some answer that would satisfy them.

It was for these reasons that he thought he might let Marianna, undisturbed, make the attempt, by calling out to procure aid.

Poor girl! she soon found that there was a dreadful truth in the words of her captor, and that all her calling was in vain. The echo of her own voice only answered her in melancholy strains, and then all was still. She felt, at that moment, as though Heaven itself had deserted her.

"Are you satisfied?" repeated Horton.

"Oh, spare me! You will be merciful!"

"Yes, certainly I will."

"And you will let me go? I will freely forgive you all up to this moment, if you will now repent of your wickedness, and let me go."

"That, I regret to say it, does not fall within the scope of my ideas to do; but, I think, as far as I can judge of my own affairs, that your detention need not be a long one. You will want for nothing."

As he spoke, he forced her on through the garden, and Marianna, for fear of some brutal act of violence, felt that it would be better not to resist accompanying him, since he had as evidently the power as the will to make her.

By the route which Horton took, the passage to the house appeared to be much longer than it otherwise might have been, had he chosen to take the nearest way; but that he did not do, for he wished, as much as possible, to mystify Marianna concerning the place she was in. At length, they reached a short flight of six stone steps, which enabled them to gain a kind of terrace that ran along the back of the house, and along the garden edge of which there was an iron balustrade of great beauty.

Hurrying Marianna along the terrace, Horton suddenly stopped at a window that, with doors of large panes of glass, opened from a very large and handsome room on to this terrace, and through that window he dragged Marianna. He did not pause for a moment; but conducting her right through that room into another one, he there came to a halt, and in a low voice he said—

"Wait! I will be with you soon."

The room in which she was, was in the most profound darkness, and poor Marianna stood upon the precise spot where Horton had left her, afraid to stir from it, lest she should get into some new danger.

Horton was not absent for many minutes, and when he returned, he carried a small lamp with him, by the aid of which she saw at once the kind of place she was in. It was a small octagonal-shaped apartment, with one window only occupying one of the sides, and over that window was an elaborate piece of brass-work, that was quite sufficient to prevent the escape of one so little powerful as Marianna.

The room was handsomely enough furnished.

"Here," said Horton, as he placed the lamp upon a table in one corner of the apartment. "Here you will remain, Marianna. It may be only for a few days, but for that time this is your prison or your home, you can call it whichever your fancy may dictate. Upon yonder couch you may repose, if you like, or in the room above here, where you will find a bed."

As he spoke, Horton by the aid of a small handle that looked like a little ornament of brass merely in the wall, opened a tall narrow door, and showed Marianna that there was a flight of winding stairs leading to the room above that he had mentioned.

"Once a day," he said, "I will visit you, and bring your food. I regret the necessity of putting you to this inconvenience, and myself to the trouble of attending upon you. Good-night!"

He moved to the door to leave the room, but Marianna, as she wrung her hands with grief, cried out—

"Oh, no, no! Do not shut me up here. If there is anything that I can promise to do or not to do, by which I may escape this imprisonment, tell me of it, I pray you! I was very happy at the school, and it is a cruel thing to take me from it."

"I very much regret it, I assure you, Miss Clint," replied Horton. "I am by no means a romantic personage, and do not do this for any foolish object that excited fancy might dream of—quite the reverse, I assure you; but, as I have informed you, it is necessary to the progress of my affairs that here you should remain for a time—and here you shall remain."

The tone was too determined for Marianna to have any hope of a relaxation in the sentence that he had, as it were, passed upon her. She burst into tears, and sank sobbing upon the large couch at the farther end from the door of the apartment.

"Good-night, again," said Horton in a very bland tone of voice, and then he left the room.

It was something that the light was left to Marianna. She was not doomed to the terrors of darkness, which would have added much to the aggravations of her position; and after a time she recovered, with the natural mental elasticity of youth, sufficiently to take a calm view of her position.

Beyond the fact that she was a prisoner, there did not just then appear to be anything very alarming in her state. The calm manner of the man who had conducted her to that place, had about it a something that was comforting, even while it extinguished all hope of producing any effect upon his feelings sufficient to induce him to release her; but, as regarded the reason why she was taken with so much artifice from Miss Juke's Academy, she was completely lost in a sea of conjecture.

For a time she sat upon the sofa, and a more complete picture of beauty in grief than was Marianna at that time could not possibly have been imagined. She listened intently for any sound in the house which might assist her in conjecturing where she was; but all was as still as the grave; and, in truth, had she been consigned within the precincts of a vault, she could not have felt more lonely than she did.

The tall narrow door that led to the upper room had been left open by Horton; and now a wish to explore that staircase, and so see if the room above offered any better chances of escape, came across Marianna's mind, and she slowly rose, and took the lamp in her hand. She trembled yet excessively, and it was in vain that she strove to still her nerves into something like composure. Holding the lamp above her head, she went the round of the room; but with the exception of the door at which Horton had left, and which was securely fastened, there was no mode of leaving the apartment but by the winding staircase that he had told her led to the upper chamber.

The window, with its curious fret-work of brass, seemed to Marianna perfectly impregnable; although to a stronger and a sterner spirit, it might not have offered any very serious resistance, after all.

There was gilding upon the cornices of that room, and the ceiling had been painted in some costly design, that, notwithstanding it was now faded, yet in the light from the little lamp, showed some gorgeous colouring.

"Alas!" said Marianna. "Alas! there is no hope—no hope."

Again she sank upon the couch, and remained for some time engaged in gloomy thought. With a natural enough superstition at her young age, she began to think that the whole affair was a punishment to her from Heaven for her wrong doing in meeting Theodore by the garden-wall of the school, and she wept bitterly, and prayed to God to forgive her. This state of mind, though, soon passed away. Her tears had relieved her greatly, and taking up the little lamp again, she determined upon ascending the narrow winding staircase, and taking a survey of the room that her jailor had told her was above that in which she was a prisoner.

With slow and faltering steps, Marianna ascended the winding stairs. A gilt cord was the only balustrade that was by the side of them, if that could with propriety be called such; and grasping that in her left hand, while she carried the light in her right, the young girl made her way up the rather steep ascent.

She reached, in the course of a few moments, a narrow landing, opposite to which was a door that opened at a touch, and then she found herself in a chamber above the one into which she had been forced by Horton, and which was, as regarded size and shape, exactly similar to it.

There were the octagonal sides—the window in the same relative position, and protected by a screen of ornamental brass work; and there was the painted ceiling, and the rich, though faded, gilding upon the cornices; but there was no door leading to or from that room, with the exception of that one at the head of the little spiral staircase at which Marianna had entered.

In this room there was a handsome bed, with very rich hangings, and several of the compartments into which the wall was divided were covered with looking-glass.

Marianna placed her eyes as close as she could to the casement, and in the dim night air without she could see the waving of trees.

"Alas!" she said, "I am, indeed, a prisoner."

She sat down on the side of the bed, and placing the lamp upon the top of a small marble table near at hand, she clasped her hands together, and strove again to come to some well-defined opinion regarding her condition and prospects. But all was in vain; the cloud of an impenetrable mystery was over the whole affair, from the first to the last; and the more she thought, the more confused she became from the many painful suggestions that her excited imagination gave birth to.

With alarm, Marianna began to perceive the light fading away. Each moment the room got darker and darker, and upon examining the lamp, she found that it was upon the point of expiring. An alarm took possession of her that was truly agonising. She sprang to her feet, and began eagerly to seek for the fastenings of the door of that room. There was a bolt only, but that she properly secured.

"I shall feel safer here than below," she said, "for here is but one door, and that I have some sort of command of. Oh, for more light—more light!"

As Marianna spoke, the wick of the little lamp fell over on one side, and after a feeble flicker for a moment, the flame in a little puff of light sprang up into the air, and was in an instant lost.

The few moments of intense darkness that now succeeded the artificial light of the lamp, were, to Marianna, truly alarming. She could not resist the impulse to cry out for aid, although her reason told her how utterly futile such a course must be in that place.

"Light—oh, light!" she cried. "Help!"

The sound of her own voice recalled her to the possible danger of the step she was taking. If as yet her jailor was coldly civil to her, she had heard quite enough from him to be convinced that he might be, if provoked, something widely different; and hence it was bad policy in her to do anything that might have a tendency to produce that effect, while it could not in the smallest degree in any other way benefit her.

It was but a brief cry that she had uttered, and then she was profoundly still.

Through the window, now that she was getting accustomed to the absence of the lamp-light, there came a soft halo of moonlight; for although there were clouds that hid the fair face of the gentle satellite from the great world that it follows through the realms of space, yet they were not sufficient wholly to obliterate the glorious silvery beams that travelled from its seas, and meads, and mountains, to make our world beautiful in the absence of the life-giving sunlight; and so it was, that with a cheering influence upon the heart of poor Marianna in her prison, there came this halo of soft, tender light into the little octagonal room; and it seemed to subline and purify the air, and to soothe the spirit of the young, and innocent being who, for a brief space, was in the power of such a fiend in human shape as Charles Horton!

Marianna sank upon her knees. It was not her father, the gambler, who had taught her a prayer; but she had had a mother once upon earth, who had taught her infant lips to lip a prayer to that great and good being, who made and who ruleth all. It was that prayer of early childhood, wide in its blessings and simple in its earnest truth, that came to the lips of the young girl, and in the silence of that chamber was uttered.

Like dew upon the parched flower, fell the influence of those words upon the heart of Marianna. She smiled as she gently laid herself down upon the bed, and in a few minutes her eyes closed in sleep.

When Horton closed the door of the lower octagon-room upon Marianna, he affected to walk hastily away from the spot; but he did not do so; he only went a few paces, and then tripped upon his toes lightly back again. He was anxious to listen to what the young creature might say, now that she was alone, concerning the singular night's proceedings.

In this attempt to spy upon the innocent thoughts of the poor girl, he was disappointed, however, for while he remained, Marianna did not speak. She was sitting during that time upon the couch in the confused condition that we have recorded.

"She is very beautiful," said Horton, as though some new train of thought had suddenly taken possession of him. "She is certainly very beautiful, but child-like with it. She is in my power. All alone."

He paused, and was silent for a few moments, and then, with a sudden toss of the head, and a curl of the lip, he turned from the door saying—

"No, it is not worth while. Pshaw! what care I for the sentimental beauty of a child? The bread-and-butter prettiness of a boarding-school miss?"

With this sentiment, he walked hastily away from the door of the room. It was a fortunate sentiment for Marianna; but the fact was, that Charles Horton was not a man sufficiently ideal or refined in his ideas to feel the force of such delicate beauty as Marianna's. His passions were all stormy and physical in their character. She was too tender a blossom for him to heed. It was a full-blown flower that he would only think worth the trouble of plucking.

Gore House, as the reader is already pretty well aware of, was of great extent, and what was happening at one corner of it by no means necessarily would be known at the other corner. There were innumerable long corridors, and passages, and no end of staircases and wildernesses of rooms, opening one into the other, in all directions; but with all the labyrinths, Horton, although now in the dark, as he had left his hand-lamp with Marianna, seemed to be perfectly acquainted.

After proceeding quite to the farther end of the mansion from where he had placed Marianna, he ascended some steps, and then tapping at a door, he cried in a loud voice—

"Hilloa! Sleeping or waking?"

"Go to the devil!" cried a voice from within.

"Oh, thank you," said Horton, just opening the door wide enough to look into a room. "Of course, you and I both will meet in that pleasant mythological place. But do you want anything?"

"Want anything?" said the voice, "of course I do."

"Go on wanting it, then," said Horton, as he banged the door shut. "And the next time I come to you, perhaps you will be a little more civil."

"Hilloa! Horton! Confound you!" cried the voice.

"Ha! ha!" said Horton, and he walked calmly away. The voice came more and more faintly upon his ears, until it was lost completely in the space that he was from it.

"I must see her, Ladyship of Alpine yet to-night," said Horton, "for the Earl of Carlton is to make a desperate attempt, she says, and I must know precisely what it is. Ha, ha! her Grace the Duchess may yet find that it would have been a little wiser even to have been just civil to Charles Horton; for if I live, I will have the finger of public scorn pointed at that woman."

He reached the garden, and opened the gate, or rather the wide door, through which he had driven the cab with Marianna. He then released the horse from the branch of the tree to which he had tied the reins, and led him out with the vehicle. He locked the gate, and in another minute was driving at a pleasant kind of trot through Kensington, in the direction of the residence of Lady Alpine.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE EARL OF CARLTON SHOWS THAT HE IS A CLEVER DIPLOMATIST.

We left the most noble and illustrious Earl of Carlton—that gloss of fashion, and most eminently jocosely and happy nobleman—in rather an unpleasant situation.

It will be remembered, that the result of the little duel in the Duchess's bed-chamber between the Duke and his Lordship, had been to rip up the coat-sleeve of the former, and to leave the latter

lying upon the floor, to all appearance a victim, at last, to the consequences of the bad passion for which, along with his other highly social virtues, he was celebrated in the fashionable world.

There is an old distich, however, to the effect that—

"He who fights, and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day;  
While he who is in battle slain,  
Will never live to fight again."

The obvious truism of the last two lines by no means detracts from the highly practical and Falstaffian character of the moral; and it is quite evident that the Earl of Carlton had studied the stanza to perfection.

When the street-door of Pangbourne House was closed by the astonished night porter, the echo of its so closing reached the ears of the Earl, and he gently looked up, and uttered the polite expression of—

"Gone, by —!"

In another moment, the Earl was upon his feet; and then he drew a long breath, and settled his cravat, and pulled down his waistcoat, and puffed out his cheeks, and began to feel very like a man who congratulates himself upon having got through a great danger satisfactorily.

"Well," he said, "that is over. No doubt he thinks he has hit me, and will be off to the Continent, now, for a time. It is rather unfortunate that in my public situation I cannot conceal the fact that I am very much alive; and so he will soon find that his expatriation will not need to last longer than his own inclination may suggest. I wonder if her Ladyship of Alpine, when she manoeuvred to get me hidden in the balcony, had an idea that the danger would be quite so great? She must have deceived me."

The Earl stepped to the door of the room, and opening it a little way, he listened intently. All was still in the lower part of the house. The alarm of the hall-porter had either subsided, or he had thought it prudent, as he had been caught napping, to let the mystery blow over, and say no more about it, for not a sound indicative of the servants being called up, came upon the ear of the Earl of Carlton.

"Now," he said, "might I go gently down stairs, and walk off, and no harm done, with the exception of a little fright, which has shaken my nervous system, somewhat; but I don't feel inclined to do that. The Duke has left the house, without a doubt; but the Duchess—where is the Duchess?" The Earl of Carlton mused for awhile.

"Umph!" he said, at length, "Lady Alpine assured me that they were upon such terms as would be sure to keep them widely separate. Have they changed bed-rooms, I wonder? And yet this is evidently a feminine roost. It is very odd—it is more than odd!"

One would have thought the adventures of that night would have been enough for the Earl of Carlton; but such appeared to be anything but the case.

After musing for a time, he took a still more careful survey of the apartment; for he could not help thinking still that Lady Alpine must have been in some way mistaken with regard to the precise locality of the chamber of the Duchess; but the more he looked about him, the more he felt compelled to admit that it must be the room devoted usually to the repose of Clara.

But if so, why was she not in it? That was the question. Lord Carlton was decidedly puzzled.

It very often happens that such men set down as miracles of virtue the women that they try in vain to seduce; and in some such way the Earl of Carlton had conceived a very high idea, indeed, of the morals of the Duchess of Pangbourne. We and the reader know full well that it was impossible for the Earl of Carlton, or any one else, to have a higher notion of Clara's honour and rectitude than she really deserved; but not finding her in her chamber at that hour of the night, or rather of the morning, was rather a puzzle to the Earl.

Alas! how little he expected that she was sleeping with her child—the only human being to whom she could cling in her sorrow—in the little chamber, with its simple accommodations, which was devoted to the little one and his attendant. And yet, such was the fact. During that period of passion and excitement upon the part of the Duke, and the man who would have made here more wretched than she was, she slept calmly, with her arms around her only child.

Alas, poor Clara!

"It's very odd," said the Earl. "Indeed, I may take upon myself to say that it is remarkably odd, not to find her Grace, the Duchess, in her chamber. I wonder what the deuce brought the Duke here? The idea of a married man, in our line of life, being found in his wife's bed-chamber, is really too ludicrous!"

From this it will be inferred—and correctly, too—that the Earl, from the balcony among the plants where he had been hiding, had not been able to hear what the Duke had said when he came into the chamber of the Duchess. If he had so heard Herbert's words, he would not have been so much at a loss to think what had brought him to that room. We must say, however, that the idea that the Duke was out of the house was what made the Earl so very bold, and so desirous of remaining where he was.

About half-an-hour had now elapsed, and the Earl, feeling quite convinced that all alarm had subsided, and that he was in that suite of rooms, to please himself by going or staying, resolved upon trying the experiment of a further search for the Duchess in them.

The report of the both pistols certainly ought to have aroused her, and brought her to the spot, if she were close at hand; and yet, after all, that report was so sudden and so very abrupt, and not very loud into the bargain, that it might be taken for one of those accidental noises, sometimes really very trivial, that startle the slumber, and leave no trace behind. It was just possible that she might be in the Duke's bed-room; and it was that idea that induced the Earl to cautiously bend his steps in that direction.

"I will look, at all events," he said. "Her Ladyship of Alpine shall not have to accuse me of being very lukewarm in the affair, or of neglecting any opportunities."

Full of this highly characteristic idea—fer, although no man could possibly despise any woman more than the Earl of Carlton did Lady Alpine, he was yet keenly alive to her opinion—he proceeded on tiptoe into the dressing-room adjoining the Duchess's chamber.

One glance at that apartment was sufficient to let his Lordship see that there had been no disrobing there. If it had been used by the Duchess previous to retiring to bed, there would have been upon the toilette-table some indications of that fact, in the shape of combs, pins, or ornaments of some kind; but all was clear and orderly. That was disappointment the first for the Earl of Carlton, in his progress through those rooms that ought to have been so very sacred from any intrusion.

"Not here—not here!" he muttered; and then, with less caution, he made his way into the little sitting-room. Beyond that all was dark; and the slightest glance into the bed-room of the Duke was sufficient to convince him that it, too, was untenanted, and had not been occupied that night by either one or the other of the noble owners of the mansion.

"This is more than strange," said the Earl. "Where, in the name of all that is infernal, do they sleep, I wonder?"

This was a question easier to ask than to answer in such a house as that. The idea of going over the mansion on a hunt for the Duchess was, not exactly the sort of thing that the Earl of Carlton thought would suit him, and he was fast arriving at the mortifying conviction that he must leave the house as he came, having only had the happiness of running the risk of being shot as a recompense for his visit.

We may as well state, at this juncture, that it was from the garden below the balcony that the Earl had made his way up to that portion of the house, by the very romantic aid of a ladder that was left there by some workmen, who were in the daytime repairing the roof of the house at that part of it. Lady Alpine's keen eyes had found out that the ladder was left at the very place, above all others, where it would be available to the Earl; and the coyness of a footman, who had been warmly recommended to the Duchess by her Ladyship of Alpine, had made the affair quite easy.

With the view, then, of reaching the ladder again, and descending to the garden, where the footman was waiting to conduct him off the premises, the Earl of Carlton was upon the point of leaving the Duke's dressing-room, when a flash of light from the little sitting apartment, which occupied such a central position between the chambers of the Duke and Duchess, came upon his eyes.

The Earl hastily drew back, and then he heard a footstep. Upon tiptoes he went still further back, until he got quite round the Duke's bed, and hid

himself in as small a space as he possibly could among its drapery, as far from the door of the room as possible.

Real tangible fear now took possession of the Earl of Carlton. The idea that this might be the Duke returned, took a hold of his imagination; and the prospect of death at his hands, if such should be the case, appeared to be only too probable to be thought a chance.

The footstep came nearer and nearer, and yet it seemed to falter a little as it approached the chamber. Whoever it was, it carried evidently a light, for the beams illuminated the whole of the room, and the sudden change from the darkness that had before characterised it to the brightness then, was quite dazzling to the Earl.

If ever human being suffered a mortal retribution, the Earl of Carlton did, during the few moments that elapsed while he was hidden in the bed-hangings, and in doubt as to whether or not it was the Duke of Pangbourne who was approaching that room.

Who will pity him? Is there any one who will not rejoice that he did so suffer?—although, alas! it brought not with it the best use of suffering—repentance!

But not for long was the bold, bad Earl to be kept in suspense. A voice pronouncing a name, was sufficient to break the spell of fear that hung upon his spirit. That voice was the voice of the Duchess, and the name she uttered was Herbert.

Poor Clara had awakened but a short quarter of an hour before that time; and the last interview she had had with Herbert had come vividly before her. She had accused herself of not speaking gently to him as she might have done—she had thought that even yet he might be weaned from his follies, to call them by no harsher term; and she had risen from her bed to seek him, and make one last appeal to his past affection. Her child slumbered peacefully, and taking the little night-lamp that burned in the ante-room to the child's chamber in her hand, she had, in her night-dress, sought the Duke's chamber, with the fond hope that yet all might be well, and that if she told him she would love him still as of old, he might be weaned from all that was evil, and yet welcome smiling happiness hand in hand with virtue.

What a holy mission that was, and how powerfully was poor Clara doomed to be disappointed in the pursuit of it! What stretch of imagination could have induced her to think it possible that she should find the man of all others whom she most detested, in lieu of the man, whom of all others she most loved?

"Herbert—Herbert!"

"This she," gasped the Earl. "'Tis she!"

"Oh, Herbert, speak to me! Are you not here? Say but one word in kindness to me, and all the past will be forgotten and forgiven. Oh, Herbert, let us each be but true and constant, and may we not defy the whole world? Speak, oh, speak!"

The Earl was much inclined to say something, but doubt and pleased surprise kept him silent.

"I have come to you in all sincerity," added Clara, as she placed the little lamp upon a table. "I have come to you, Herbert, to tell you that I know and feel there is some strange misconception of my acts and motives upon your mind. Of that I feel assured. Tell me plainly and honestly what it is that you suspect. Tell me what evil person has poured the rank venom of doubt into your ears. Tell me what it is, Herbert, that rankles at your heart, and you shall see and know all my thoughts and feelings as plainly as you may your own image in your mirror. Oh, speak to me!"

All was still.

"Alas! and has it come to this?" said Clara, while the tears coursed each other down her cheeks. "Oh, God! Herbert, is this, indeed, meet treatment of me from you?"

Her powerful emotion would not let her say more, and for some few seconds she remained sobbing. The Earl of Carlton would not by any means have remained for so long silent; but he feared that if he made any movement to let Clara know who it was that occupied the chamber, she might elude him, and go shrieking through the rooms, and so alarm all the house, as she was so considerably nearer to the door of the chamber than he was.

Suddenly, then, in the midst of her grief, the thought seemed to strike the Duchess that she might be speaking to vacancy after all, and that the Duke was not in the bed. With quite a joyful

expression, for it was something to think that if he had been there he might have answered her kindly, she cried—

"He is not here! Oh, how weak and foolish I am. No—no! he is not here. He cannot be here, and, yet—where is he?"

That was a question that struck a sudden chill to the heart of the Duchess; but she advanced towards the bed, in order to assure herself of the fact of his presence or his absence. The Earl of Carlton felt that if he chose he might remain concealed, but such a piece of, what he would have called, pusillanimity never entered his mind to be guilty of. He only waited until he could slip past Clara, so as to be between her and the door; and then in a voice of as much softness as he could assume, he said—

"Beauteous Clara, loveliest of your sex, the Duke, your husband, is not here; but here is one who loves you better than all the Dukes and all the husbands that ever were could love you. Judge of the ardour of my passion."

A faint shriek from Clara interrupted him, as she turned and saw that hated face and form between her and the door of the chamber.

How fixedly she looked at him! He began to be a little alarmed that she was going mad, and then just a little to hope that, after all, his presence was not so very unwelcome as it might be fairly expected to be, considering her former reception of his admiration.

"Clara, dear Clara, let all the coldness of the past be forgotten. You still see me your humblest of slaves, and here, at your feet, I implore you not to kill, by an unkind word, one who adores you."

"Oh, this is a dream!" cried Clara. "A very frightful dream, indeed. It must be a dream!"

As she uttered those words, she passed her hand over her brow and eyes, as though, with an effort, to arouse herself to some other state of being than that frightful one which she was then enduring in the presence of that hateful man.

"No, fairest of Duchesses, and most admirable of women, this is not a dream. You see before you, in reality, one who lives but for you—one who would die for you willingly."

"Oh, no—no," shrieked Clara, "it cannot be! Herbert! Herbert! Oh, God!"

"Hush! oh, hush! Do not, by these distracted cries, bring the domestics of the house about you. Only think of the scandal that would fly like wild-fire over the whole fashionable world! How would it tell for the lovely Duchess of Pangbourne to have been found in her night-dress in a bed-chamber in her own house, with the gallant Earl of Carlton? Oh, lady, consider your character!"

The audacity—the fiend-like assurance of the man, for the moment deprived Clara of the power to act; but it was only for the moment that she was so paralysed. He mistook it for fear lest by making any outcry she should sacrifice that which it is to be lamented is all that most females in her class of life care for—character. It is not virtue that they love, but it is character. Vice, with the aristocratic world, is virtue until it is found out; but such was far, oh, very far from the feeling of Clara, and recovering her courage, she fled to the bell-pull that was in the room, and with an energy that the Earl of Carlton gave her no credit for, she rang it, calling out in a frantic voice as she did so—

"Help! help! Herbert! Herbert!—help! oh, help!"

"By—," she means it!" cried the Earl. "Confound you, madam! I have half a mind—"

He clenched his fist, and made two strides towards her; but the moment was too critical. With another oath that, certainly, was anything but very courteous and polite, he turned and fled.

It was at that moment that Clara recollected some weapons that Herbert kept in a closet in his chamber. She flew to it, and dashing open the door, she seized the first that presented itself. It was a Turkish scimitar of rare Damascus steel, and of great value. The Duke had rather a taste for costly arms, and it had been tolerably well attended to by some of the dealers in such matters, who had found it out.

The scimitar was drawn from its scabbard in a moment, and Clara then feeling that she was armed against the man who would destroy her for ever, and make her more miserable than the vilest wretch that crawls the streets, lost all her fears. Indignation—indignation against the villain who would have made her the shame and disgrace of her boy, instead of his holy pattern and safeguard through life—nerved her, and she rushed through the rooms,

still calling for Herbert, and with the sword in her hand.

The Duchess caught sight of the Earl of Carlton as he was upon the point of leaving the room that would lead him to the balcony, from which he was only now anxious to make his escape.

"Villain!" she cried, "hold!"

"The devil!" cried the earl, as he rolled over the rail of the balcony, and by good luck only alighted on the ladder. The Duchess reached the spot at that moment, and with a blow of the scimitar she gave him a slashing wound on the head, and down he went, ladder and sword, for she lost her hold of it by the blow, into the garden beneath.

Clara fell back and swooned, half in the balcony and half in the chamber from which it opened; and at the moment, the alarmed servants rushed into the room, headed by Clara's maid.

(To be continued.)

## COLD AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

HABIT will enable persons to resist a great degree of cold, for a certain time, without detriment; but there is a degree of cold that neither man nor animals can resist—all flee before it. The effects of cold, usually denominated frost-bite, are seldom observed, even in British North America, where I had opportunities, during five winters, of seeing it, unless the thermometer has fallen twenty degrees below zero, which is itself thirty-two degrees below the point at which water freezes. Sixty degrees below the freezing point of Fahrenheit the deep sea will freeze as hard as a rock. If there be no wind, this temperature can be borne for some time, without injury, on an exposed surface of the human body; but if it be accompanied by a stiff north-wester from the Arctic regions, it becomes destructive—noses, ears, and the skin of the face, yield to it in all directions in which the sufferer can turn. This wind is technically, in that country, called the *barber*. I have seen fifty noses, ears, chins, and fingers, frost-bitten in less than half an hour. At this low temperature the sensibility and circulation are arrested in so sudden a manner as to be unknown to the sufferer. He is told by his neighbour that he has lost his nose, ears, or fingers, &c., which have become of a dead-white colour, and shrunk so, that a ring readily falls from the finger which fitted tight before. If the exposure be continued, the whole limb assumes a similar appearance; it is moved with difficulty; the numbing sensation extends, the afflicted man sits down, is overpowered by its influence, particularly if accompanied by fatigue, gradually sinks to the earth, and dies. The body becomes so stiff that it cannot be cut, although it may be sawed. I always, in that country, used to superintend the sawing of my beef-steaks, when I had them for dinner; and if I meant to have them well cooked, to see they were thawed first in cold water just short of freezing—not so easy a thing to do, either, at a season when your towel becomes quite hard whilst you are drying your face, your tooth-brush stands stiffly up in the glass of water, and when you attempt to stir the fire, the poker sticks to the palm of your hand, and brings away the skin when it falls from it.

Sir Francis Head says: "The temperature of thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit—that at which water freezes—is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation, water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not, therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other; but, on the contrary, the extra cold is added to, and retained by, the mass; and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until, in Lower Canada, it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of the assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or, in other words, it contains infinitely more cold, than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which, again, contains more cold than a cubic foot

of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value; that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold, until, long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water."

The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat.

The Marquis de Custine, if I recollect aright, in his account of Russia, alludes to gentlemen having found their noses in their pocket-handkerchief after a hard blow before the fire. In Petersburg, it is confidently stated, that under such intense cold the houseless poor are frequently frozen so stiff in the night, that the police on passing in the morning set them upright against the wall; and it is said by another elegant, but, I suspect, imaginative French writer, that on one occasion a passer by, accidentally pushing against a cadaver of this kind, caused the body to fall with some violence, when, to his horror, he saw the head break off at the neck and roll to the opposite side of the street. This person must have been very brittle, and the cold, indeed, intense. When less so, although long continued until the man is exhausted by the influence of it, combined with fatigue and hunger, the person does not become so stiff; although the powers of sensation and motion are suspended, the head and limbs are flexible, although powerless; inspiration obscure; jaw half open; pulse irregular, although distinguishable; the organs of sense nearly inexcitable; eyeballs fixed; pupil contracting irregularly when exposed to strong light. When the cold is more intense, and rapidly applied under a high wind, the lungs suffer as suddenly: the respiration becomes suspended; and if the person cannot protect himself from the storm, by a change of position, or by using his hand as a respirator to breathe through, his head soon becomes giddy; he is swept away before the wind, and finds a tomb under the snow which rapidly accumulates around him. This is the effect of cold on the lungs, not on the body generally.

The effects of intense cold applied generally have been, however, well ascertained during the late voyages to the Polar regions. It appears to me that persons so exposed in North America were not thoroughly frost-bitten in the first instance, unless exposed to a high wind, but gradually became affected with such a degree of torpor or drowsiness, that they could not resist reclining or lying down to rest, as they suppose, for a few minutes, when they fall asleep, but this is the sleep of death if allowed to continue; if awakened in time, they may only be frost-bitten; if they rest longer, they are frozen stiff.

## MINIATURE POND FOR GOLD FISH.

THE following "notice of observations on the adjustment of the relations between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, by which the vital functions of both are permanently maintained," will be found briefly referred to in our reports of the proceedings of the Chemical Society. But the communication is of such general interest, that we gladly avail ourselves of a presentation copy, and transfer to our columns the details of Mr. Warrington's experimental investigation. It has been carried on for nearly twelve months, and appears, as Mr. Warrington observes, "to illustrate, in a marked degree, that beautiful and wonderful provision which we see every where displayed throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms, whereby their continued existence and stability are so admirably sustained, and by which they are made mutually to subserve, each for the other's nutriment, and even for its indispensable wants and vital existence. The experiment has reference to the healthy life of fish preserved in a limited and confined portion of water. It was commenced in May, 1849, and the subjects chosen were two small gold-fish. These were placed in a large glass receiver of about twelve gallons capacity, having a cover of thin muslin stretched over a stout copper wire, bent into a circle, placed over its mouth, so as to exclude, as much as possible, the sooty dust of the London atmosphere; without, at the same time, impeding the free passage of the atmospheric air.

This receiver was about half filled with ordinary spring water, and supplied at the bottom with sand and mud, together with loose stones of larger size of limestone tufa, from the neighbourhood of Matlock, and sandstone; these were arranged so that the fish could get below them, if they wished so to do. At the same time that the fish were placed in this miniature pond, a small plant of the *Vallisneria spiralis* was introduced, its roots being inserted in the mud and sand, and covered by one of the loose stones, so as to retain the plant in its position. The *Vallisneria spiralis* is one of those delicate aquatic plants generally selected by the microscopist for the exhibition of the circulation of the sap in plants. It throws out an abundance of long, wiry, strap-like leaves, of about a quarter of an inch in breadth, and from one to three feet in length; these leaves, when the sun shines on them, evolve a continued stream of oxygen gas, which rises in a current of minute bubbles, particularly from any part of the leaf which may have received an injury.

"The materials being thus arranged, all appeared to go on well for a short time, until circumstances occurred which indicated that another and very material agent was required to perfect the adjustment. The circumstances arose from the internal decay of the leaves of the *Vallisneria*, which became yellow from having lost their vitality, and began to decompose; this, by accumulation, rendered the water turbid, and caused a growth of mucus, or green, slimy matter on the surface of the water, and on the sides of the receiver. If this had been allowed to increase, the healthy life of the fish must have suffered, and probably their vital functions have been destroyed. The removal of these decaying leaves from the water, therefore, became a point of permanent importance to the success of the experiment. To effect this, Mr. Warrington had recourse to a very useful little scavenger, whose beneficial functions have been too much overlooked in the economy of animal life,—the water-snail, whose natural food is the very green, slimy growth, or mucus and decaying vegetable matter, which threatened to destroy the object which was wished to be obtained. Five or six of these creatures—the *Limnæa stagnalis*—were consequently introduced, and, by their continued and rapid locomotion and extraordinary voracity, soon removed the cause of interference, and restored the whole to a healthy state, thus perfecting the balance between the animal and vegetable inhabitants, and enabling both to perform their vital functions with health and energy.

"So luxuriant was the growth of the *Vallisneria* under these circumstances, that, by the autumn, the one solitary plant that had been originally introduced, had thrown out myriads of off shoots and suckers, thus multiplying to the extent of upwards of thirty fine strong plants; and these threw up their long, spiral, flowering stems in all directions, so that, at one time, more than forty blossoms were counted lying on the surface of the water.

"The fish have been lively, bright in colour, and appear very healthy, and the snails also—judging from the enormous quantity of gelatinous masses of eggs which they have deposited on all parts of the receiver, as well as on the fragments of stone—appear to thrive wonderfully, and, besides their functions in sustaining the perfect adjustment of the series, afford a large quantity of food to the fish in the form of the young snails, which are devoured as soon as they exhibit signs of vitality and locomotion, and before their shell has become hardened.

"Thus we have that admirable balance sustained between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that in a liquid element. The fish, in its respiration, consumes the oxygen held in solution by the water as atmospheric air; furnishes carbonic acid; feeds on the insects and young snails; and excretes material well adapted as a rich food to the plant, and well fitted for its luxuriant growth.

"The plant, by its respiration, consumes the carbonic acid produced by the fish, appropriating the carbon to the construction of its tissues and fibre, and liberates the oxygen in its gaseous state to sustain the healthy functions of the animal life, at the same time that it feeds on the rejected matter, which has fulfilled its purposes in the nourishment of the fish and snail, and preserves the water constantly in a clear and healthy condition,—while the slimy snail, finding its proper nutriment in the decomposing vegetable matter and minute confervoid growth, prevents their accumulation by removing them from the field, and, by its vital

powers, converts what would otherwise act as poison, into a rich and fruitful nutriment, again to constitute a pabulum for the vegetable growth, while it also acts the important part of a purveyor to its finny neighbours.—*Literary Gazette.*

### THE CALIFORNIAN POST-OFFICE.

A DAY or two after my arrival, the Steamer, Unicorn, came into the harbour, being the third which had arrived without bringing a mail. These repeated failures were too much for even a patient people to bear; an indignation meeting in Portsmouth Square was called, but a shower, heralding the rainy season, came on in time to prevent it. Finally, on the last day of October, on the eve of the departure of another steamer down the coast, the Panama came in, bringing the mails for July, August, and September all at once! Thirty-seven mail-bags were hauled up to the little Post-Office that night, and the eight clerks were astounded by the receipt of forty-five thousand letters, besides uncounted bushels of newspapers. I was, at the time, domiciled in Mr. Moore's garret, and enjoying the hospitalities of his plank-table; I, therefore, offered my services as clerk-extraordinary, and was at once vested with full powers and initiated into all the mysteries of counting, classifying, and distributing letters.

The Post-Office was a small frame building, of one story, and not more than forty feet in length. The entire front, which was graced with a narrow portico, was appropriated to the windows for delivery, while the rear was divided into three small compartments—a newspaper room, a private office, and kitchen. There were two windows for the general delivery, one for French and Spanish letters, and a narrow entry at one end of the building, on which faced the private boxes, to the number of five hundred, leased to merchants and others at the rate of one dollar, fifty cents per month. In this small space all the operations of the office were carried on. The rent of the building was seven thousand dollars a year, and the salaries of the clerks from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars monthly, which, as no special provision had been made by government to meet the expense, effectually confined Mr. Moore to these narrow limits. For his strict and conscientious adherence to the law, he received the violent censure of a party of the San Franciscans, who would have had him make free use of the government funds.

The Panama's mail-bags reached the office about nine o'clock. The doors were instantly closed, the windows darkened, and every preparation made for a long siege. The attack from without commenced about the same time. There were knocks on the doors, taps on the windows, and beseeching calls at all corners of the house. The interior was well lighted; the bags were emptied on the floor, and ten pair of hands engaged in the assortment and distribution of their contents. The work went on rapidly and noiselessly as the night passed away, but with the first streak of daylight the attack commenced again. Every avenue of entrance was barricaded; the crowd was told through the keyhole that the office would be opened that day to no one; but it all availed nothing. Mr. Moore's Irish servant could not go for a bucket of water without being surrounded and in danger of being held captive. Men dogged his heels in the hope of being able to slip in behind him before he could lock the door.

We laboured steadily all day, and had the satisfaction of seeing the huge pile of letters considerably diminished. Towards evening, the impatience of the crowd increased to a most annoying pitch. They knocked; they tried shouts, and then whispers, and then shouts again; they implored and threatened by turns, and not seldom offered large bribes for the delivery of their letters. "Curse such a Post-Office and such a Post-Master!" said one. "I'll write to the Department by the next steamer. We'll see whether things go on in this way much longer." Then comes a messenger slyly to the back-door. "Mr. ——— sends his compliments, and says you would oblige him very much by letting me have his letters: he won't say anything about it to anybody." A clergyman, or perhaps a naval officer, follows, relying on a white cravat or gilt buttons for the favour which no one else can obtain. Mr. Moore politely but firmly refuses; and so we work on, unmoved by the noises of the besiegers. The excitement and anxiety of the public can scarcely be told

in words. Where the source that governs business, satisfies affection, and supplies intelligence, had been shut off from a whole community for three months, the rush from all sides to supply the void was irresistible.

In the afternoon, a partial delivery was made to the owners of private boxes. It was effected in a skilful way, though with some danger to the clerk who undertook the opening of the door. On account of the crush and destruction of windows on former occasions, he ordered them to form into line, and enter in regular order. They at first refused; but on his counter-refusal to unlock the door, complied with some difficulty. The moment the key was turned, the rush into the little entry was terrific: the glass faces of the boxes were stove in, and the wooden partition seemed about to give way. In the space of an hour the clerk took in postage to the amount of six hundred dollars: the principal firms frequently paid from fifty to a hundred dollars for their correspondence.

We toiled on till after midnight of the second night, when the work was so far advanced that we could spare an hour or two for rest, and still complete the distribution in time for the opening of the windows, at noon the next day. So we crept up to our blankets in the garret, worn out by forty-four hours of steady labour. We had scarcely begun to taste the needful rest, when our sleep, deep as it was, was broken by a new sound. Some of the besiegers, learning that the windows were to be opened at noon, came on the ground in the middle of the night, in order to have the first chance for letters. As the nights were fresh and cool, they soon felt chilly, and began a stamping march along the portico, which jarred the whole building and kept us all painfully awake. This game was practised for a week after the distribution commenced, and was a greater hardship to those employed in the office than their daily labours. One morning, about a week after this, a single individual came about midnight, bringing a chair with him, and some refreshments. He planted himself directly opposite the door, and sat there quietly all night. It was the day for despatching the Monterey mail, and one of the clerks got up about four o'clock to have it in readiness for the carrier. On opening the door in the darkness, he was confronted by this man, who, seated solemnly in his chair, immediately gave his name in a loud voice, "John Jenkins!"

When, finally, the windows were opened, the scenes around the office were still more remarkable. In order to prevent a general riot among the applicants, they were recommended to form in ranks. This plan once established, those inside could work with more speed and safety. The lines extended in front all the way down the hill into Portsmouth Square, and on the south side across Sacramento-street to the tents among the chaparral; while that from the newspaper window in the rear stretched for some distance up the hill. The man at the tail of the longest line might count on spending six hours in it before he reached the window. Those who were near the goal frequently sold out their places to impatient candidates, for ten, and even twenty-five dollars; indeed, several persons, in want of money, practised this game daily, as a means of a living! Venders of pies, cakes, and newspapers, established themselves in front of the office, to supply the crowd, while others did a profitable business, by carrying cans of coffee up and down the lines.

The labours of the Post-Office were greatly increased by the necessity of forwarding thousands of letters to the branch offices or to agents among the mountains, according to the orders of the miners. This part of the business, which was entirely without remuneration, furnished constant employment for three or four clerks. Several persons made large sums by acting as agents, supplying the miners with their letters at one dollar each, which included the postage from the Atlantic side. The arrangements for the transportation of the inland mail were very imperfect, and these private establishments were generally preferred.—*Taylor's California.*

### VICTORIA REGIA.

SOME account of the Victoria Regia in its native waters.—"We at length reached the igarape, and were at once gratified by seeing the Victoria growing by the opposite shore of the igarape itself. We were warned by the people not to go amongst the plants, as their prickles were venomous; but I got both hands and feet considerably pricked with-

out experiencing any ill effects. We were fortunate in finding the plant in good flower, but, according to the testimony of all at Santarem who have seen it, the leaves attain their greatest dimensions in the winter. Captain Heslop assures me he has seen many leaves twelve feet in diameter, whereas the largest we saw measured very little above four feet across, and they were packed as close as they could lie. But I can easily conceive how, in the wet season, their dimensions should be considerably augmented, for whereas at present the plant is growing in less than two feet of water, in winter the igarape will be filled to its topmost banks, or at least fifteen feet deeper than at present, while its breadth will also be greatly increased; so that the petioles of the Victoria, lengthening doubtless with the rise of the waters, will bring the leaves to a much greater surface, on which they will have room to dilate to about twice their present size. The aspect of the Victoria in its native waters is so new and extraordinary, that I am at a loss to what to compare it. The image is not a very poetical one, but assuredly the impression the plant gave me, when viewed from the bank above, was that of a number of tea-trays floating, with here and there a bouquet protruding between them; but when more closely viewed, the leaves excited the greatest admiration, from their immensity and perfect symmetry. A leaf turned up suggests some strange fabric of cast-iron, just taken out of the furnace; its colour, and the enormous ribs with which it is strengthened, increasing the similarity. I could find no prostrate trunk, as in the other Nymphaeaceæ. The root is central, the thickness of a man's leg, penetrating deep into the mud (we could not dig to the bottom of it with our tressados), and sending out fascicles of whitish radicles, about twenty-five, from below the base of each petiole, the thickness of finger and two feet or more in length. The radicles are imperforate, and give out here and there a very few slender fibres. From the same root I have seen flowers uniting the characters of Victoria regia and cruziana (of the latter I have only the brief description in Walpers), so that I can hardly doubt their being the same species, as had been already more than suspected. The igarape, where we gathered the Victoria, is called Tapirauri. I had two flowers brought to me a few days afterwards from the adjacent lake, which seems to have no name but that of the sitios on its banks; Mr. Jeffreys has also brought me flowers from the Rio Arrapixuna, which runs into the Tabajoz above Santarem, and in the wet season unites the Tabajoz and Amazon. I have further information of its growing abundantly in a lake beyond the Rio Mayaca, which flows into the Amazon; some miles below Santarem. Mr. Wallace, who recently visited Monte Alegre, had a leaf and flower brought to him there; I have seen a portion of the leaf, which he dried. Lastly, I have correct intelligence of its occurring in the Rio Trombetas near Obidos, and in lakes between the rivers Tabajoz and Madeira, so that there can be no doubt of its being plentifully distributed throughout the whole of this region, both north and south of the Amazon."—*Mr. Spruce's Voyage up the Amazon, in Hooker's Journal of Botany.*

### GUANO.

TIME was when persons particularly distinguished for rascality were called "Rogues in Grain." It is now necessary to alter the designation; the title of ROGUES IN GUANO must henceforward be conferred on people characterised by cheating, lying, and all imaginable dishonesty. The extent to which the public is now being plundered would be incredible, if it were not notorious that fraud can find any amount of folly on which to operate. We boast of the advance of intelligence, of the progress of knowledge, of the mighty changes produced by education, and yet we yearly witness worse cases than ever of gigantic swindling on the one hand, and still more prodigious credulity on the other.

According to the Parliamentary return, it appears that the total quantity of Peruvian guano imported in 1849 was 73,567 tons. Is any one simple enough to suppose that this represents the amount sold in London, Liverpool, and Bristol? Why, there cannot be a doubt that the deliveries by the guano dealers—of course we do not mean the importers—are at least 200,000 tons; probably much greater. There is now before us a list of ten houses, in London alone, engaged in the adulteration of this substance. One of the agents employed by one of these houses contracts for the delivery of thirty tons of

mere loam per week, and thus sends about fifteen thousand pounds worth of fraud annually into the guano market. But as mere loam will not sell as guano, but requires to be flavoured, so as to deceive the country buyers, it is probable that this contract really represents at least sixty thousand pounds; and if we only suppose each of the ten London houses to have dealings to the same extent, we have from London alone above half a million's worth of adulteration disposed of annually. In other words, the landed interest is fleeced to this extent by the frauds practised in the metropolis alone.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

### MARRIAGES IN CEYLON.

"THE day and hour of the wedding are fixed by an astrologer, or wise man, the bride's horoscope having been previously compared with that of the bridegroom's by the same sage, who declares if the planetary influence will allow them to wed. The astrologer being well paid, and, as there are four methods by which configurations and a favourable result may be arrived at, the stars generally prove propitious to the projected union. It sometimes happens that the horoscopes of the intended bride and bridegroom, despite the strenuous endeavours of the astrologers, will not coincide, and then an infant brother or relation of the bridegroom takes his place at the wedding-feast, provided his horoscope will agree with that of the lady's. Such a marriage is legal, the evasion being regarded as a necessary concession to the will of the planets. The wedding takes place at the bride's residence, where a mandoo (or temporary bamboo building covered with mats) is erected; in this structure the feast is prepared for the male part of the company, the ladies eating alone in the dwelling, the roof of which is hung with white cloth. The bridegroom sets out on the wedding-day for the lady's abode, attended by as numerous a train of relations, friends, and dependants as he can muster, the latter bearing the bridal gifts, which consist of jewels and wearing apparel for the bride, cooked food (which is placed in a decorated pingo, or basket, and covered with a new white cloth) and fruits for the guests. As soon as the nuptial train approaches the bride's abode, her relations and friends sally forth to meet it, servants following, bearing two trays covered with white cloth, on which betel leaves are spread, which are presented to the bridegroom's friends. When the distribution of the betel leaves is terminated, both parties form one procession, and walk towards the house, the bride's relatives and friends preceding the bridegroom's. Upon entering the bride's residence, if the bridegroom is a chief, or wealthy man of rank, his feet are bathed by a servant, a piece of money being thrown into the water, which becomes the fee of the domestic. Among the lower castes and poor, this ceremony is performed by a younger brother, or near relative. The host then requests the bridegroom and male guests to enter the mandoo, and seat themselves according to their rank and seniority, the hostess requesting the females to follow her into the inner apartment, and do the same. When all have partaken of the good cheer and viands, and the meal is terminated, the bridegroom's nearest unmarried relative enters the ladies' apartment, and requests permission to bring in the gifts. Being answered in the affirmative, the bridegroom, attended by his friends, enters, some of them bearing the wedding presents. A platform of jackwood, covered with white cloth, is then placed in the middle of the apartment, in the centre of which a quantity of rice is piled up in a conical form, around which are placed young green cocoa-nuts, bunches of bananas, and betel leaves; various coins, either of gold, silver, or copper, are also laid on the rice. When the astrologer intimates that the fortunate moment has arrived for the union to take place, a cocoa-nut is severed in twain at one stroke, which is given with a small implement resembling a bill-hook; the bride is then led forward by her mother, and a near relative (who is the mother of a numerous family), and by them is lifted on the pile of rice, her face being turned in the direction in which the astrologer states the presiding planet is placed in the firmament. The bridegroom then advances, bearing the wearing apparel and jewels with which the bride is to be decorated; the mother of the bride then proceeds to take off the bride's trinkets, and removes the jewelled pins from her head, replacing them with the jewels and pins which are presented by the bridegroom. Lastly, the bridal cloth, or comboy, is presented to the mother, which

becomes her perquisite, and the value of the same can be recovered by the husband if he should divorce his wife for infidelity at a future period; but all the jewels given to the bride on her wedding-day are her property, and her husband can never reclaim them under any circumstances. As soon as the toilette of the bride is completed, she distributes betel leaves to every guest assembled; the bridegroom then advances and pours a little sandal-wood oil, or cinnamon-water, on the head of the bride, and draws a thread from her comboy (or petticoat) with which the father, or nearest male relative of one or other of the contracting parties, ties their little fingers together. The bridegroom then hands the bride down from the jackwood platform, and they advance about six paces, when they pull their hands apart, thus severing the thread. Occasionally, marriage-rings are exchanged, instead of tying the little fingers together, but the latter is most generally adopted. The bridegroom leads the bride to another room, where a repast has been prepared for them, and the near relatives of both (the other guests not entering the room); the newly-married couple partake of this food from the same vessel, as a token of acknowledgment that they are of equal rank. When the repast is concluded, the bridegroom drops some money in the vessel in which his food was placed, and the relatives throw some coins about the table, which are the perquisite of the washerman of the bride's family, and the table-cloth is also given to him. The bride, if in Kandy, and married in Deega, is conducted in great state to her husband's home; but, if married in Beena, the guests disperse, leaving them to enjoy their newly-acquired happiness. Until the third, and with rigid Buddhists until the seventh day after their marriage, the newly-married people do not lay aside their bridal garments, and part of these garments they have about them night and day. On the third, or seventh day, the bride's relatives come to her dwelling, bringing presents of fruit, boiled rice, vegetable curries, and flowers; the jackwood platform is again bedecked, and the husband and wife, in their bridal attire, are seated side by side upon it. A relative of either party then advances, and simultaneously pours a chatty of water on the heads of the husband and wife. The couple then retire and take off their bridal garments, and the following day go to bathe, after which the bride's friends pay a last ceremonial visit, and the marriage rites are concluded."—*Sir's Ceylon*.

### THE MARKET GARDENS ROUND LONDON.

By JAMES CUTHILL, Florist, Camberwell.

COVENT-GARDEN, the head market of this great metropolis, has long been celebrated for the finest fruits, vegetables, and flowers in the world, being different now from the time when the poor German gardener settled on a piece of land near the Monster public-house, Chelsea, on the lands of the Westminster family. This man bought dung where he could find it, and put it on his ground. The landlord brought an action against him; "but," says the landlord, "as you are an industrious man, I shall forgive you if you will promise me never to poison my land any more, by putting such filthy stuff on it." The market gardeners round London from time to time have been stimulated by receiving large prices for their articles, from living in the vicinity of such wealth. It being the head-quarters of the government of this mighty empire of a hundred millions of people, can it be doubted that the most extravagant prices could be obtained in Covent-garden market? For dung the carter is allowed two shillings and sixpence for a single load, and for waggons five shillings. I have known many coachmen in the Mews in the west end, that were obliged to give those carters sixpence, ninepence, and one shilling to clear the manure away. These men have long hours; but between wages, which are from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings weekly, and the buying of manure, their wages sometimes reach thirty shillings per week. A country person will hardly believe me when I tell him that nine cart and wagon loads of vegetables have been brought by one grower, the celebrated Messrs. Fitch, of Fulham, off their one hundred acres of land, and all sold in Covent-garden by Mr. Fitch by nine o'clock in the same morning. Those men once sent in a four-horse wagon of scarlet Ten-weeks Stock, all pulled up by the roots, and in full bloom; they were sold by seven o'clock in the morning, and fetched thirty pounds; but it did

not pay the expenses, and was discontinued another year.

Sixty pounds have been obtained for an acre of Cabbages, and upwards of one hundred pounds for an acre of Rhubarb, and more for Asparagus, one hundred and forty pounds for an acre of white Cös Lettuce, one hundred and fifty pounds for an acre of Strawberries, &c. I have myself taken thirty pounds for fifteen rods of ground of early Potatoes in the open ground, managed as I have directed in my pamphlet; ten shillings for a Cucumber, and twenty shillings for a Melon, two shillings an ounce for forced Strawberries, and twenty-five shillings for forced Grapes per pound. I have also taken six shillings a pound for early Strawberries, in the open ground, upon early borders. The above prices seem high, but the expenses are enormous. Mr. Fitch, of Fulham, has told me that his one hundred acres have some years cost him, everything included, very nearly four thousand pounds. The above prices cannot any longer be maintained; an immense change has taken place since free trade and railroads have been introduced.

The change is fearful upon the old market gardeners—they cannot understand it. They little think how many fresh market gardens have sprung up in all directions, and along the lines of railways—land at thirty shillings an acre instead of ten pounds, labour low, railway carriage cheap, and everything else in proportion. And again, all those families that used to consume the London grown article, now have their own garden produce sent by railway. They little think, also, that railways and steamboats are continually emptying London on the Sundays, and all other times, by the tens of thousands, to eat the fruits and vegetables of country gardens. That was not the case a few years back. However hard it may be for those near London who are high rented and most severely taxed, yet it is a great and decided change for the general benefit of mankind. Railroads have given one great advantage in the early spring to the London growers. Having the climate in their favour, they send a great deal of their vegetables northwards—as early Potatoes, Peas, French Beans, Cauliflowers, Rhubarb, Melons, Cucumbers, and other finer sorts of fruits and vegetables. The foreign articles do not hurt our markets in the vegetable line, because being grown in a warmer climate, they come in long before we do, and by the time our early Potatoes, Cauliflowers, Peas, French Beans, &c., are in, the foreigners' early crop is over, or at least it would not pay them to contend against us, unless in Cucumbers, and they are bad. As for Dutch Melons, no one of refined taste will eat them. The foreign growers have hurt our fruit trade to an immense degree—such as Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Apricots, &c. As for Dutch Grapes, they look beautiful, but they are tough, and three seasons out of four tasteless. The middle classes in and round London cannot afford themselves Strawberries more than a few times, and that only when a great crop is in full bearing. When a pottle is sold by the cultivators at sixpence, the weight of which is three-quarters of a pound, the grower gets only threepence, and after paying three-farthings for the pottle, and ten pence an acre, with all other expenses, the Strawberry grower is but poorly paid. Much more could be said about the market gardening of London, but the conclusion we must come to is, that it consists in continual dunging, trenching, digging, sowing, hoeing, planting, taking the produce to market, bringing home money and dung, paying for labour, taxes, and breakage. I shall not disregard skill altogether, but dung is the very fountain-head—it is the gold in a half-formed state; and from the immense profits returned, it stimulates to the use of still more manure, till at last the ground is almost a hot-bed. The crops are no sooner planted than they find their food at once, and their growth is rapid and fine. This will explain why a London gardener can get up acres of Turnips where farmers fail. Rotation, no doubt, is good in all crops where the land is poor, but as I have grown Potatoes these ten years upon the same ground, and every year the crop increases, I, for one, care little about rotation.

The market gardeners of London could bring the early produce in much sooner by forming beds, the perpendicular part facing the north, the bed sloping to the south, as I have practised myself years ago in a stiff soil, and light, too; and with the protection of glass over these beds, as recommended in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for Peaches, Apricots, and Nectarines, they might

almost bid defiance to the foreign grower. With the assistance of glass and the slopes together, they would certainly be equal to the gardens round Paris. Without protection of glass we can prolong fruits and vegetables out of doors without any loss, but what is most wanted is early fruits and vegetables at a cheap rate, which can only be effected by some cheap process such as has been recommended above. I am about to publish a pamphlet on twelve of the leading and most useful plants and vegetables. I have proposed an entirely new plan of growing Asparagus and Seakale, and if carried out properly, the million will partake of those most delicious vegetables which at present they never taste.—*Abridged from the Madstone Journal.*

## HAPPY FAMILIES.

"HAPPY FAMILIES," or assemblages of animals of diverse habits and propensities living amicably, or at least quietly, in one cage, are so well known as to need no further description here. Concerning them I have received the following account:—

"I have been three years connected with happy families, living by such connection. These exhibitions were first started at Coventry, sixteen years ago, by a man who was my teacher. He was a stocking-weaver, and a fancier of birds, having a good many in his place: hawks, owls, pigeons, starlings, cats, dogs, mice, guinea-pigs, jackdaws, fowls, ravens, and monkeys. He used to keep them separate and for his own amusement, or would train them for sale, teaching the dogs tricks and such like. He found his animals agree so well together, that he had a notion—and a snake-charmer, an old Indian, used to advise him on the subject—that he could show in public animals and birds, supposed to be one another's enemies and victims, living in quiet together. He did show them in public, beginning with cats, rats, and pigeons in one cage, and then kept adding by degrees all the other creatures I have mentioned. He did very well at Coventry, but I don't know what he took. His way of training the animals is a secret which he has taught to me. It's principally done, however, I may tell you, by continued kindness and petting, and studying the nature of the creatures. Hundreds have tried their hands at happy families and have failed. The cat has killed the mice, the hawks have killed the birds, the dogs the rats, and even the cats, the rats the birds, and even one another; indeed, it was anything but a happy family. By our system we never have a mishap, and have had animals eight or nine years in the cage—until they've died of age, indeed. In our present cage we have fifty-four birds and animals, and of seventeen different kinds; three cats, two dogs (a terrier and a spaniel), two monkeys, two magpies, two jackdaws, two jays, ten starlings (some of them talk), six pigeons, two hawks, two barn fowls, one screech owl, five common-sewer rats, five white rats (a novelty), eight guinea-pigs, two rabbits (one wild and one tame), one hedgehog, and one tortoise. Of all these the rat is the most difficult animal to make a member of a 'happy family.' Among birds, the hawk. The easiest trained animal is a monkey, and the easiest trained bird, a pigeon. They live together in their cages all night, and sleep in a stable unattended by any one. They were once thirty-six hours, as a trial, without food—that was in Cambridge; and no creature was injured, but they were very peckish, especially the birds of prey. I wouldn't allow it to be tried (it was for a scientific gentleman) any longer, and I fed them well to begin upon. There are now in London five happy families, all belonging to two families of men. Mine, that is the one I have the care of, is the strongest, fifty-four creatures; the others will average forty each, or two hundred and fourteen birds and beasts in happy families. Our only regular places now are Waterloo-bridge and the National Gallery. The expense of keeping my fifty-four is twelve shillings, a week; and in a good week—indeed the best week—we take thirty shillings, and in a bad week sometimes not eight shillings. It's only a poor trade, though there are more good weeks than bad; but the weather has so much to do with it. The middle class of society are our best supporters. When the happy family—only one—was first in London, fourteen years ago, the proprietor took one pound a day on Waterloo-bridge, and only showed in the summer. The second happy

family was started eight years ago, and did as well for a short time as the first. Now there are too many happy families. There are none in the country."—*Chronicle.*

**THE MAGIC STOVE.**—M. Soyer has just produced a complete *bijou* cooking apparatus under this title. It is a species of copper with a furnace opening, and a flue passing from this opening near the bottom of one of its sides, through the middle, and up the centre to the top; on this top is placed a frying-pan, stew-pan, saucepan, kettle, or coffee pot. Adjoining the stove or copper is a vessel with two reservoirs for spirits of wine, or any other kind of spirit, one at the bottom, the other at the top. To the bottom reservoir are affixed two burners with their wicks; one of the burners is placed opposite the opening of the flue in the stove, the other burner is under the other reservoir. In connection with the upper reservoir is a tube or blow-pipe, passing from the centre of its apex, down by its side, under it, and opening in the wick that burns at the mouth of the flue. The spirit in the upper reservoir being heated by the burner beneath it, a gaseous vapour is generated, which, rushing out of the blow-pipe, and coming in contact with the burner at the mouth of the flue, is ignited, and passes in a volume of flame through the flue, and fries, stews, or boils whatsoever is placed over it. The whole of the apparatus stands upon a tray about fourteen inches long, and does not stand higher from the table than six inches, and is so certain and cleanly in its operations that a gentleman may cook his steak or chop on his study table; or a lady may have it among her crochet or other work; while it will become an almost indispensable appendage to the breakfast table among those parties who like to have a steak or a chop in the only way in which it should be eaten—hot from the fire. Indeed, this miniature kitchen promises to cause a complete revolution in cooking, and no bachelor's chamber—no travelling bag—no emigrant's kit will be considered complete without it. With regard to cost, it appears that M. Soyer can supply a small box just suited to go under the seat of a carriage, which, in addition to the cooking apparatus, contains dishes, plates, knives and forks, spoons, &c., requisite for supplying dinner to a dozen, for the price of five pounds, that of the cooking apparatus by itself being only one pound fifteen shillings. We may observe that the Admiralty have stamped their seal upon the invention by sending some of the stoves with Captain Austen's expedition.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

**DEPARTURE OF LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—The Prince Albert, the vessel purchased and fitted out by Lady Franklin, in order to proceed by a different route from the other expedition in search of her husband, took her departure from Aberdeen Harbour, on the 5th of June, in the presence of Lady Franklin, and a great number of spectators. She is manned by about twenty picked men, under the command of Commander Forsyth.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NOTICE.**—The Proprietor of LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY has great pleasure in announcing to the subscribers of that Journal that he has made arrangements to present to them, at the trifling charge of ONE PENNY, the beautiful engraving, from the original painting, by Dawe, R. A., in the possession of Mr. E. Lloyd, of "THE MOTHER RESCUING HER CHILD FROM THE EAGLE'S NEST." Observe that the Plate cannot be had without No. 36 of the MISCELLANY. The MISCELLANY can be had without the Plate.

**Lines to a Duck.**—Clever in some respects, but too faulty generally for publication.

**A FATHER.**—We quite agree with A Father regarding the fearful consequences that would result from a spread of what is called Socialism, but we disagree with him in thinking that such a spread of the doctrine is to be expected. The following is from a Paris paper upon the subject:—"In the records of the courts of justice may perhaps be found the best materials for the history of practical Socialism. A non-commissioned officer of the National Guard preferred a complaint yesterday at the police-court in consequence of a visit paid him by one of the most enthusiastic propagators and martyrs of the faith. A young man called at his house and commissioned the servant to say he wished to speak with her master. He was admitted. 'I beg to announce to you,' he said to the National Guard, 'that I am a pure Socialist; and, still more, that I am one of those who were transported for the affair of June (1848). I have received a pardon. I have just returned from the hulks at Brest. I am without resources. I want the neces-

saries of life, and you have no right, as a high authority informs us, to its superfluities. Give me instantly five francs.' The poor National Guard looked at his visitor in dismay. Before he had time to reply, this practical commentator on Socialism, espousing a pair of patent leather boots in the corner of the room, advanced, and took up one of them. 'Why, how is this,' he cried, 'you are a coxcomb; you wear elegant boots. Mem.—Another superfluity; my shoes are rather the worse for wear; you must give me these boots. You are a rich man—house well furnished—come, give me five francs at once, and we are quits.' The bourgeois touched the bell, summoned his servant, and made a sign that the police should be sent for. The Socialist snatched up a knife that was lying on the table, and threatened that, if he were arrested, he would that very minute kill himself. Fearing he would put his threat into execution, the master of the house allowed him to depart. In a quarter of an hour afterwards he received a challenge from his visitor! This new martyr to Socialism, who made no defence, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance of the police. His sad story may well be introduced as a new instance of the prejudices of the age in some new edition of the *Mysteres au Peuple.*"

**MARIANNA C.** is in a dreadful difficulty. About a year ago, her friends—that is to say, her parents—wished her to marry a gentleman to whom she was decidedly averse; but in order to get rid of their and his importunities, she said, that if she did not marry within a year, she would have him. Alas! sir, the year has just about gone by, and nobody else has made the ghost of an offer. The dislike of Marianna C. to the gentleman, has rather increased than in any way diminished, for she thinks it a mean-spirited thing of a man to wait for a girl in such a way, as it was as much as to say, "If I cannot get a better, I will have you." What would the Editor advise Marianna to do?—for her friends are actually making preparations for the wedding.—We think that Marianna owes it both to herself and to her friends to be immediately explicit upon the subject. Not one hour should be lost in stating distinctly her objection to the match, which, upon the fact that she does not like it, is quite sufficient. It is absurdly criminal to try to tease or force any one into so very serious an engagement as matrimony. We think with our correspondent, that the behaviour of the gentleman was anything but dignified, or calculated to induce respect.

**M. M.**—We are at a loss to conceive what our correspondent wants. He says that he is a very unhappy man, and he likes to be so. It is a matter of taste entirely.

**A SISTER.**—We insert the acrostic, as it is dictated by your affection for your deceased sister, Mary—

"Much loved and gently kind was she,  
A flower too fair for earth;  
Removed from here, she blooms above  
Yet with immortal birth."

**POINS.**—Quite unsuitable to our pages.

**A. A. MANCH ESTER.**—We have repeatedly stated that our literary arrangements are quite complete, and, as far as we can judge, will be so for many months to come.

**A READER.**—Yes—to both questions.

**A LOVER OF NATURAL HISTORY.**—You will be much gratified by a visit to the Hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens. With regard to its antecedent history, we may state, that the young animal was captured at the beginning of August, 1849, on the island of Fobayseh, in the White Nile, about 2,000 miles above Cairo; it was supposed to have been recently brought forth, being not much bigger than a new-born calf, but much stouter and lower. The attention of the hunters was attracted to the thick bushes on the river's bank, in which the young animal was concealed, by the attempt of its mortally wounded mother to return to the spot. When discovered, the calf made a rush to the river, and had nearly escaped, owing to the slipperiness of its naked lubricous skin, and was only secured by one of the men striking the boat-hook into its flank; it was then lifted by one of the men into the boat. The cicatrix of the wound is still visible on the middle of its left side; the attendant informed me that the scar was much nearer the haunch when the animal first arrived at Cairo; its relative position has changed with the growth of the body. The young animal, which we may reckon to be ten months old, is now seven feet long and six and a half feet in girth at the middle of the barrel-shaped trunk, which is supported, clear of the ground, on very short and thick legs, each terminated by four spreading hoofs; the innermost is the smallest on the fore-foot; the two middle ones, answering to those which are principally developed in the hog, are the largest in both feet. The hind limb is buried in the skin of the flank nearly to the prominence of the heel. Thick flakes of cuticle are in process of detachment from the sole. There is a well defined white patch behind each foot.

**A QUERY.**—There is some ancient armour in Armourer's Hall, Coleman-street, to which you may get admission by an order from any of the Library.

**A LADY.**—We will make the inquiry for you at our very earliest convenience, and let you know, through the medium of our correspondence. The Catalogue of the London Library of New Books will give you all the information you require upon the second subject mentioned in your note.

**A STUDENT OF THE HALL.**—We would insert the lines to Priscilla O., but as we gave a place to that lady's communication in our columns, we rather shrink from satirising her to the extent that the clever verses of C. W. go. We hope, under these circumstances, upon second thoughts, C. W. will see our position, and excuse us.

**A QUESTION.**—We do not think that there is any specific reward offered by the government for African discoveries, nor would we advise our correspondent to start for that region of the globe upon any speculative idea of a financial character. A correspondent of the "Daily News" gives some interesting details respecting Mr. Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. Mr. Richardson, he says, left Tripoli on the morning of Good Friday for the interior of Africa. "The transport of the boat for navigating the lakes has been a source of great anxiety and immense difficulty. It has to be conveyed a four months' journey over the burning sands of Africa before it reaches Lake Tshad. The admiral at Malta has constructed a beautiful craft, broad in the beam and as light as cork on the water. Mr. Richardson and his German travelling companions proceed first to Mourzouk by the route of Migdal, not yet travelled by Europeans; afterwards from Mourzouk to Ghat, and thence through the country of the Souaniks to Aheer and Ughachy, where, on the frontiers of Soudan, they will await the termination of the rainy season in the tropics, during which all human labour is suspended. This season of fever terminated, Mr. Richardson and Drs. Barker and Overweg will proceed to Kanan and Tukkaton, the principal cities of Soudan and of the Fellatens' empire."

**AN INQUIRY.**—You cannot insure a life unless you have some positive interest in the continuance of that life. We think the Act of Parliament upon that subject is quite explicit, and very properly so. If there were not some such provision, the most shameless gambling in life assurances would take place, and probably the most atrocious crimes.

**A BOY.**—Napha is a solvent for Indian-rubber. It is said, that what is called Vulcanised Indian-rubber will not harden by cold, but we are not aware of that fact by personal experience.

**A KNADER.**—You are deceived. The publication you mention does not contain one-third of the original matter that our MISCELLANY does. This is the only publication of its price in London that presents anything like such a mass of original writing to the public, from professional pens, and which is paid for. A very little comparison will speedily assure you of the fact.

**AN OBSERVER.**—There is much wit and much wisdom in your observations regarding the New Houses of Parliament. Did you expect that in this country such a work could be anything else than a gross job as regards money matters? Private morality in England in business affairs, is at a low enough ebb, but public morality there is none. The following remarks regarding the Fine Art portion of the affair, were made in the House by Sir Benjamin Hall:—"They were now called upon to vote one thousand eight hundred pounds for models of statues. Had hon. members seen the statues? It appeared from the report of the Select Committee on the Fine Arts, that the size of the niches in the House of Lords necessarily restricted the choice of the attitudes; and the committee stated that the character of the statues should be severe and monumental, and, consequently, free from all violence of action. Eighteen statues of the barons and prelates who signed Magna Charta were to be placed in the House of Lords. He (Sir B. Hall) had been very anxious to see what were the productions of art in this country, and he went to the house of a countryman of his own, Mr. Thomas, who resided in Belgrave-place, where he saw several statues in a state of preparation. They were to some extent fine statues, but he could not help observing that all had very narrow shoulders, quite out of keeping with the rest of the figure. He asked Mr. Thomas for an explanation, and his answer was that Mr. Barry had made the niches in the palace so small that the shoulders of the statues had to be unnaturally compressed. (A laugh.) And this was the way in which the fine arts were to be encouraged. (Hear, hear.) Was it not a complete farce, that having called in a man who was supposed to be the first architect in the country, he should so construct his building as completely to destroy the work of the artists? (Hear.) If any member doubted his assertion, let him go to Mr. Thomas's studio, and see how the barons of England were curtailed of their fair proportions."

**BESSY BELL** had a lover who left England to seek his fortune, with which, when he had found it, he was to return and marry Bessy Bell; but two years and a month have now gone by, and not only has he not returned, but Bessy Bell has heard nothing of him or from him. Does the Editor think that, under such circumstances, she is bound to wait for him, assuming that the understanding that she was to do so, was a very complete and perfect one upon his departure?—In cases of this sort, the parties must entirely consult their own feelings. If Bessy Bell has any doubt about waiting, that is sufficiently indicative that she is tired of doing so. The long silence of the lover is one argument for Bessy Bell suiting herself with another, if she should have an eligible chance. Fortunes are not so easily picked up abroad as some people seem to think. It is a common notion with some young men that they have nothing to do but to go abroad and make a fortune, and come home to spend it. Disappointment in his expedition abroad may be the cause of the silence of Bessy Bell's beau.

**AN ADMIRER OF GENIUS.**—We beg to decline the insertion of the long and, we cannot help thinking, laboured panegyric upon Wordsworth. We have not that opinion of him, as a poet, that our correspondent has. The following paragraph, which we copy from a weekly print, conveys the information you require:—"Wordsworth has been buried at Grasmere. The funeral was intended to be as private as possible, but many persons assembled. There was a long procession

of carriages and horsemen, and the church was filled with ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, attired in deep mourning. Wordsworth has left a poem descriptive of his life, reflections, and opinions, with directions that it should be published after his decease, together with such biographical notices as may be requisite to illustrate his writings, under the editorial care of his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., canon of Westminster, whom he has appointed his literary executor. The poem, most of Wordsworth's admirers will remember, is more than once referred to, and quoted from, in his published works, under the name of 'The Recluse,' of which as the poet himself tells us, 'The Excursion,' is a part.'

**A SCOT.**—We cannot attempt to decide the intricate point of personal history involved in the accusations against Mary Queen of Scots. There has been such a host of statements and counter-statements, that we must beg our correspondent to draw his own conclusions from all the information he can collect. With regard to the inquiry concerning the Castle of Edinburgh, we can be more explicit.—The origin of both Castle and Tower are involved in much obscurity; and the earlier names bestowed on the former—such as "the Castle of St. Agnes," "the Winged Fort," "the Maiden Castle," or "Castellum Puellarum"—have given rise to many fanciful traditions. The Castle, however, although within a mile of the military causeway, seems never to have been a Roman station; and it has been thought that it was most probably occupied by one of the Pictish tribes as a *dun* or fort. "The most ancient name that can be traced for this fortress is May-dyn;" and hence doubtless the tradition that it was a castle where the maidens of royal birth were lodged, and the story quoted by Leland how seven wicked knights dwell there, who "devoured all the fair maidens they could lay hands upon." Authentic history, however, represents the celebrated Edwin, king of Northumbria, as residing here, and bestowing on the place the title of "Edwin's-burgh"—it is very probable, therefore, that the fortress owes its origin to him. Little is known either of Edinburgh or of its fortress from this period until the reign of Malcolm the Third, a monarch who has obtained some celebrity as the father of our "good Queen Maude," and the husband of St. Margaret. Here Margaret resided many years, and here she died. "In the Castle she built a little oratory on the summit. It still remains within the citadel, measuring about twenty-six feet long by ten, and is spanned by a finely ornamented Norman arch, springing from massive capitals, and covered with zig-zag moldings." Succeeding Scottish monarchs made Edinburgh their occasional residence, and gradually habitations clustered around the protecting Castle. It was here in 1292 that Edward the First received the oath of fealty as lord paramount of Scotland; and subsequently, being retaken by Bruce, it was dismantled. During the fourteenth century the Castle of Edinburgh passed through many vicissitudes; and in 1385 the whole population of the city did not exceed 2,000! But during the following century, Edinburgh having become the capital of the kingdom, the Castle was chosen as the residence of the Scottish monarchs. Here the young Earl Douglas and his brother were murdered, though under form of law;—here James the Third was imprisoned;—here Margaret the daughter of Henry the Seventh was married;—and here, after the disastrous battle of Flodden, she kept her son, the infant King, in defiance of the Regent and the Parliament. It was here, too, that the beautiful Lady Glamis, whose horrible fate still dwells on the popular mind in Scotland, was imprisoned, and hence she was led forth to be burnt for "witchcraft." In 1542 Edinburgh was besieged by the Earl of Hereford, but the Castle remained impregnable. On the return of Mary from France she resided frequently in the Castle, and here James was born.

**A YOUNG FLORIST.**—Yes: you will be much gratified by a visit to the Chiswick Horticultural Gardens. You may get a card of admission from a subscriber, if you know one. The hours are from nine till six.

**A YOUTH.**—If you can get a respectable living in England, we strongly advise you there to remain, and not trouble California. We do not believe one-half of what is stated concerning the mineral wealth of that region. But if you are intent upon gold-hunting, there are mines all over the world. A correspondent furnishes the following useful information respecting some of the most important mines of Mexico:—"The celebrated mining district of Guanajuato has yielded more during the past year than at any other time. There had been coined, up to December last, upwards of twelve millions in silver, and about seven hundred thousand dollars in gold. The mines yield from nine to fifteen per cent. of gold. They are managed by an Anglo-Mexican Company. Most of the mines are owned by parties who sell out the ores to speculators, who buy up and sell out again; some making a good profit, and others barely saving themselves. The annual receipts at the mine of Santa Lucia have been two millions four hundred thousand dollars from the sale of ores. It is owned mainly by the Godoy family, and each party, for some length of time, averaged seventeen thousand four hundred dollars per month as his share of the profits. The next in importance is the celebrated La Luz Mine, owned by several companies, but lately under litigation, wherein Mr. Mackintosh claimed the whole. The difficulties growing out of this claim formed the groundwork of the run upon the house of Manning and Mackintosh. This house, however, was far too strong to be shaken in this manner, and a slight temporary embarrassment was the only consequence."

**A FRIEND.**—There is free admission to the Deptford

Dockyard between the hours of ten and three daily. You will find it well worth a visit.

**A LADY.**—We cannot give you the instruction you require concerning the plant you mention. You will, however, be able to procure brief directions from any seedsman and florist, and no doubt full information in any work on floriculture. Many of the sages are cultivated for ornament, on account of the pretty flowers they produce. The following are some of the hand-some:—The apple-bearing has blue flowers. The two-coloured, a native of Barbary, blue and white flowers. The Indian, the same, blowing from May to July. The Nubian and Mexican, blue flowers, from May to July. The flugid, shining-leaved, and scarlet-flowered, severally from Mexico, Peru, and East Florida, have beautiful scarlet flowers, blowing most part of the summer. The gold-coloured, from the Cape, has silver leaves and golden flowers, blowing from May to November. *Salvia involucrata*, from Mexico, produces an abundance of rose-coloured blossoms.

**LAURA (Hampton).**—Laura would like to know from the Editor whether the following letter, which she has just received from a gentleman in India, is to be construed into such a promise of marriage as Laura ought to place sufficient reliance upon to induce her to refuse other offers.—Calcutta, February 20. MY DEAR LAURA, You will be glad to hear that I am in health, and I sincerely hope that, for my sake, you take the greatest care of your constitution. I hope to be in old England again before very long, and if I do not then become the husband of the prettiest girl in all the world, I shall be one of the most miserable of men. Pray disregard all flatterers, and in the hope of great happiness, I am, my dear Laura, yours very truly for ever and ever—C. D.—We do not advise Laura to wait for C. D. upon the strength of such a letter. It certainly is not a promise of marriage, as C. D. may keep the word of promise to the ear by being one of the most miserable of men, and cheat it to the paper by not marrying Laura. There are bright eyes in India that may prove too powerful a lure for C. D., and so we advise Laura not to refuse a good offer.

**A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.**—We will procure you the information you require, but we are not sure that we shall have time to do so by our next publication.

**CHRONUS.**—There is some elegance in the verses, but we cannot spare space for twelve stanzas.

**A YOUTH.**—You will easily procure all the information you require concerning the fees, &c., of the London University classes by a personal application in Gower Street. Why trouble us to go there when you can do so yourself?

**A LITTLE SCIENCE.**—How can you expect your barometer to indicate correctly when you carefully exclude it from atmospheric influence, by keeping it—as you say you do—in a warm corner, close to a good fire?

**A. A. A.**—Certainly not. We have had frequent occasion to give the negative to the same inquiry.

**MINNETTE** has received the following epistle from a gentleman, whom she, to the best of her knowledge and belief, never saw in her life. She would be very much obliged to the Editor if he would just look it over and give his opinion upon it.—"To Miss. M. A.—Being a perfect stranger to you in the common acceptance of the term—yet he feels that he is not a real stranger, for often and often as he has seen you, he has in his heart esteemed you as the best and the truest of friends. If you will name any place and hour of meeting, it shall be attended to. Pray address a line in answer to this, to C. C., at the post-office, Kentish Town."—We are surprised how any young lady, let her be ever so inexperienced, should think it worth while to ask our advice upon such a note. Is she not herself competent to the task of throwing it into the fire? It deserves no better fate at her hands. Neither in taste, style, or composition, is it the note of a gentleman.

**THE FAIR, B. A.**—Declined with thanks. Send the verses direct to the fair, B. A. That is the best way with complimentary verses to individuals. We cannot be the vehicle.

**THOMAS TILY.**—There is an old proverb which says, that "to every Jack there is a Gill," and we see no reason why it should not hold good in your case. Do not despair; you will some day, when you least expect it, find that you have made an impression upon some maiden's heart.

**IDA EMMESON** is respectfully informed, that there is no opening at present on LLOYD'S MISCELLANY, as all the literary arrangements for some time to come are completed.

**A YOUTH.**—The subscription to the London Mechanics' Institution is six shillings per quarter. You will get every information from Mr. Farlane, the secretary, who is a very obliging and talented gentleman. With respect to the inquiry at the conclusion of your letter, the library of the clerks of the Bank of England is making progress. The reading room is preparing. It is hoped that one or two months may see the library open for circulation with six thousand volumes.—A large public library is to be established in the centre of a crowded district in Manchester. A large number of firms have subscribed one hundred pounds each; and Sir Oswald Mosley, formerly the lord of the manor of Manchester, and owner of the land, is desirous to further the object. The Hall of Science, erected ten years ago by the Socialists, will be purchased for the purpose. The library will be a "lending" one.

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[THE DUKE IN HORTON'S POWER AT GORE HOUSE AFTER THE AFFRAY WITH THE EARL OF CARLTON.]

## THE DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

HORTON HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

On the morning following the little affair in which the Earl of Carlton was concerned in at Pangbourne House, the following announcement was made in the official organ of the Whig Ministry :

"We regret to state, that in consequence of too arduous an attention to his parliamentary and official duties during the session, the health of the Premier is considerably impaired, so that his medical advisers have insisted upon some ten or twelve days' exclusion from the course of official business. It is understood that the noble Lord will spend that period of time at the family seat of Crocket Hall, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the temporary retirement may be as beneficial as his Lordship's eminent friends may desire."

One of the opposition papers printed the following :

"We confess that we are not surprised ; but the fact is, and we have it from a source that may be relied upon, that Lord Carlton, feeling acutely at last—for even the skin of the rhinoceros may be pierced—his political tergiversations, has become impaired in intellect, and by the advice of the physicians, is taken by his friends into the country."

However, Lord Carlton disappeared for a little time, and did go down to his seat of Crocket Hall, where an eminent surgeon was in daily attendance upon him. It is to be hoped that in the leisure

that he there had, he repented a little of his many iniquities, political and social. It was a wonder that, even with the aid of the footman who was waiting for his Lordship in the garden of Pangbourne House, he could contrive to leave the premises at all ; but, perhaps, that may be in some measure accounted for by his Lordship's head being rather thicker than ordinary. We now return to Horton, who had left Gore House with an intention, late as the hour was, of calling upon Lady Alpine.

Her Ladyship rather expected him than not, although he had not said positively that he would be with her. The promise was only a conditional one ; for, as Horton had made up his mind to the carrying out of the idea of getting possession of Marianna, he could not very well say how long that affair might take him, as some very unexpected obstacles might, for all he knew to the contrary, interpose in the way.

As it happened, however, and as the reader has seen, he did not experience any difficulty. The vanity of Miss Juke, and the affection of Marianna, had aided him completely. Horton was, therefore, ready to go to Lady Alpine's earlier than he had promised. He had been now sufficiently often to Burlington Street to be well known as what is called, in fashionable slang, an *habitué* of the Countess's ; so that he was always admitted now to the reception-room without a word, and his card taken to her Ladyship.

Horton felt rather tired, and flung himself upon a sofa that was in the room, with quite the air of a man who was at home ; and even when her Ladyship appeared, he merely rose for a moment, and then resumed his lounging attitude.

Lady Alpine was rather curious to see Horton,

for she was aware that he meditated the abduction of Marianna from the school, and she was to the full as anxious for the success of that little plan of operations as he, for she felt that the whole jealousy, if it might be called such, of the Duchess, turned upon the critical point concerning who Marianna was.

There was nothing that her Ladyship of Alpine so much dreaded, as the death-blow to all her schemes, as the reconciliation, upon good grounds, and with a full explanation, of the Duke and the Duchess. To be sure, Horton had let her know that there was a something that gave him a command over the Duke ; but he was much too wily to tell her exactly what it meant, and she had tried in vain to worm that secret from him.

However, no two people could be more agreed in what they were about than Lady Alpine and Horton, and in some respects, too, their feelings were the same. They both expected that they would make money by the transaction. They both had revenges to gratify in carrying it out.

The Countess was anxious to earn the one thousand pounds that Lord Carlton had promised her, and which, no doubt, came out of the secret service money at the disposal of the Minister ; and Horton thought that if anything very serious happened to the Duke, that his title to the High Knoll Estate would never, for a moment, be questioned.

Then, again, as regarded her Ladyship's revenges, she had been so enraged with the Duke, of Pangbourne, in consequence of what he had said to her at St. James's Palace, that she was ready and willing to do anything that would contribute to the ruin of his happiness, by the destruction of his domestic peace. Towards the Duchess, too, Lady Alpine had that kind of hatred which such a woman

generally conceives against those who are what she has long ceased to be—virtuous; and, besides, Clara had herself, although quite unconsciously, said several things that had cut the Countess to the heart, if she had such an article; so that, take the affair for all in all, Lady Alpine did hate the Duchess with a complete and cordial hatred.

Of the feeling of Horton towards Clara, it is needless to speak. Her contemptuous rejection of his advances had roused every bad passion of his nature, and his sole desire was her destruction. What he panted for, was to see her placed, as far as regards public opinion, and the opinion of the Duke, in precisely the same situation that she would have been, or deserved to be, had she yielded to his solicitations.

That was the sort of revenge that Horton pictured to himself as the only kind that would be to him intensely gratifying.

Thus, then, were these two people fully engaged, from the impulses of the very worst feelings of their natures, in promoting the unhappiness and the discomfiture of others as superior to them in all that constitutes real greatness as angels are to fiends.

Her Ladyship of Alpine fully expected to hear of the success of Horton in getting Marianna from the school, for the unblushing and cool effrontery of the man had impressed Lady Alpine with a very high idea of his abilities.

"Well, Mr. Horton," she said, "you are, as usual, a conqueror. You have come to tell me that you have succeeded?"

"I have succeeded," he replied. "I could have sworn as much," she said; "and I, too, have not been, by any means, idle."

There was a look of glittering triumph about her Ladyship's face, which convinced Horton that she had been about something that was rather out of the usual routine even of her bold and intriguing existence. He would not, though, let her see that he was as anxious to know what it was, as he really felt. Merely elevating his eyebrows for a moment, he said—

"Really, Lady Alpine, I am afraid you are precipitate."

"Perhaps I am," she replied. "I confess to taking bold measures."

"So do I, when they are safe."

"Do not talk to me of safety," she said. "What is done is done. You might have trembled to do it—you might have calculated, and so lost the opportunity; but I tell you, Horton, that this night brings affairs, I think, to a tolerable crisis."

"A tolerable crisis?"

"Exactly so. The Earl was impatient."

"Well?"

"And so I bethought me of a plan that would enable him to try his fortune fully, and at once put a stop to any further trouble in the matter upon my part, inasmuch as he must be successful to the extent of his hopes, or he must so utterly fail, that even he will give up the affair for ever, and admit that I have done all that can be done."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed. I can very well perceive that you do not like this hasty proceeding; but as I do, that makes all the difference."

"Oh, all!" said Horton.

"I am glad to find you reasonable, and, as such is the case, I will tell you exactly how affairs are arranged at Pangbourne House."

"I shall be very much obliged."

The tone of mock civility in which Horton spoke, was by no means lost upon Lady Alpine; but she was determined that she would not let that discompose her. She had no desire to quarrel with Horton, although, perhaps, it would be saying too much to assert that she had any dread of him.

"If," she said, "his Lordship had been quite content to await the development of circumstances, and to trust to time, I might have done as well, if not better, for him; but he was impatient, as I tell you, so I arranged differently. By the connivance of a domestic, I have got the Earl concealed in the house, and in such a place that access to the chamber of the Duchess may easily be obtained."

Lady Alpine did not blush while she made the statement.

"Oh!" said Horton.

"Yes," she added. "I pointed out to his Lordship exactly the chances and the risks of the affair; but he agreed to go, and he was certainly the more willing, inasmuch as he considers that his retreat is tolerably secure, at any rate."

"That is something."

"It is everything. I shall wait to-morrow morning with some impatience, to see the Earl or to hear from him."

"So shall I."

"But—you do not communicate with him?"

"Certainly not; but I shall do myself the honour of calling here for information, where I presume it will be as early as anywhere."

"It will be nowhere else."

"Nay, I do not know that."

"You speak in riddles, Mr. Horton. What do you mean? Have you any apprehensions—any information which alters the state of affairs? If so, pray tell me at once."

"I have no apprehensions."

"Well, that is something."

"Because I have no particular cares one way or the other. I have no particular information; but it does strike me as just possible that the Duke may take umbrage at the Earl's presence in his house, and that, then, there might be a change of ministry."

"A change of ministry?"

"Yes. If the Premier should not be forthcoming, it may possibly induce a break up of the Cabinet, I think."

"But how could Carlton be not forthcoming? You don't mean to tell me that the Duke of Pangbourne would murder him? You don't mean to say that, Mr. Horton?"

Horton shrugged his shoulders.

"If I had a wife—which, thank Heaven, I certainly have not—and if I found any one in her chamber, or near it, I rather think I should not be very particular about the consequences of a random blow or two. The Duke of Pangbourne is an angry man."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Lady Alpine. "Folks don't do those things in these days. People go to law, now, about such little matters, and appeal to Lord Brougham."

"That may be the wisest, the coolest, and the most discreet course. It remains to be seen whether or not the Earl of Carlton will find the Duke of Pangbourne willing to be so polite."

"Then the result of all this is, Mr. Horton, that you disapprove of all that has been done? I am always glad of your advice, as you well know, because I know you are a man of singular ability; and I beg you will be so good as to drop all bantering, and speak to me rationally."

"I will."

"I thank you. Now, Mr. Horton, what do you think of this bold step that the Earl has taken?"

"I think, Lady Alpine, that it is full of mischief. I feel quite assured that it will end disastrously to the Earl. Clara, the Duchess of Pangbourne, is not a woman to be trifled with, nor is the Duke a man who is likely, quietly, to put up with a well-ascertained stain upon his honour. From the first I knew that the Earl had no chance, and our only policy was to make the Duchess seem to be the guilty woman that she was not. This at once brings affairs to a climax, by opening her eyes to the fact that Carlton is as unscrupulous as he is vicious, and so the whole plot is at an end."

"I cannot wholly agree with you, Horton."

Horton bowed slightly.

"I think that, as regards the reputation of the Duchess—which, with us, is a matter of more importance than the success of the Earl—that all will be done that can be wished by either of us. There will, or there will not, be a disturbance in the house. If there be not, why then she yields—if there be, the servants get hold of the fact that the Earl of Carlton was in her bed-room, and the scandal will spread from one end of the kingdom to the other, with such additions and colourings as people love to append to such stories, and she is utterly lost."

"That would suffice, if she could be made to feel it herself, and if the Duke could be made to think that Carlton was there with her concurrence. A riot and disturbance puts an end at once to any idea that he was there with the concurrence of the Duchess. The object was to make her seem guilty. For him I cared nothing."

"You reason well, Horton; but yet listen to me. The Duke may find Carlton there, and then it will be no easy matter for the Duchess, let her affect what indignation she may, to convince him that she knew it not."

"That is a hope."

Horton rose as he spoke. It was quite evident that he was chagrined at the bold step that her Ladyship had taken, without consulting him. But she was well pleased at the idea that by having taken so bold a step, and brought affairs to such

a crisis, she should free herself from Horton's acquaintance, which had been forced upon her in so very strange and unprecedented a manner.

Lady Alpine had been far too long now dependant upon her own exertions to wish to share either the profits or the secrets of her trade with another.

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Horton," she said, "to let you know to-morrow how the Earl sped in his affair of to-night."

"I shall avail myself of your kind information," said Horton. "Good evening, Lady Alpine."

The moment he got into the street he stamped upon the pavement, and muttered a malediction upon the head of the Countess. That, however, was only the first ebullition of his rage, and as is commonly the case with one of his temperament, he then became preternaturally calm and collected. He walked at a rapid pace towards Pangbourne House.

"She has ruined all," he said. "Completely ruined all, now. Of course this mad scheme will never succeed. The plan should have been to betray the Duchess into going to the Earl, and not to take the Earl to the house of the Duchess, whither she can say she invited him not. This Lady Alpine has played a double game with me, after all. Well, perhaps she may be the loser by it. Who knows?"

At the pace Horton went, he was soon in the park facing Pangbourne House. There was a seat there, with some young trees about it, which partially shadowed it. There he sat, gazing upon the house, that to him was an aggravation to look at.

A crowd of dark and angry passions came over the heart of Horton as he there sat, and he began to dread that, after all, he might fail in the guilty course he had undertaken. A faint idea began to gleam even across his mind that he might have done better.

The park was very still at that time, and the rain that had fallen some time before had imparted to the young grass a sweet freshness. Clouds were careering across the sky, and only here and there some little star peeped out for a few brief moments upon the earth, until a veil of vapour again hid its sweet, twinkling face.

Horton shuddered.

It seemed, to him, as if some audible voice had said, as he there sat, "Charles Horton, what will be the end of all this?"

The question was certainly a very suggestive one, and one that he might well shudder to have put to his imagination. With his eyes still fixed upon Pangbourne House, although it was doubtful if he saw it then, he spoke in a low tone—

"Well, what will it all end in? My triumph! Triumph? And what is that? I shall be richer than I am, may be, and I shall be still more isolated than I am; but then, he is wise who isolates himself from the cares, and the friendships, and the affections of the world. I can sit here and say, truly, that I can hear nothing of any human being that will cost me a pang. I care for no one. That is a great thing, for the more a man wraps himself up in self, surely, the happier he will be. What have I to regret? Am I not pursuing my course of making money by the follies, and the foibles, and the errors of human nature? I am; and am I not yet young enough to have before me many years in which I can enjoy what I so make? I would fain think so. Away, then, with this melancholy mood. I will not nourish it. It is born of some triviality in the way of sickness, and vanishes again as quickly as it came. I will not now retreat from the circumstances in which I have placed myself. There are those in the world who call me a villain! Let them, then, beware of the character that they so liberally give me. Oh, foolish world! If you would extract the last drop of goodness from a man, swear to him that he possesses it. If you would waken in the breast of the most obdurate thief a sentiment of honesty, praise him for probity, and lo! it is yours. But the vast majority of braver spirits will be that which you repute them."

Horton had risen, and was pacing to and fro upon the green sward opposite to the little park seat. He had quite forgotten that his object was to keep an eye upon Pangbourne House; but suddenly recollecting that he had such an object, he paused, and confronted the tall building.

"Yes!" he said. "There dwells the poor wretch who one day wanted bread, and yet had some moments of happiness, and who now is a Duke and has none. Ha, ha!"

Horton was rather pleased with this conceit. It was something in his cynical line, and he flung him

self upon the little seat again, and chuckled to himself over it.

A clock chimed the four quarters somewhere in the neighbourhood, and Horton glanced at his watch.

"Twelve!" he said, and then he listened to the sounds as they came slowly and solemnly upon the night air. "Twelve! Well! I will yet give an hour or two to the affairs of Pangbourne House; for something seems to whisper to me that this is my place, and that there will things happen to-night by which I may favor my designs."

The night air was getting very chilly; and, besides, it was loaded with aqueous particles, so that to continue sitting upon the park seat would soon have had a benumbing effect upon the faculties of Horton. He rose and paced to and fro like a sentinel on duty. But yet he felt tired, for the fact was, he had walked very rapidly from Lady Alpine's, and then he sat long enough for a thorough reaction to take place, and he felt now and then a shivering sensation stealing over him.

There was nothing in all the world that Horton so much dreaded as sickness. If he should be laid up by illness, he felt that he should be lost, indeed, and that all his fine-drawn schemes would end in utter discomfiture; for the more elaborate and exquisitely arranged these schemes were, the more they required the master spirit that had got them up to keep them in motion, and to elaborate them according to circumstances, as they might arise and demand changes in them.

"This is the commencement of what the learned call fever," said Horton, "but it may be baffled yet."

He knew that violent exercise, so as to produce a reaction again of the system, might save him from the cold that was beginning to lay hold of him; and so, with his walking cane, he went for the next ten minutes through the most violent assault in fencing that could be imagined; and fancying a foe before him, he stamped, and retreated, and advanced, and lounded, and parried, until all his blood was in a glow, and he felt that into each petty artery he had, as it were, pumped the fluid of life in a full gush.

Panting and somewhat exhausted, he paused.

"That should do it," he said.

He felt, however, that this excitement of the system must be kept up, and he did not, therefore, suffer himself to be still a moment, but only very gradually cooled himself down while taking exercise. All this took up some time, and the clocks struck one.

All was yet still in Pangbourne House; and a faint idea began to shoot across the mind of Horton, that after all, although Lady Alpine might have planned the concealment of the Earl of Carlton in Pangbourne House, yet that the Earl's courage might have failed him, and he might have backed out of so perilous and desperate an adventure.

This idea rather grew upon Horton, and it is very probable that he would have soon given up the enterprise, had not a circumstance occurred that he considered amply rewarded him for waiting. What that circumstance was, we will detail in another chapter.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### HORTON GIVES VERY INSIDIOUS ADVICE TO THE DUKE.

It was just a moment or two over the half hour past one when Horton saw the front door of Pangbourne House opened, and a man darted down the steps into Park Lane.

It was, certainly, too dark for Horton to take upon himself to say who the man was; but from the manner of the person, it was quite clear that he was not in a very calm or agreeable state of mind. That it specially behoved him, Horton, however, to find out who it was, he felt acutely, and he was upon the point of making a rush across the roadway for that purpose, when the person who had dashed out of the house so precipitately, suddenly turned, and hastened towards the park.

Horton drew back directly.

"It is done—it is done!" he heard a voice say. He knew that voice in a moment—he had heard it in every variety of tone of which it was susceptible. It was the Duke of Pangbourne himself, and he was coming directly across the carriage-way to the spot where Horton was waiting, and had been waiting so long.

That something very serious had happened within Pangbourne House, Horton concluded in a moment,

and he felt the greatest anxiety to know what it was.

The Duke sprang over the railing that shielded the park from the roadway, and was dashing forward, when Horton rushed up to him, crying—

"Hold, my lord Duke, hold! It is I, Horton."

The Duke reeled back as though he had been shot.

"God, I knew it!" he cried. "How could there be blood spilt, and this man not near at hand? Oh, fiend, fiend! you have now another triumph. These hands are redder than they were before."

"For God's sake, Herbert," cried Horton, "speak rationally. You miscall me, much. I will do what I can for you—I am your friend—I wish to be such if you will let me. It was mere chance brought me to the spot, I assure you, upon my honour."

"Chance—chance!" said the Duke. "His honour!"

"Nay, hear me. If anything has happened to you, how in the name of all that is diabolical could I know it?"

"Diabolical!" said the Duke. "Oh, that is better. Yes, Horton. That is your proper oath. Let me go. Stand from my path. I am dangerous."

"Nay, but you are agitated, and you want a friend. You want some one, your Grace, to stand between you, now, and your own feelings. I am the only one who will, and who can do so. I implore you to tell me what has thus agitated you?"

"Oh, yes—yes. How could you know it? I will tell you, Horton, for, as you say, I have no one left to cling to, now, but you."

"Precisely. Now you speak sensibly and rationally. What has happened that you came out of your house with such precipitation?"

"Don't you know?"

"How can I?"

"Have you no familiar—no bad spirits under your control, who can whisper it to you?"

"Now you rave again."

The Duke pressed both his hands upon his brow for a moment, and then he said—

"Why, so I do—so I do. I will tell you, Horton. The Earl of Carlton is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. 'Tis but another, you know, and in good time all the world will know that there are spots of blood upon my soul already. He is dead—dead."

"But, good Heaven, your Grace, how did it come about?"

"Oh, easily. I found him in Clara's chamber, and I shot him. That is all—that is all."

Horton was positively staggered. He certainly was not prepared for such a communication as that. A fracas between the Duke and the Earl he certainly had looked forward to in the natural order of probable events; but that there should be the change in the ministry that he had hinted at to Lady Alpine so quickly, he had not expected. It came upon him quite as a stunning piece of news.

"And—and the Duchess?" gasped Horton.

"What of the Duchess, your Grace?"

"I know not."

The mournful shake of the head of the Duke sufficiently convinced Horton that in some inexplicably fortunate way, for her, she had escaped, although how she could manage to do so, under such circumstances, was, at the moment, beyond his imagination to conceive. One thing, however, he felt assured of, and that was, that no explanation had taken place between the Duke and the Duchess. Yet Horton was willing to be doubly sure upon such a point, and he said—

"You astound me! How could the Earl of Carlton be in Pangbourne House at such an hour?"

"Oh, sir," said the Duke, with a mournful irony, "the Duchess is fair, and there is a street-door and a staircase, sir. That explains all."

"Well," said Horton, "there is one thing connected with this affair which is so far fortunate, and that is, your meeting with me. Heaven only knows how the unlucky piece of business may terminate, and it will be highly desirable that in the first flush of it you get out of the way. From this moment, I will devote my whole time and attention to you. What do you propose to do?"

"Oh, Horton, I know not. I suppose I had some vague thought of flight. Clara! Clara! has it come to this?"

"Can you yet think her guilty?"

"It is past a thought. The man was there. She and I will never meet again. Oh, God! I thank Thee that we did not meet to-night. But yet she will destroy me."

"Destroy you?"

"Yes, Horton. Whether through you, or through others, I know not, and it matters not—but she does know of—the murder on the bridge, for she has all but threatened me with its consequences—why do I say all but?—she has threatened me, Horton. I may have babbled it in my dreams, for all I know; but she has it in her bosom as a damning fact against me, and she will use it, now."

"Oh, monstrous!"

"She will. I say, she will."

"What, a wife condemn her husband! And yet women, when their illicit passions are interfered with, do change their natures, so that we may not know them. It is possible that the death of this man, who seems by some strange necromancy to have attracted the favourable regards of the Duchess, may tempt her to some act against you. Truly, it passes everything that could be called strange, to think what she could see in him."

"Yes, Horton, as the monarch delineator of human passion has said—'We can call these delicate creatures ours, but not their appetites.'"

"It is true," said Horton.

"Yes—oh, yes; and even now I must pity while I condemn. Oh, what fiend can have possessed Clara to look upon that man, of all others, with eyes of preference?"

"What, indeed!" said Horton. "It only shows that it must have been because he alone had the audacity to woo her. My poor friend, you never could have comprehended the real character of the woman whom you thought such a paragon of virtue."

"No more—no more! If I think further, it will drive me mad; and above all things, Horton, you must not recur to the past."

"As you please. But whither would you go?"

"To the Continent. From there I will dictate such terms to the Duchess as will separate us for ever."

"Nay, your Grace, let me advise you. No doubt you will admit that I am much better able in cool blood to come to a correct conclusion upon this business than you are. Go to the South Coast, and there remain in obscurity and incognito, until you hear further from me. I will remain in London, and devoting myself wholly to your service, I will bring you or send you such intelligence as may facilitate your movements; but do not as yet leave the country."

"As you will—as you will. Do with me what you will. I am in truth not fit to act for myself."

"Courage—courage. All this will end well; and after all, when you come to think, you cannot call the death of the Earl of Carlton a murder."

"Oh, forbear that word!"

"I will, if it be displeasing to you; but you will clearly comprehend that you had a right to take his life, finding him where you did; and even the law will hardly take cognisance of such an act, so sacred is considered the conservation of a man's honour."

"I care not—I care not."

"Come with me, and I will equip you for your journey. There are many little things that require to be done, that you, in your present frame of mind, cannot think of. Come with me at once, and I will act for you. You shall start by daybreak, and all will be well."

"Oh, no, no, not well!"

"You take this affair too much to heart. Ah, there seems to be some sort of alarm in Pangbourne House! Lights are flashing to and fro, and the domestics are evidently astir."

"They know it—they know it!" said the Duke.

"They now know that death is in the house—they know that I have stricken down the man who came to violate the sanctity of a wife's honour. Why should I shrink from the deed?—I will avow it!"

"Avow it?"

"Yes. Some spirit of base fear has possessed me; but I have battled with it, and am the victor. In the face of all the world, I will hold by the deed, and who shall rise up in defence of the man whom I found in the chamber of the Duchess?"

"You forget."

"What do I forget?"

"That not of the death of the Earl of Carlton, will the Duchess accuse you—she would find it, perchance, difficult to substantiate such a charge with effect; but she would proclaim the other little deed of blood, for which no one would rise up in your defence. It is that, sir, you have to dread."

"Oh, God, yes. For a moment—only for a moment, in truth, I had forgotten!"

"So I thought. The confusion in your mansion increases. Every window is a blaze of light. Now the door opens, and men come hurriedly forth. Come with me, if you would not court a fate you have now for so long avoided."

"Yes, yes. Let me flee."

"This way—this way! Follow me across the park, to Kensington; I will there conceal you. You know the house in which once before you and I had a pleasant little interview—Gore House it is called. Come there, and you will be safe until I can find the means by which you can leave London."

"Yes, yes—anything, anything! I do not wish to die yet, and I should have to die by my own hand, if taken and accused of what Clara can accuse me. I would not—could not live to be the holiday show of the multitude. I must die; but rather would I, myself, strike the blow—and that would be the third murder in the sight of Heaven."

"Pho—pho! Courage—courage."

"I am human."

"You should strive to be more. Come on; I prophecy that, even yet, all this will end well. Are you sure the Earl is no more?"

"I saw him fall—I heard the groan that came from his lips when he did so fall. If ever mortal man was shot, he is."

"This way, then—quick."

During the latter part of this strange dialogue, Horton had hurried the Duke across the park towards Kensington. The only thing the villain could think of was to hide him in Gore House until he had fully ascertained the particulars concerning the fate of the Earl of Carlton, and considered with himself the case, in all its bearings, and made up his mind what it would be the best for his own interest to do.

Poor Herbert now was as a child in the hands of Charles Horton, and submitted to be led to Gore House without a word of inquiry or expostulation as to what he was to do when he got there.

The distance was so very inconsiderable, that Horton and the Duke were soon at the door of the old mansion. Horton let himself in with the master-key that he always had about him; and then, in a low tone of voice, he said to the Duke—

"Come in. There is no occasion to tread loudly, or for us to speak much above our breaths; for there is one other person in this house besides ourselves. Nay, do not shrink back. All is safe. That person is a confined invalid—an old friend of mine, whom I do not like to desert in the decay of his fortune, and he never leaves the room which I have resigned to his use; but, as I say, we will speak low, because it is just as well that there should be positively no evidence of your being here, or of your ever having been."

"Certainly," said the Duke, scarcely listening to, or comprehending the meaning of Horton. "I will be very still."

"That is right. Place your hand upon my arm, and follow me closely. I know every nook and corner of this place as well in the dark as in the light; but I will provide you with the means of seeing about you. Walk after me, with confidence. There are no steps."

"I will! I will!"

Horton led the way for some distance along the ground-floor of the house: he opened several doors, and closed them again carefully behind him. At length he said—

"Stop! We are in a room in which you will be comfortable enough during your brief stay here. I will get a light."

"Oh, yes! A light! a light! The darkness to me now, is beginning to be full of horrors."

"You must repress such imaginative feelings; they will do you a world of harm. There now—we shall be able to see about us, your Grace."

Horton lit a match, and then ignited a lamp that was upon a sideboard. In the course of a few moments a mellow yellow light pervaded the apartment, and the Duke was able to see where he was.

That was one of the most elegant apartments in Gore House to which Horton had conducted the Duke of Pangbourne. He wished, while the Duke did remain under that roof, that he should be rendered as calm and as comfortable as possible, so that no extravagant idea of leaving the place should take possession of him. Above all, too, Horton wished, if possible, to give him some occupation while he remained.

"Now, your Grace," he said, "let me assure you that you are perfectly safe here, and that I will bring you the most authentic intelligence of what has taken place at Pangbourne House, without which

it will not be possible for you to come to any correct conclusion as to what you ought to do. You will find books here in abundance. The light will, no doubt, be sufficient, and I will return to you before daybreak with my budget of intelligence."

"Horton," said the Duke, "Heaven knows that I have judged you harshly, and Heaven knows that I have had cause to do so; but if you treat me freely and honestly now, I will forget the past, or if I do not quite forget it, I will only remember it to fancy that it has been a hideous dream."

"Let it be so," said Horton: "and there is one thing which, as a piece of philosophy, your Grace will do well always to remember, and that is, that in our estimation of our fellow-creatures, none are so bad as we are at times inclined to think them, and none so good."

"It is a truth," said the Duke, "let it come from what lips it may. I feel that it is a truth."

"Then you will be calm and patient?"

"I will strive to be so."

"I ask no more; and now good-night. Let me advise you to strive to nerve your mind for the present and the past, by removing your thoughts to some of these volumes which you see lie thickly about the room. You will then find the time pass quickly enough, and perhaps I shall return sooner than I think. Good-night!"

"It is nearly morning," said the Duke.

"Why, then, good-morning, your Grace," said Horton, and he left the room and closed the door. The lock of that room went so very glibly, that the Duke did not hear that his dear friend had thought proper to make him a prisoner; but such was the fact, for Horton locked the door, and left the key in the lock. He thought it safe to do so; and as he felt perfectly convinced that no one could stir in that house without his permission, he left the mansion with a complete confidence that all was right.

It was with a grim and savage smile that Horton uttered to himself—

"So, I have the Duke of Pangbourne a prisoner! Why, how wonderfully optional now it is with me, whether he ever looks upon the light of day again! I could kill him—ay, I could kill him as easily as I could crush a fly! I will think; and, at all events, there is one thing that I will do, and that is, whatever I may conclude shall be most conducive to my own interests. And now I will endeavour to ascertain how her Grace, the Duchess, fares amid all this tumult and disorder."

From the statement, slight as it was, that had been made to him by the Duke, Horton had every reason in the world to believe that the Earl of Carlton must be severely wounded, if he were not killed: for that the Duke had shot him, and that he had fallen, seemed to be facts beyond a doubt.

Horton did not calculate upon the Earl playing so very cunning a trick as he had in the bed-room of the Duchess of Pangbourne, for the purpose of avoiding a continued conflict with the enraged Duke. He did not know the Earl quite well enough to conceive such a thing of him.

With hasty steps, Horton proceeded towards Pangbourne House; and he soon reached the portal of that ducal mansion. It was now about a quarter to three o'clock; but the door of the house was open, and a couple of the servants were there. Horton hesitated a moment or two, great as was his desire to learn what had happened; for he could not help recollecting how fresh must be the order of the Duke not to admit him in the memory of the servants. An insolent answer to any question he might put would only be a new embarrassment, and one, too, that—coming from such a quarter—he would find it very difficult to resent.

As he lingered, however, near the spot, debating in his own mind as to what he had best do, one of the servants came out, and walked rapidly in the direction of Knightsbridge.

Horton made up his mind to chance speaking to this servant, as he seemed to be but a lad. As the footman passed him, therefore, Horton said to him, in bland accents—

"Stop! I believe you are in the service of my friend, the Duke of Pangbourne?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad. He was new in the establishment, and did not know Horton at all.

"Ah, yes—I ought to know the livery," said Horton. "Is there anything amiss at Pangbourne House?"

"Yes, sir. The Duchess, they say, has fainted away, or something of the sort, and they say she won't come to; but some of the best of the doctors

have been sent for, you see, sir, and they will soon put her to rights, I take it."

"Why, you are quite a country lad. How came you in the service of the Duke of Pangbourne?"

"Yes, sir. I come from the High Knoll Estate, that belongs to the Duke, and they are going to try me in London, to see how I like them, and if so be they suit me or not."

"Very—good—ve—ry good. The High Knoll Estate. It is a very pretty property, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's about the bestest in that part, sir, I take it. Lor' bless you, sir, this house that they call Pangbourne House ain't fit to be spoke of in the same breath with the High Knoll House. It is a beauty, sir—that it is."

"Ah—indeed? And—has nothing else happened at Pangbourne House but the fainting of the Duchess?"

"Not that I knows on, sir."

"Umph! Well, I am afraid that I have detained you. Take that, my good lad; and I dare say, some of these days, I shall be able to verify your description of the High Knoll Estate."

Horton placed half-a-sovereign in the hand of the lad, and then, as he walked on to the park railings, he muttered to himself—

"I must know more—I must know more. What on earth can have become of the Earl of Carlton?"

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN "DIFFICULTY."—The *New Orleans Picayune* publishes the following account of an extempore quarrel and duel at Macon, Mississippi, which displays a degree of wanton ferocity in the persons concerned more characteristic of the inmates of a lunatic asylum than the members of a civilized community:—"We had an occurrence here last Wednesday that threw us all in a complete flurry. Dr. A. M. Clemens was shot and killed by James L. Stanback, a brother of Ben Stanback. The circumstances, I believe, are these:—Clemens was standing at the corner where Lyles keeps a store (under the old Lodge), when Stanback went to Lyles's to get something for a customer (he is clerk for H. W. Foote and Co.), when Clemens cursed him, and called him some very insulting names, such as d— thief, &c. Stanback replied he was no more a thief than Clemens, and returned to his store, remarking, that if Clemens wished a difficulty, to come on his side of the street. Stanback then went up stairs in Foote's store, and got a horseman's pistol, which he had loaded some time previous with squirrel shot, to shoot cats, and laid it on the counter, and walked to the door. As soon as Dr. Clemens saw him come to the door, he (Clemens) started across the street and drew his pistol. Stanback then stepped back and got his pistol, cocked it, and took his same station in the door. Clemens walked up deliberately, and put one foot on the door-step, put his pistol to Stanback's breast (within a foot of it), and fired. As Dr. Clemens fired, Stanback drew to one side, and the ball from the Doctor's pistol entered the door near the facing. Stanback then threw himself forward, and shot Dr. Clemens, the whole contents of the pistol entering the Doctor's right breast, just below the nipple, and lodging in a lump in his liver. Stanback has been discharged by the magistrate, Mr. James Murray. It was the most useless difficulty I ever knew. Dr. Clemens and Stanback had never spoken to each other before. Ben Stanback and Clemens, who were brothers-in-law, had a slight difficulty before the former died, and from that circumstance James Stanback and Clemens had never spoken, I believe. Clemens had been drinking."

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.—The "moody Child" had given to Murray as a birthday present, a Bible magnificently bound, and which he enriched by a very flattering inscription. This was laid by the grateful publisher on his drawing-room table, and somewhat ostentatiously displayed to all comers. One evening, as a large company were gathered around the table, one of the guests happened to open the Testament, and saw some writing in the margin. Calling to Murray, he said,—"Why Byron has written something here!" Narrower inspection proved that the profane wit had erased the word "robber" in the text and substituted that of "publisher," so that the passage read thus:—"Now, Barabbas was a publisher!" The legend goes on to state that the book disappeared that very night from the drawing-room table.

## A CONVENT IN SAVOY.

As the sun declined, the day became more solemn and serene, and, if possible, more propitious. Vast trees, now forming huge leafy domes, now making a vegetable network through which the dark blue vault of heaven gleamed, overshadowed the path; beech-trees started from their rocky crevices, their trunks covered with velvet-like moss; on high, at a prodigious elevation, pines—those black knights of the forest—appeared bristling on peaks inaccessible to man. \* \* The beech-woods which occupy the depths of the valley are inhabited by a dark race of men, exercising the calling of charcoal-burners; and files of mules laden with large sacks of charcoal came down the rugged path, disputing with the pilgrim every inch of practicable ground. \* \* After walking some two hours, I crossed the Guiers, by a narrow wooden bridge without parapets, and ascending the craggy path, here hewn out of the rock, came in half-an-hour to a gateway, gateless, and jammed between two vertical rocks of stupendous height, which approach to within a few feet of each other. One of these rocks is in the form of an obelisk, and is called the Pain de Sucre. This gateway is remarkable as defining the former limits of female ascendancy, for beyond it no women were allowed to pass. \* \* Beyond the portal, on a fragment of rock projecting over the chasm, was a cross, on which I read the words, rudely carved, 'VIA CŒLI'; and some few yards further was another cross, bearing the short sentence, 'O SPES UNICA!' These were evidences that the Grande Chartreuse was not very distant; and I learned from a peasant who was descending, that the object of my pilgrimage might be attained in half-an-hour's sharp walking, but I preferred sauntering on. From this man, the sole wandering speck of humanity that I met since leaving Fourvoirie, I heard that a huge peak, domineering grandly over a host of others, was called the 'Throne of Moses.' \* \* The valley, or defile rather, now turned abruptly to the left. Still ascending, and passing through gloomy groves, I at length saw the turrets of the Escurial of the Alps, as the Grande Chartreuse has not inappropriately been called, which extended in a long broken line, backed by a woody amphitheatre, and terminated by spires of rocks and promontories rising to and sometimes lost in the clouds. The dark gorge, with its roaring torrent, now gave place to scenes of sacred and profound calm; for the convent stands on the gentle slope of an emerald meadow—an ark of peace, as it were, resting amidst scenes of desolation. With Tasso, I was tempted to exclaim—

Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede:

and casting myself on a flower-enamelled bank, I gazed long on the scene. Before me, in solitary grandeur, rose the convent, bristling with spires and turrets; a town in extent, and yet silent as the grave; no hum of voices, no hurrying to and fro; not a human being appeared—all was hushed in death-like stillness. I was awed by the scene; and as I drew near to the gates and rang the deep-toned bell, I felt as a novice praying to be admitted within the holy walls. The gates were opened by a servant, who announced my arrival to a Carthusian advanced in years, and of venerable mien. He was the *pharmacien*, and occupied rooms to the right of the gateway. By him I was conducted across a quadrangle watered by two fountains to a large building, appropriated to the reception of visitors. At the entrance he rang a bell, which was answered by a monk, young and handsome, reminding me strongly of Mario when personating the impassioned Fernando, in the affecting opera of *La Favorita*. My reception was courteous and warm. 'I have come,' said I, 'a long way to see you—from England.' The Carthusian seized my hand. 'We are always glad,' he replied, 'to welcome your countrymen to the Grande Chartreuse.' Then conducting me along an arched aisle, he threw open a door leading into a large and lofty apartment. It bore the inscription, *Salle de France*, and was appropriated to the reception of visitors. The furniture was of the simplest order: a plain deal table, with benches round it, occupied the centre of the room; a few presses were ranged against the wall, and some wooden chairs placed at inhospitable distances from each other. A huge fireplace yawned at one side of the room comfortably filled with pine logs; and over the chimney-piece was suspended a copy of the regulations for the governance of visitors. There are other rooms, similar in all respects to that I have just described,

which are set apart for strangers, and named after the principal nations of Europe; but now that the monks have fallen to a low estate, one is generally sufficient to contain the guests. Proceeding to one of the cupboards, the monk drew forth a dark green bottle, from which he poured a liquid into a small glass. This was the celebrated '*Chartreuse*,' a liquor for the manufacture of which the monks are famed. Justly, too, for it is excellent. Its composition is kept a profound secret. It is said, however, to have for its basis spirits of wine, and to be flavoured with various aromatic herbs, which the monks gather in the lawns and groves surrounding the convent. The label attached to the flasks, containing the liquor sold at Grenoble, represents the monks culling herbs for the manufacture of the cordial. There are three qualities: *ordinaire*, which is that usually sold at Grenoble; *superieur*; and *Velicot*, which latter is used as a medicine for every inward and outward ailment. In taste, the '*Chartreuse*' resembles maraschino, but it is more aromatic. A more deicious drink on a hot summer's day than a small glass of this liqueur in a tumbler of spring water cannot well be conceived. As the grateful beverage flowed over the papillæ of my parched tongue, I could not help rejoicing that no silly vow of total abstinence from all good things in the form of liquids had ever passed my lips. Learning that it was my wish to sleep in the convent, the monk led the way to a small cell, lighted by a narrow casement, opening on a long passage. It contained a pallet, a deal table, on which stood a ewer and basin, and a crucifix. This was to be my dormitory. Everything was scrupulously clean; but, as will be seen, no attempt was made to minister to more than absolute requirements. There are some two hundred cells, similarly fitted up for those who wish to pass the night in the convent. My friend and myself were not the only visitors: about a dozen persons had arrived before us, and with them we were conducted over the gloomy wonders of the Grande Chartreuse."—*Wald's Piedmont and Savoy*.

## HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN CALIFORNIA.

It was about ten in the forenoon when I left Amatitlan. The road entered on a lonely range of hills, the pedestal of an abrupt spur standing out from the side of the volcano. The soil was covered with stunted shrubs and a growth of long yellow grass. I could see the way for half a league before and behind; there was no one in sight—not even a boy-arriero, with his two or three donkeys. I rode leisurely along, looking down into a deep ravine on my right and thinking to myself, "that is an excellent place for robbers to lie in wait; I think I had better load my pistol!"—which I had fired off just before reaching Tequilla. Scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when a little bush beside the road seemed to rise up; I turned suddenly, and, in a breath, the two barrels of a musket were before me, so near and surely aimed, that I could almost see the bullets at the bottom. The weapon was held by a ferocious looking native, dressed in a pink calico shirt and white pantaloons; on the other side of me stood a second, covering me with another double-barrelled musket, and a little in the rear appeared a third. I had walked, like an unsuspecting mouse, into the very teeth of the trap laid for me.

"Down with your pistols," cried the first, in a hurried whisper. So silently and suddenly had all this taken place, that I sat still a moment, hardly realizing my situation. "Down with your pistols, and dismount!" was repeated, and this time the barrels came a little nearer my breast. Thus solicited, I threw down my single pistol—the more readily because it was harmless—and got off my horse. Having secured the pistol, the robbers went to the rear, never for a moment losing their aim. They then ordered me to lead my horse off the road, by a direction which they pointed out. We went down the side of the ravine for about a quarter of a mile to a patch of bushes and tall grass, out of view from the road, where they halted, one of them returning apparently to keep watch. The others deliberately levelling their pieces at me, commanded me to lie down on my face—"la boca a tierra!" I cannot say that I felt alarmed; it had always been a part of my belief that the shadow of Death falls before him—that the man doomed to die by violence feels the chill before the blow has been struck. As I never felt more positively alive than at that moment, I judged my time had not

yet come. I pulled off my coat and vest, at their command, and threw them on the grass, saying: "Take what you want, but don't detain me long." The fellow in a pink calico shirt, who appeared to have some authority over the other two, picked up my coat, and, one after the other, turned all the pockets inside out. I felt a secret satisfaction at his blank look when he opened my purse and poured the few dollars it contained into a pouch he carried in his belt. "How is it," said he, "that you have no more money?" "I don't own much," I answered, "but there is quite enough for you." I had, in fact, barely sufficient in coin for a ride to Mexico, the most of my funds having been invested in a draft on that city. I believe I did not lose more than twenty-five dollars by this attack. "At least," I said to the robber, "you'll not take the papers"—among which was my draft. "No," he replied, "*no me valen nada*." (They are worth nothing to me.)

Having searched my coat, he took a hunting-knife which I carried (belonging, however, to Lieut. Beale), examined the blade and point, placed his piece against a bush behind him, and came up to me, saying, as he held the knife above my head: "Now put your hands behind you, and don't move, or I shall strike." The other then laid down his musket, and advanced to bind me. They were evidently adepts in the art; all their movements were so carefully timed, that any resistance would have been against dangerous odds. I did not consider my loss sufficient to justify any desperate risk, and did as they commanded. With the end of my horse's lariat, they bound my wrists firmly together, and having me thus secure, sat down to finish their inspection more leisurely. My feelings during this proceeding were oddly heterogeneous—at one moment burning with rage and shame at having neglected the proper means of defence, and the next, ready to burst into a laugh at the decided novelty of my situation. My blanket having been spread on the grass, everything was emptied into it. The robbers had an eye for the curious and incomprehensible, as well as the useful. They spared all my letters, books, and papers, but took my thermometer, compass, and card-case, together with a number of drawing-pencils, some soap (a thing the Mexicans never use), and what few little articles of the toilet I carried with me. A bag hanging at my saddle-bow, containing ammunition, went at once, as well as a number of oranges and cigars in my pockets, the robbers leaving me one of the latter, as a sort of consolation for my loss.

Between Mazatlan and Tepic, I had carried a doubt in the hollow of each foot, covered by the stocking. It was well they had been spent for *priete*, for they would else have certainly been discovered. The villains unbuckled my spurs, jerked off my boots, and examined the bottoms of my pantaloons, ungirthed the saddle and shook out the blankets, scratched the heavy-guard of the bit to see whether it was silver, and then, apparently satisfied that they had made the most of me, tied everything together in a corner of my best blanket. "Now," said the leader, when this was done, "shall we take your horse?" This question was of course a mockery; but I thought I would try an experiment, and so answered in a very decided tone: "No; you shall not. I must have him; I am going to Guadalajara, and I cannot get there without him. Besides, he would not answer at all for your business." He made no reply, but took up his piece, which I noticed was a splendid article, and in perfect order, walked a short distance towards the road, and made a signal to the third robber. Suddenly he came back, saying:—"Perhaps you may get hungry before night—here is something to eat;" and with that he placed one of my oranges and half a dozen tortillas on the grass beside me. "*Mil gracias*," said I, "but how am I to eat without hands?" The other then coming up, he said, as they all three turned to leave me; "Now we are going; we have more to carry than we had before we met you; adios!" This was insulting; but there are instances under which an insult must be swallowed.

I waited till no more of them could be seen, and then turned to my horse, who stood quietly at the other end of the lariat; "Now, *priete*," I asked, "how are we to get out of this scrape?" He said nothing, but I fancied I could detect an inclination to laugh in the twitching of his nether lip. However, I went to work at extricating myself—a difficult matter, as the rope was tied in several knots. After tugging a long time, I made a twist which the Indian-rubber man might have envied,

and to the great danger of my spine, succeeded in forcing my body through my arms. Then, loosening the knot with my teeth, in half an hour I was free again. As I rode off, I saw the three robbers at some distance, on the other side of the ravine.

It is astonishing how light one feels after being robbed. A sensation of complete independence came over me; my horse, even, seemed to move more briskly, after being relieved of my blankets. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that this was a genuine adventure, worth one experience—that, perhaps, it was better to lose a few dollars than have even a robber's blood on my head; but it would not do. The sense of the outrage and indignity was strongest, and my single desire was the unchristian one of revenge. It is easy to philosophize on imaginary premises, but actual experience is the best test of human nature. Once, it had been difficult for me to imagine the feeling that would prompt a man to take the life of another; now, it was clear enough. In spite of the threats of the robbers, I looked in their faces sufficiently to know them again, in whatever part of the world I might meet them. I recognised the leader—a thick-set athletic man, with a short, black beard—as one of the persons I had seen lounging about the *tienda*, in Amatitlan, which explained the artifice that led me to display more money than was prudent. It was evidently a preconceived plan to plunder me at all hazards, since, coming from the Pacific, I might be supposed to carry a booty worth fighting for.—*Taylor's California.*

#### FETE AT LEYDEN.

Leyden, June 12.

YESTERDAY the students of the University of Leyden celebrated, with unusual pomp and circumstance, the 275th anniversary of their foundation and jubilee year, by a grand masquerade, representing the "Entry of Frederick-Henry, Prince of Orange, into Bois-le-Duc, after a successful siege against the Spaniards in 1629." Some faint notion may be given of the time, care, and forethought spent in getting up this pageant, by stating, as the little pink libretto informs us, that the different parts of this historical pageant were distributed to the corps of students, 120 in number, as far back as October last. The brilliancy of the scene, and that ever pleasant one, the rejoicing of a whole people, testified at once the success of the preparations and the happy selection of the subject, which seems intentionally designed to keep alive the old and chivalric spirit of bravery. The early part of the seventeenth century is one of singularly picturesque costume, setting off form, feature, and limb, to advantage; the slouched hat and plume, the loose red coat with pendant sleeves, and the boots capacious enough to hold the provisions of a "Sir Hudibras," of which such noble use has been made by the Dutch painters, were again brought to life. The variety of cut and colour of this period, and its mixture of cloth, silk, and armour, shows it to have been reduced to ascience; the cavalier marches with velvet mantle and ruff; the hober with buff jerkin and heavy musket; the man-at-arms with his bandolier.

There was a Scottish band, with dubious tartans, English nobles and soldiers; but, of course, the conspicuous figure was Frederick-Henry, clad in steel and rich crimson, with the orange scarf and feather, and mounted on a charger caparisoned with blue trappings; his illustrious spouse followed him, not too closely, in a state carriage of azure: by her side was the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our James I.; these two last characters were assumed by two law students, who tried to look delicate and effeminate, with but partial success. Then followed more notabilities; and a band of Russians, made to look savage and almost ruffianly, by their sombre-coloured garments, and who served as a foil to their more gaily accoutred brothers; we noticed that the very youthful alone seemed impressed into this service. A musical band, and the king's dragoons, closed the march. As the procession wound round the different parts of the town, it was singular to note their demeanour and that of the population; at first the march was solemn and dramatic, evidently there was a lurking fear of ridicule, which belongs to the mere title of a masquerade, but which was soon dispelled by the hearty welcome and cheering they received in their progress. For the principal streets, the balconies were studded with fair children

and women, with whom the warriors ever and anon exchanged signs of recognition, and further stumbling on a knot of *bons vivans* ensconced in temporary stands, quaffed bumpers of Rhine or Moselle. In the suburban districts, the windows were perfectly cornucopias of heads; and then, as the sun somewhat declined, the streets were bathed in shade, whilst his rays gilded the housetops. If to this be added that the streets were literally arched with tricolor flags, that people dodged round every canal and over every bridge to obtain fesh glimpses, a feeble idea will be given of a scene which takes place by turns at the three universities of Leyden, Utrecht, and Groningen; and this at the sole expense of the school and private individuals: as the provident burgomaster, with a keen look at his budget, prefers keeping money for the poor and a rainy day. In the evening the town was illuminated, and the effect of the blaze of light, not only on the houses, but in the waters, where it was doubled, was magical. Some eccentricities there were, such as that of the students' tailor, who mounted a monster-illuminated pair of scissors. Some notion was at first entertained of putting off the day on account of the death of the king's little son, but the preparations were too far advanced; these must have jarred on the feelings of the Royal family, which passed in the morning on their way to Loo. The Prince of Canino has been here for the last six weeks.

#### GUTTA PERCHA BOAT.

A SAILING yacht, built upon the life boat principle, and with the view to combine ordinary sailing powers with entire freedom from danger of either capsizing or sinking, has been experimenting during the last three or four weeks daily on the Serpentine in Hyde Park. She is a small vessel, and has been built merely as a model to test how far the principle of the life boat may be made applicable to pleasure yachts, fishing boats, and coasters, consequently very little attention has been paid to beauty of outline; but as regards the important object—safety, the experiments which we on Wednesday week had the opportunity of witnessing seem to prove that her builder has been completely successful. She is clinker built, thirteen feet six inches long by a breadth of four feet ten inches, and a depth of two feet four inches. Her outside planks are of gutta percha, cemented and copper rivited together, the sides are double, forming angular air chambers, their greatest breadth being on the upper or deck side, diminishing to a point at the bilge. The fore and aft bulkheads, the thwarts, and the gunwale are also formed into air chambers to increase her buoyancy, and as a counterpoise to the extreme lightness so acquired, and to enable her to bear sail, she has a heavy iron keel and keelson (the latter being grooved to receive the ribs) and deep bilge timbers, which acting as extra keels when she heels over, combine with the air chambers along the side of her deck to prevent the possibility of her capsizing. Her power of resistance in this respect was subjected to a much severer test than any vessel would be likely to meet with even under extraordinary circumstances. All her ballast and heavy weight was brought on one (the leeward) side, and when by this means, and the action of the wind upon her sails, she was sunk as low in the water on that side as she would go, a heavy man, holding on by a rope from her mast head, his legs hung over her gunwale, and the whole of this force failed to bring any part of her deck under water. Her buoyancy was also tested by sailing her full of water, there being at the same time on board a man of fourteen stone weight and four hundred weight of ballast; and though this heavy cargo brought her gunwale down almost level with the water, it neither sank her nor prevented her making fair way. Her owner calculates that, notwithstanding her diminutive size, she would sail with two tons weight on board. As a life boat, or a safety boat for pilots, for landing in rough weather, or other purposes, when much bulk is not required to be stowed, there can be no doubt that the invention is a valuable one; but it is very questionable whether it can ever be made available for vessels carrying general cargoes, in consequence of the large proportion of the space of the interior occupied by the air chambers. The plan on which this yacht is built is claimed by her builder as a new invention and has been registered by him under the Copyright of Designs Act.

SINGULAR COMBAT.—On Sunday morning last Mr. James Greaves, of Austerlands, beerseller, was feeding a hen with its hatch of twelve chickens, at his door, when suddenly a large rat came out of a drain, and seized one of the chicks. The watchful mother pounced upon the rat, and forced it to give up its prey. A terrible struggle ensued: ultimately the hen was victorious, and completely disabled the rat. She then took it in her beak, and carried it to a shallow trough of water, into which she plunged it, and stood watching its dying struggles. The hen anxiously returned to her brood, and, after apparently counting and seeing all safe, she returned to the water-trough. Seeing the rat still struggling, she again lifted it out of the water, shook it severely, and plunged it in again. Mr. Greaves afterwards examined the rat, and found that she had inflicted the mortal blow, by driving her heel into the throat of the rat. The hen has been about fourteen years in the possession of Mr. Greaves, who has kept her because she is remarkably attached to her broods.

MUSIC.—See the effects of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing figures, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all this wonderful science, the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, staring about, and half devoured by ennui. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of some natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a halfpenny—the audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; an universal smile breaks out on every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful: it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and such difficulties overcome, do not excite the feeling of the beautiful, but of the wonderful.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.—A certain author was introduced one day by a friend to Mr. Addison, who requested him, at the same time, to peruse and correct a copy of English verses. Mr. Addison took the verses, and found them afterwards very stupid. Observing that above twelve lines from Homer were prefixed to them, by way of motto, he only erased the Greek lines, without making any amendments in the poem, and returned it. The author, seeing this, desired his friend who had introduced him to inquire of Mr. Addison the reason of his doing it.—"Whilst the statues of Caligula," said he, "were all of a piece, they were little regarded by the people; but when he fixed the heads of gods upon unworthy shoulders, he profaned them, and made himself ridiculous. I, therefore, made no more conscience to separate Homer's verses from this poem than the thief did who stole the silver head from the brazen body in Westminster Abbey." "NEW DISCOVERIES OF GOLD MINES.—The Trinidad papers state that great excitement had been created in Port of Spain by the receipt of a circular fully confirming previous accounts of gold in large quantities having been discovered in the Yuruary river, district of Upata, in Angostura, of Columbia, province of Carthagena. A rich mine is said to have been opened, from which samples had been obtained in gold dust and grain of various sizes. Of the latter the average size was that of the coffee berry, and the standard fineness was twenty-four carats. Important benefits were expected to arise from this discovery, and the local paper observes, "Port of Spain will become the Chagres and the Panama of travellers to the new gold region." The latest accounts received from the mines are given in letters dated Cuidad Bolivar, 8th May."

PROLONGATION OF LIGHT IN THE NORTH.—So bright have the nights been of late, that any evening during the last fortnight small newspaper print could be read in the open air here at a quarter past eleven o'clock. Last Wednesday night we were out testing, as an experiment, the possibility of reading thus at midnight, and as the town clock of Wick struck twelve we read a newspaper distinctly by the unassisted light of Heaven. Our geographical position is between the fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth degrees of north latitude.—*John O'Groat Journal.*

VERY FINE, INDEED!—The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in reviewing De Vere's "Sketches of Greece and Turkey" last week, makes the following naive statement:—"Athens being rather better known to us than the eastern parts of London, we pass over the author's stay there."—Oh dear!

## A WORD ERE PARTING.

Go, while the world is wooing thee  
On, to win wealth and fame—  
Go, while the laurels are shining,  
That yet shall entwine thy name!  
On, on with the best and the boldest,  
Join in the proud career,  
I ask thee not, calm and inglorious,  
For me to linger here.

Think not my heart for one moment  
Harbours a doubt of thee;  
Deem not, I fear while absent  
Thine will grow cold to me.  
Hearts are not worth the possessing,  
Needing thus watchful care;  
Ceasing when distance divides them  
Image of love to wear.

Go: at the sound of thy praises,  
Proudly my heart shall beat;  
O'er thy brow laurel leaves wreathing  
Shall be when next we meet.  
If I should in idleness delay thee,  
When all thy hopes are crossed,  
Then thou wouldst keenly reproach me,  
For fame and glory lost.

But if success should not crown thee,  
Hasten to me again:  
Seek, from thy visions all faded,  
Refuge in my love then.  
Ah! I will welcome thee fondly,  
Though the world should forget;  
Still from its coldness thou'lt find, love,  
Safety in my heart yet.

MARION.

**FIGHTING CAMELS.**—Some anecdotes are given of instances of terror exhibited by horses in the presence of camels, a fact of which, some of our readers will remember, Herodotus makes mention more than once. Here is a species of amusement that some of our sporting characters may, perhaps, envy. It is known to naturalists that, like other animals, camels are fierce-tempered at certain seasons—"advantage is taken of this state of excitement by the turbaned Turk; and two rivals are pitted, who at once rush at each other, and a regular combat follows. Before they are let go, they are muzzled, after a fashion, so that no deadly injury can ensue. Then they turn to like Cornish wrestlers, standing on their hind legs, embracing each other with their anterior extremities, twisting their necks together, and each striving to overthrow his adversary. Fired at the sight, the Turk loses his staid and apathetic demeanour. He claps his hands, and shouts out the name of the favourite which he has backed with an energy worthy of Hockley Hole and Marylebone in the old time, before modern statutes had prohibited the brutalizing dog-fights, bull and badger hunts, which, in other days, formed the amusement of the high and low vulgar. A vestige of the old English spirit still lingers, and snatches of ancient songs commemorative of the departed rugging and riving era, may yet be heard *in trivis*. Mr. McFarlane saw one of these got-up camel fights at a Turkish wedding in a village near Smyrna, and again at a festival at Magnesia. But he once, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, saw a fight of a more serious character. Two huge camels broke away from the string, and set to in spite of their drivers. They bit each other like furies, and the devidjis (camel-drivers) to whom in general these animals are most obedient—and even affectionate—had the greatest difficulty in separating the enraged rivals."

**EMIGRATION IN IRELAND.**—A parish priest, in the north of this diocese, says the *Wexford Guardian*, will leave this country in a short time, accompanied by whole families, to the number of several hundred souls. It is their intention, we understand, to select a locality suitable to their purposes, and form an united colony of old Irish hearts in the new lands of America, their beloved pastor determining to be still their spiritual father and temporal director.

SOME interest has been excited by the experiments of a French gentleman in London, who has, it is stated, discovered a method of joining, by some cement, pieces of metal together so firmly that, when exposed to a tensile strain, they will break through the metal rather than at the joint. Could such an invention be brought to bear practically, it would effect a complete revolution in works of metal.

## ANECDOTE OF SUWARROW.

AFTER a forced march of four days he reached Ismail at the head of his troops. A few days were spent in the preparations necessary for an assault. When all was ready, orders were given; the columns marched forward at midnight. At that moment a courier rode up at full speed with despatches from Potemkin. Suwarrow was no sooner apprised of his arrival than he guessed, with his usual quickness, the nature of the despatches, and he determined not to receive them till the fate of the enterprise was decided. He ordered his horse to be brought round to the door of his tent; he sprang on it and galloped off, without seeming to observe the courier. After a desperate resistance the Turks at length gave way, and Ismail fell into the hands of the Russians. While his staff gathered eagerly round Suwarrow to offer their congratulations, the eyes of the Marshal fell upon the officer who bore the despatches. 'Who are you, brother?' said he. 'It is I,' replied the courier, 'who brought despatches from Prince Potemkin yesterday evening.' 'What,' exclaimed Suwarrow, with affected passion, 'what! you bring me news from my sovereign!—you have been here since yesterday, and I have not yet received the despatches!' Then threatening the officer for his negligence, he handed the despatch to one of his Generals and bade him read it aloud. A more striking scene can scarcely be conceived. There was deep silence as the despatch was opened. Suwarrow and his companions in victory listened with breathless interest. Every danger which they had braved and surmounted was enumerated one after the other; it was urged that the enterprise undertaken in the midst of a winter, even more than usually severe, must be disastrous, and that it was absolutely preposterous to think it possible to make an impression on a fortress furnished with two hundred and thirty pieces of cannon, and defended by forty-three thousand men, the half of whom were Janissaries, with a force which amounted to no more than twenty-eight thousand—little more than half their number. The despatch ended with a peremptory order for the abandonment of the enterprise. 'Thank God!' exclaimed Suwarrow, as soon as the General had ceased reading, raising his eyes to Heaven, and crossing himself with devotion, 'thank God, Ismail is taken, or I should have been undone!' There was silence for a moment, as if all participated in the feeling with which Suwarrow glanced at the different situation which would have been his had he not succeeded; every eye was fixed on him, and then a shout of triumph burst through all the ranks. He then penned the following brief reply:—'The Russian flag flies on the ramparts of Ismail.'

## ROSSINI'S PROCRASTINATION.

"ROSSINI'S desperate idleness and habits of procrastination are proverbial. On more than one occasion personal restraint was resorted to, to compel the fulfilment of his engagements. Thus, at Milan, sentinels were placed at his door, and no exit allowed him, until he had completed an opera, of which the two first acts were already in rehearsal. Barbaja, the celebrated *impresario*, kept him for some time prisoner in his palace, on the Naples-Toledo, refusing him liberty until he should have composed the long-promised opera of *Othello*. Remonstrances were disregarded by the inflexible manager, so Rossini set to work, and, with his usual facility, soon set down a portion of the score, headed *Introduzione*. This was transmitted to the copyist; but the same evening Rossini applied for it again, on pretext of alteration. Next morning another MS. reached Barbaja, inscribed *Cavatina*. It followed its predecessor to the copyist, and in like manner, was re-demanded for correction. Barbaja gleefully rubbed his hands at finding that these revisions did not delay Rossini, who sent down page after page of copy, to the extent of an entire act. But the irritable manager was likely to go distracted, when, on applying to the copyist for the whole scene, he found the introduction was all that had been composed. It had been travelling to and fro between Rossini and the theatre, and at each journey, the incorrigible composer had headed it with a different title. The trait is characteristic, and strictly authentic. The same story is told at greater length, and with some embellishment, in one of Alexander Dumas' volumes of Italian

travelling sketches. Managers, however, found compensation in Rossini's rapidity, for his provoking idleness. When he did set to work he got over the paper at a gallop, and when driven to the last minute, his fertility and invention were wonderful. Some of his finest pieces were composed on the spur of the moment, and in breathless haste. The celebrated air *Di tanti palpiti* is one of them. His dinner hour was at hand, when driven to the wall by urgent solicitations, he one day sat down to compose it. His cook, learning that the *Maestro* was really about to work—no very common occurrence—thrust his head in at the door, and ventured a supposition, 'that he had better not put the rice to boil.' 'On the contrary, boil it directly,' replied Rossini, who was hungry. Before the rice, that dispensable preface to an Italian dinner, was fit for table, the air and its introduction were composed. *Di tanti palpiti* is still familiarly known as the *Aria dei risi*."

## EMBASSIES AND THE PEOPLE.

UNDER Louis Philippe embassies, secretaries, and *attaches* to embassies, were chiefly taken from the middle classes. Guizot, Bresson, Rumigny, Piscatory de Bourquenay, d'Otezac, and others not necessary to name, belonged to the middle ranks, and some of them to classes below the middle ranks in point of social station. A like rule obtains in Belgium. The Nothombs, the Van de Weyers, and many others not necessary to name, have advanced themselves from the very humble positions to serve their country abroad in missions and embassies. Even in Prussia, before she had a constitution, and in Russia to this hour without a constitution, men are employed in diplomacy, not because they are men of family and fortune, but because of their talents and aptitude. The Pozzo di Borgo, the Krudeners, the Anstetsts, the Italinskis, the De Stourdzas, the Brunnons, and twenty others whom we could name, were men "heavenously unprovided" with all the goods of this life, who sought their fortune and found it in the diplomatic career in Russia. In truth, in every country in Europe excepting England, the career of diplomacy is within the reach of all. One of the greatest diplomatists and ministers of Austria in the past century was Thugut, son of a boatman on the Danube, who began life by being attached to the legation at Constantinople, and who, after being mixed up with all the negotiations with France, Prussia, and Russia,—after being ambassador at Paris, ended in becoming prime minister of Austria. From 1806 to 1832 no man, with the single exception of Metternich, had so great an influence on the diplomacy and general policy of Austria as Frederick Gentz. Yet Gentz was not an Austrian subject of high lineage, but a Prussian of Breslau, son of the head of the mint at that town. Disliking the political system of his own country, the young Gentz emigrated, and obtained a situation in the *chancellerie* of Vienna in 1802. By the mere force of his own intellect and abilities he acquired the confidence and good opinion of men high in office; was entrusted with many missions of a confidential nature; was charged with the composition of the most important state papers; and at the congress of Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, and Verona, as well as the conferences in Paris in 1815, his was the willing hand and the ready pen which produced the protocol of the deliberations of the ministers and plenipotentiaries in a shapely and consistent form.

**AN OLD SOLDIER.**—The Minister-of-War has ordered the admission into the Hotel des Invalides, of an old soldier named Kolombeski, born in Poland, and who is said to be one hundred and twenty-six years of age. This man, who held the rank of a non-commissioned officer, was born at the commencement of the reign of Louis XV., and assisted in the wars against Frederic the Great. He was present at the battle of Fontenoy. At the commencement of the revolution of 1793 he was too old to serve. He was ninety years of age at the fall of Napoleon. He has seen ten forms of government in France.—*Paris Paper*.

**THE CITY ARTICLE.**—A well-known Alderman was taken to see the Hippopotamus. He looked at it intently for a quarter of an hour, and then burst out of his reverie with the following remark:—"I wonder what sort of soup it would make!"—*Punch*.

## LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

### BE QUIET.

PHILOSOPHERS have, from time to time, amused themselves and the world by definitions of what man is, distinctively from other animals. It seems to have been a desideratum with the *savans* of all ages and of all countries to find some few words which would sufficiently clearly define man from the other individuals of animated nature; and some of the results have been not a little curious.

For a long time it was thought to be a very felicitous thing to define man as "A Cooking Animal," upon the supposition that it was to him peculiar to cook his food; but a Frenchman declares that, in a lonely region of the Brazils, he came upon four monkeys, who were deliberately roasting chestnuts by the remains of a fire that had been left by the Indians; so it will no longer do to define man to be a Cooking Animal.

The learned Le Coras said that man was the only animal who laughed: but that is a very doubtful fact, and is even disputed by the commonest sayings among the people; for have there not been facetiae even in our own pages, that were enough to make a cat laugh? Another sage, who had suffered somewhat in that line, defined man to be a borrowing animal. Others, with a cynical philosophy, have asserted that man is the only animal that cheats; and, with rather a limited idea of generalities, an old writer has said that man is the only animal in creation that ever could have thought of an umbrella, and would fain call us the Umbrella Animal.

Setting aside all these definitions as more or less defective, we are inclined to think that it is a matter of impossibility, in a few words, to define what human nature is; but if we say that the more experience any one has in the world the more clear it will become to him that man is a selfish animal, we shall not be far from the truth.

Of course, there are exceptions to all general rules; and if we define man to be the most selfish of animals, we do not mean thoroughly to confound with the selfish portion of humanity those pure and gentle natures that are as free from such leaven as an angel can be of stock-jobbing. It is no part of our intention in these few necessarily brief remarks to enter at large into the question of the selfishness of human nature. That is a subject that has been treated upon at quite sufficient length, long before our time, to satisfy the most determined cynic; but there is one phase of the selfishness of human nature that is so superficial, and of such every-day occurrence, that it forms an amusing subject of inquiry to notice it. We are convinced that by so noticing it we shall furnish those who have been, or affected to be, so amazed at the patience of this nation under its social abuses, with a reason for that seeming patience that they have not thought of.

The moment a man in England is doing well, let his success be of what complexion it may, injurious or beneficial to the nation, he has but one cry, and that is, "Be Quiet!"

It is nothing new to remark that success hardens the heart, and that the more a man has the less he is inclined to pity those who have nothing; but it certainly is ludicrous to see the agony of spirit into which the well-to-do people of this country fall if those who are not well-doing show any symptoms of impatience under their lot. Nothing makes a man in this country such a lover of "order," as it is called, as his own personal success—nothing makes a man so strongly suspect that

"There is something rotten in the state,"

as his failure. If a tradesman is succeeding in business, all he wants is for everybody to Be Quiet while he is making money; and he becomes a stout and zealous partizan of things as they are, and with an inordinate selfishness, will not see that anything is amiss while he is doing well. He forthwith has the greatest horror of anything in the shape of popular commotions. Be Quiet, is his motto, and he is ever ready, to the extent of his ability, to keep everybody down. Let a man who has been an arch-agitator all his life but drop into some snug sinecure, and forthwith he wonders what is the matter with people, and bellows out, "Be Quiet!" If a lawyer is fattening on the rank abuses of the legal system of this country, his cry is, "Be Quiet!" Any man who has more to lose than he can conveniently put into his pocket, joins in the cry of "Be Quiet!" Societies are formed for the purpose of giving prizes to the poor in proportion to the length of time that they have been quiet; and efforts are made by the legislature to amuse the people, after their working hours, by providing for them parks and washings, solely to keep them quiet.

In fact, the one prevailing terror—the nightmare and the daymare, likewise—of those who are doing well, is, that those who are not, will disturb them in their prosperous progress. It was this feeling that got up the special-constable demonstration on the memorable 10th of April. The shopkeepers, the Government Employees, the fundholders, the small proprietors—all rose *en masse* to make the people Be Quiet! while they were doing well. An Englishman cares no more for the abuses of Government than he does for the weather in Pekin, as long as he is doing a thriving business; and hence is it that in this country—for it is a thriving country, after all—there will always be one strong party on the side of order, which means Be Quiet!

That this is an inordinate piece of selfishness, we trust no thinking person will deny. Surely, if a man is himself doing well, that ought not to have the effect of closing his heart and his understanding against all the evils that keep down others in the social scale. Such men, with the extended means and the increased weight which their position gives them in the country, ought to be the men who take the pioneer-position in enforcing those reforms which would do good to all, and ultimately redound to their own advantage. But no; an English shopkeeper never looks beyond his day-book and ledger. "Talk of taxes!" said one, the other day, and he was a member of a profession that required some education and intellect. "Talk of taxes! I should like every one who starts in my business to have to deposit five hundred pounds in the Bank of England first, as that would keep out adventurers!" *i. e.*, that would prevent many honest, talented men from competing with him. Another shopkeeper, perhaps, vends some article of luxury that men only think of indulging in when their minds are in a state of luxurious ease, and with him the cry of "Be Quiet!" is quite a frantic one, and he will be a ready supporter of any social atrocities, provided his business is not interfered with. We are confident that the well-to-do shopkeepers of London would not lose one afternoon's cringing business at the carriage-doors of the aristocracy, to carry out the greatest reforms that the state is susceptible of for the multitude. It was but the other day that the *Times* newspaper tauntingly advised all young men who were dissatisfied in this country to go to California—the region of fever and of assassination—the glittering delusion that, like the mirage in the desert, keeps the vision of promise to the eye to cheat it to the hopes. But, then, the *Times* is doing well, and those who are not cosy and

comfortable in the world neither buy it, nor advertise in its golgotha of a supplement. Go to California—or anywhere—to the deuce with you, if you are not well-doing—or if you won't go, Be Quiet! That is the language used, virtually.

All this is very sad, for the poor and the lowly cannot achieve reforms. Help them a little, ye rich and prosperous, lest they get tired of Being Quiet, and you find them one day up and stirring.

### MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

A MOONLIGHT night within the tropics exceeds, in brilliancy and in beauty, a moonlight night anywhere else. There is a softness as well as a splendour about it, which is peculiar to itself; a mellow brilliancy, which almost transcends description. Indeed, as it was in this part of my journeyings that my attention began to be attracted by the loveliness of the tropical nights, this seems the proper place for recording my impressions regarding them. Whether on land or at sea, the scenery of the tropics on a moonlight night is singularly beautiful; to my taste, infinitely more so than it is by day. On land, the brilliancy of the moon and stars is such that every leaf, and tree, and flower, seems bathed in floods of liquid light; a light so clear, and at the same time so mellow, and so soft, that the outline of the hills and other objects appear to be defined almost with greater distinctness than when they are viewed by day. At sea, particularly with such hill-crowned islands as St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica, Montserrat, or St. Kitt's, &c., in near view, the scene is one still more lovely. The vast unfathomable sea, fit symbol of eternity, lying around you, either sunk in deep repose, or upheaving its vexed waves—in the one case a mirror for a thousand starry worlds, in the other a sparkling ocean of fire—the summits of the land illuminated and surrounded by a kind of halo: the scene has with it all the beauty of a northern moonlight night, and many beauties besides, peculiar to itself. A single fact will best illustrate the clearness of the atmosphere and the greater prominence and brilliancy of the stars consequent thereupon. Oft when in Antigua, and also in the other islands of the West Indian seas, have I observed and called attention to the fact, that, in certain positions of the planet Venus, she was seen under a crescent form like a small moon, and emitting or transmitting, in the absence of the moon herself, a quantity of light which made her by no means an insufficient substitute.—*Baird's Travels.*

TURKS AND GREEKS.—The slow and heavy oxen, that commonly draw the carriages, do not differ more from the agile horses of Attica than do the Turks from the Athenians, a contrast by which I was, no doubt, the more impressed on account of my recent residence at Athens. In place of the merry laugh, the flashing eye, and the elastic gait, there was in each Turk whom I met an expression of melancholy self-possession, which could hardly have been more pronounced had he been invariably under the influence of opium. In place of billiards or dice, or any active game, the everlasting pipe, long or short, crooked or straight, was the resource of those who had no other occupation, and of many who had. Buying and selling, bargaining and conversing, seemed to be carried on in a state of somnambulism. Pleasure itself seemed a serious thing, and conserve of roses was handed to the customer with an air of heavy sedateness. "Eat," seemed the silent address of the Mussulman, "eat, O true believer, before you die."—*Aubrey de Vere.*

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—At the Théâtre Historique, Alexandre Dumas has caused to be served up a melodrama of the good old orthodox murder school: for example, 1st tableau: The villain and hero of the piece kills a monkey, a parrot, a lizard, a tiger, and two tiger-cubs. 2nd tableau: he kills a wild boar. 3rd: he robs and kills several men, women, and children. 4th: he kills a woman behind the scenes. 5th: he kills a woman on the stage. 6th: he attempts to kill a man, but the victim escapes. 7th: he drags a corpse out of a tomb. 8th: he kills his wife and two children. 9th: he does not appear, being probably in his dressing-room, taking refreshment. 10th: he tries to kill several people. 11th: he gets killed himself.

## COUSIN CECIL;

OR,

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE GIPSY'S CAMP BY THE BROOK.—THE CONSULTATION.

LEAVING Dick, the coffin-maker's apprentice, to his felicitations upon the success of his attachment to the fair Susan, and leaving the orphans at Larchins—their friends and their persecutors—for a brief space, we now conduct the reader to a ruder scene than has, as yet, been brought before his mental vision in this narrative.

Mention has already been made of the hollow by the brook, where the late Colonel Danvers had been in the habit of allowing the gipsies to pitch their tents; and it is to that spot now that we would conduct the reader.

The time is two hours before midnight, and a late moon is just rising with a faint glow of mysterious light from the south-east. The spot is one of singular beauty, where the wandering tribe, availing itself of the permission given by Sir William Watson and Lionel, as in old times, pitched its tents.

There was an eminence, crowned with firs, and its grassy slope was dotted with the chestnut and the poplar. At the bottom of this eminence there ran a little brawling stream, which went by the not very precise name of The Brook, and which, after taking its course along a wilderness of small wood, spread itself out into a little lake, over one part of which there was thrown a rustic bridge, and then narrowing, it plunged into a preserve, and was lost amid the tangled brushwood of the spot. It was upon the skirt of this copse, or preserve, that the gipsies had fixed their rude tents.

A horse, and two miserable-looking asses, cropped the sweet verdure by the bank of the little lake; and from a fire made of decayed leaves and dry sticks, compacted together as closely as they could be placed, there arose a column of faint blue smoke, and now and then a mass of sparks, and a flickering, uncertain flame, that for a moment or two lit up the swarthy faces around it, and played with an uncertain radiance upon the coarse canvass of the well-patched tents, and upon the glassy surface of those inlets of the little lake that were unruffled by the onward current of the stream.

The soft moonlight was beginning to touch the tops of the trees, and to spread a film of sweet light over the green sward. In a little time the lake would be a sheet of glistening silver, and even the rude tents of the gipsies would be lent a rare beauty for a time.

Upon the summit of the eminence, among the fir-trees, but so situated that the best of the view from it was not closed up, was a rustic seat, upon which the Master of Larchins had been in the habit, on a summer evening, of sitting with a tranquil delight, and looking around him on his pretty domain.

There Minna, when quite a child, had often climbed her father's knee, to bring him fresh daisies and the golden-cupped flowers from the hill-side, and there the youthful Lionel had listened to the tales of foreign lands, which the Colonel's memory was amply stored with.

The rustic seat was now occupied very differently. A swarthy gipsy, whose dark eyes flashed in the night air, and whose tattered garments fluttered in the breeze, sat upon the seat. A few paces from him stood a tall, stout man. The latter was speaking; and, by the attitude of the gipsy, it was evident that he took more than common interest in what the other was saying.

We may as well state at once that the man who was speaking was no other than Migsley, who had played so conspicuous a part in the workshop of Mr. Nipps, upon the occasion of the deserter claiming Dick's protection. The gipsy was the most influential man of the tribe to which he belonged, and of which the little party by the brook was but a fragment. The main body was at a considerable distance from that spot.

Migsley spoke in a voice that sounded as though he had been rather irritated by some previous remark of the gipsy.

"Methinks, Zanda, you are singularly thin-skinned upon this matter. Plunder is plunder, let

it come from whom it may, or from where it may, and that I thought was well known, at any rate."

"To you, yes," said the gipsy.

"And to you?"

"No. There you are wrong, Migsley. It is not known to me, nor is it known to my people."

"Indeed!"

"I understand the taunt, and I know how to value it," said the gipsy.

"Come—come," said Migsley, "we won't quarrel about the affair, come what may of it, old friend. I propose it to you because I think it a good job, and as we have worked together once or twice before."

"What," said the gipsy, speaking with animation, and raising his hand in an oratorical attitude—"what is it that you do exactly propose? You have been speaking doubtfully to me, and dealing in obscure hints of I know not what. I tell you, Migsley, that I will not guess at your meaning. If you want to lay any proposal before me or my people, you shall speak out freely."

"Oh, you know well enough."

"I will not know."

"Very, well, then, I will speak out, and you shan't have to say that Joe Migsley—or Dick Migsley—or anything else that you like to call me, or I like to call myself—was afraid to say what he meant. Come off that seat, and I will partly show you what I mean."

The gipsy rose, and Migsley took him by the arm; and then pointing in the direction to the right of where they stood, he said—

"Do you see how the moonlight is sweeping over yon windows?"

"I do. The cold beams love the clear crystal, and make good companionship with its glittering surface."

"Well, that may be, or it may not. I don't pretend to know one way or the other; but perhaps you know as well as I do that those windows belong to the old mansion at Larchins. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"Well, the Colonel is dead—the Colonel who was as kind to you and your people as needs be. I say, he is dead; but in the old house there is rare old plate—gold, too. Ha! ha! we don't do him any harm now by touching it. Do you understand me now?"

"I will not. Go on."

"Pshaw! What is the meaning of this? Have you a constable hidden behind the nearest tree that you want me to speak out so plainly that he may hear, and come forward at the trial with his—'My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I heard him plan the robbery?' Is that it?"

"You know it is not so," said the gipsy gently.

"Well, then, whether it be so or not, I tell you that I propose to rob Larchins. Is that clear enough for you?"

"It is; and I tell you, and clearly, then, that I will not make one in the deed of robbing Larchins. Is that clear enough for you?"

"Oh, quite, Master Zanda. I crave your pardon. I did not really know that you had so many scruples."

"Hark you, Migsley. You do not belong to our people, but you came among us with a piteous tale, and petitioned that we would let you live with us. We rather endured your society than liked it. Yet we did not like to cast you forth. We did not attempt too curiously to inquire what were the crimes that had made you an alien from your own people."

"Crimes?"

"Yes, crimes. They were not virtues, I presume?"

"Oh, well, go on—go on."

"I mean to do so. I say, we endured your society; but you have grown in insolence. I tell you now to beware, for you do not know the true gipsy."

"I rather flatter myself I do," said Migsley, with a brutal laugh. "I ought to know the true gipsy by this time."

"If you do then, you ought to know that there are two things that the true gipsy never forgets."

"And what may they be?"

"Oblivion may come over his passions—his affections may fail him, and stark disease may settle at his heart; but the true gipsy never forgets an injury, nor a kindness."

"You don't say so?"

The tone of bantering in which Migsley pronounced these last words was so offensive to the

gipsy, that he at once turned upon his heel, and began rapidly to descend the hill. Migsley was apprehensive that he had gone too far in the matter, and he hurried after him, calling out in a subdued tone, so as not to make any alarm—

"Zanda! Zanda! I say, don't take a rash word or two amiss. I have not told you all. Only listen to me, and I will then, no doubt, take your advice; for I admit that you are keener in judgment than I am. Don't run off so. Let me yet have a few words with you."

"Quickly, then," said the gipsy, as he suddenly turned and flung the ragged end of his mantle over his shoulder. "Quickly then."

"As quick as you like," said Migsley. "I only wanted to tell you that I should not have thought of this robbery affair, but that the property had got into bad hands. That was all."

"When the sire dies the son succeeds," said the gipsy; "and we know him to be a youth of rare virtue. He has been in our tents in old times, when he was a gentle boy, and he has not disdained to break bread with the wandering people."

"Ah, to be sure," said Migsley, rapidly, "that's the very thing; but they tell me the old man has disinherited him and his sister."

"What! The blue-eyed child they called Minna?"

"The same. For something or for nothing, I know not what, the old man has left all he had in the world to a woman they call Cousin Cecil, so that it is not like taking anything from those who have been kind to you or to your people, for us to find a way into Larchins, and lay hands on some of its valuables. I tell you I have got all the news in the village. The property in the old house is now anybody's or nobody's; and when settled, it will be, they all say, in the worst hands that ever held it. Do you understand all that?"

"I do, and yet I will not do it. I wash my hands of the deed. I banish the suggestion from my mind, and will have no act or part in it. We have eaten of the bread that came from Larchins—we have drunk of the pure water that gallops through yon brook, and we have pitched our tents in the soft shadow of its trees: our hands would turn red, indeed, were we to raise them in violence against its hearth. It must not be."

"And so you won't?"

"And so I will not, nor will any of mine."

"Then, at a word, I give it up," cried Migsley. "I give up the job, and I feel all the lighter at the heart that I do so. To tell the honest truth, I did not much like it; but yet it did seem to be such a lucky chance, that I could not help mentioning it. I give it up at once. Give me your hand, Zanda—give me your hand—I tell you I give it up."

The gipsy folded his hands up in his mantle.

"It is not the custom of our people," he said. "Farewell!"

Without, then, waiting for another word from Migsley, he rapidly descended the hill, and disappeared among the tents. The discomfited robber stood for some three minutes or so with his arms folded across his breast, gazing after the gipsy; and when he could no longer see the dusky form, he stamped upon the earth violently, and cried—

"Do it! Yes, I will do it, if all the gips that ever were, or that ever will be, were to rise up before me and say 'Hold!' Do it? ay, that I will! Ha, ha! The gipsy's scruples! Ha, ha! Good! That is good! Do it? Yes I will, Master Zanda, in spite of you, and of all your tribe. But yet I am sorry I spoke of it to the copper-complexioned rascal—very sorry. They will keep a watch upon me now. There's not one of them that I can trust. They hang together like a lot of thieves on one string. Confound the fellow! Who would have thought it, now? Why they tell me in the village that Larchins is a mine of silver plate—that you meet with things rich and rare at every turn; and here am I as poor as Job, and certainly not a hundredth part so patient. I will do it: I make that determination; but I must have some sort of help. I don't like the job single-handed. No, no—that won't do. I like a pal, if it be but to say a word to in the dark—I'll never fancy going on anything alone."

Migsley flung himself on the seat that had been abandoned by the gipsy; and with his chin resting on his hand, he gave himself up to thought for some few minutes; then he suddenly rose, and clapping his hands together, he cried—

"I have it! I have it!"

That the housebreaker had thought of some plan by which he could carry out his views, with regard

to the robbery at Larchins, was quite apparent, and by the haste with which he approached the gipsy encampment, one would be apt to think that he had hit upon some strong inducement by which he could get that singular people to join him in his nefarious proceedings; but such was not the case. Migsley made his way to a tent that was some little way apart from the others, and at the door of which a woman sat huddled up, nursing an infant.

"Well, Liza," said Migsley, "how fares it with the little one?"

"Dying."

"Don't say that. While there is life, you know, there is hope. Is he still in the tent?"

Yes—Dying—dying!"

The word now spoken seemed to have taken a hold of the gipsy-woman's imagination, and it would not be shaken off. She rocked to and fro with the child in her arms, repeating it in a strange frenzied tone, and Migsley, after regarding her for a few moments in silence, passed her, and whistled a few clear notes at the opening of the miserable tattered tent.

It was the deserter who peeped out from beneath the enclosure, and in an anxious voice, said—

"Is there any danger?—Oh, hide me better than this—Is there any danger?"

"No. Come out, I want to speak to you, my lad. All is safe enough. Just come with me on the hill-side."

With a scared and anxious look, the deserter followed Migsley, who, without casting another thought or look towards the mother and the child at the tent opening, strode on towards the hill.

"I'm not sorry to get out of that," said the deserter, indicating the tent he had left by a movement of his head. "It was dull work there. She would have me out about half an hour ago to look at the child."

"Ah, I suppose it is going."

"Going! Why it was dead and stiff then; but she won't believe it. I told her it was so; but she only raved at me in some of her outlandish language that I didn't understand. But are you sure there is no danger?"

"Not a bit. Come and sit down on the seat. We can talk quite freely here, you may depend; and the free open air is better on the hill side here, than being half suffocated in the tent."

"I believe you, it is. I feel as comfortable again in these highlows and velveteens, to what I did in the scarlet trousers. It was a safe sell to go on wearing them, and I do begin to think I shall play the trick now, and get clear away from them."

"You will, if you trust to me, lad."

"Very well. I have trusted to you, and I will do so; but as for that boy at the undertaker's, if I come across him again, I'll let him know what a rap on the head really means."

"Never mind him; but tell me, now, if you succeed in getting clear off from the army, what do you mean to do?"

"To do?—Umph—To do? Why—a—a—well, to tell the truth, I haven't thought of that exactly."

"Do you like hard work and little pay?"

"Neither."

"Then you may starve, for there's nothing else open to you unless, indeed, you and I could hit upon some plan that would put some money in our pockets that would last us for a time. That would be the thing, would it not?"

"I rather think it would."

"Say you so?" cried Migsley, as he dealt the deserter a blow with the flat of his hand between the shoulders, that made him cough again, "say you so? Why, then, I am just the man who can put you in the way of it. But hold, I am going too far. Perhaps you are rather particular?"

"I particular? Not a whit—Not a whit. I never was, and this is not the time for me to begin."

"How true—how very true. Why, you have seen more of the world than I thought, after all. What would you say, now, if I were to put you in the way of getting some twenty or thirty pounds easily in one night?"

"Oh, it's a—a—"

"Out with it, lad."

"It's a robbery, I suppose, then?"

"Why, quizzical people would call it such, but, in reality, it is only taking possession of some odds and ends that belong to nobody now in particular. The master of that large house you see yonder among the trees is dead. As far as I can hear, it ain't rightly settled whose property the place will be; but whoever gets it will have a fine thing, and

it don't much matter whether that lucky individual has a silver spoon or two the less or not. Now, do you understand me, Master Deserter?"

"Don't call me that. It has a bad sound with it, and you might rap it out at an odd time when you were not thinking. As for the—little robbery affair—if it could be done quite safe, I have no great objection to it in any other point of view, you see."

"Safe!—why you have nothing to do but to take and have, I feel certain."

"Oh, then, I come into the scheme at once."

"Then that's settled. Give me your hand, boy. Ah, that's it. I—I like you somehow. Yes, I do like you. Who the deuce are you?"

"They call me George."

"George, do they? Well, I won't be curious about you. You can tell me little or much of yourself as you like; but they shan't hurt a hair of your head, George, if I know it, my boy."

"My history is soon summed up. I am a foundling."

"A foundling?"

"No; quite the reverse. The deuce of any fondling I ever got. But the long and the short of it is, that I was found in a hedge by some travelling tinker, and he placed me, more dead than alive, on one side of his donkey. I was balanced by a pan of hot coals on the other side. The poor devil brought me up in some sort of way, and at last he died, leaving me heir to the aforesaid pan of hot coals, a basket of tools, and a couple of sheets of block tin, but I didn't like the business."

"Oh, you didn't?"

"Not I. It was too much—too much like work, in fact, so I threw away the whole kit for a crown, and when that was spent, I listed in the regiment that I hope never to see again."

"You didn't like soldiering, then?"

"Like it? Oh, dear no; it was worse than tinkering. You see, it was so—so regular-like, and no change. Oh, it didn't suit me a bit, that it didn't, and I made up my mind to leave it the very first opportunity."

"You did right, my boy. You did quite right. And now I hope and trust that we quite understand each other. You and I will try our luck at yonder house. I will prow about, and find out the best time to do it in. It may be to-morrow night, or it may be the next—I can't take upon myself to say which; but I will let you know in time. You are quite safe in the meantime with the gips: They have taken you into their tents, and they have eaten and drunk with you; so you are all right, so far as they are concerned; and all you have got to do is to show yourself as little as you can help in the day-time, though you need not keep yourself quite screwed up. It's a capital thing you have come across me."

"It is, I rather think. That's a pretty girl at the undertaker's, though."

"Bah! You have your own safety to look after, not the pretty girls. There will be time enough for you to give an eye to them when you have plenty of money in your pocket, which you will have soon, or my name ain't Migsley. Go to the tent again now, or where you like, so that you don't ramble too far off, and get yourself into danger. I will see if I can't pick up some more news about Larchins, and what is the state of affairs in the old crib."

"Good-night," said the deserter; "I don't fancy going back to the tent again. That woman will be plaguing one's life out about her child. I'll just take a stroll by the brook a little, and then see if I can't get a few hours sleep among the grass and clover."

"Do so—good-night!"

Migsley grasped the deserter's hand, and wrung it affectionately. Then hastily dropping it, he darted off in the direction of Larchins.

## CHAPTER XII.

DETAILS SOME CHANGES THAT TOOK PLACE AT LARCHINS.

THE morning dawned upon Larchins after that strange and eventful night, the particulars of which we have recorded, with cloud and gloom. The rain pattered against the window-panes, and the tall trees bent and shivered in the gusty wind. Huge masses of clouds, big with showers, careered along the sky; and it was only now and then that a little triangular glimpse of soft sunshine, like the eye of some fair angel peeping down upon the drenched earth, could be seen amid the rout of vapour that sailed between heaven and the rolling orb that makes up the human home of man.

Sir William Watson was early afoot, and so was Lionel. They met in the old breakfast-room; and after a hearty shake-hands, the old baronet was about to say something, when the grinding of a carriage-wheels upon the drive without attracted his attention. Both Sir William and Lionel moved to the window, which commanded a view of the park, and they saw alighting from a chariot Mr. Greene, and then a small, elderly personage, with a prim pinched-up face, and attired in a suit of black that looked as though the tailor who made it had been woefully pinched for materials. This personage wore hair-powder, and a hat that had quite a clerical breadth of rim. In his hand he carried something that the Baronet declared to be a bugle-horn, japanned and lackered.

"Who on earth can this be?" said Lionel.

"Who?" shouted Sir William. "Why, Doubleday, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, and my co-executor, by all that's ridiculous."

"It must be the man."

"Yes, my boy, and we shall soon find out what sort of stuff he is made of, I think. We will wait for him here, Lionel. Ah, and in good time, here comes my pretty Minna, so we shall all be together to hear what this Mr. Doubleday has to say."

Minna looked pale and agitated as she entered the room. The events of the night had been, to her, specially alarming, and it was no wonder that the remembrance of them in the morning robbed her cheek of its bloom. She, however, remained in the presence of her brother and of the Baronet, for she felt that while she was near them, she was not in want of protectors.

"Sit down, my little dear," said Sir William Watson. "Sit down. There's nothing to be afraid of. Adzooks, Cousin Cecil now, I think, has more need to fear than we."

Solomon made his appearance at the door of the room, and giving his head and the thumb of his left hand a jerking movement towards the hall, he said—

"Old gentleman come—along o' Greene, the Lawyer.—Judge of men by company."

Solomon turned to leave the room, and stood face to face with Mr. Greene, who, with a bland smile, looked past him at Sir William Watson; and then when Solomon, with a grunt of dissatisfaction, passed him, he entered the room, saying—

"I hope I find you all well. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Doubleday, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law."

The singular apple-like figure that Sir William Watson and Lionel had seen alight from the coach at the door, made his appearance, and executed a very odd kind of circular bow. It was not in the nature of Lionel and Minna to be otherwise than kind and courteous to a stranger, so they both rose and bowed to the new comer. Sir William Watson, too, with all his strong feelings and prejudices, had a kind of glimmering idea that it was not the fault of Mr. Doubleday of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, that the late Colonel Danvers had made a foolish will; and he, too, bowed, saying in his hasty way—

"Glad to see you, Mr. Doubleday, although sorry for the occasion."

Upon this, Mr. Doubleday at once disclosed to the wondering company the use and meaning of the machine he held in his hand, and which, as Sir William had said, looked like a bugle horn lackered and japanned, for he held it up to his ear, and when it was there placed, he looked like some gigantic specimen of an old masculine goat, such as you may meet with on the Welsh mountains at times.

"Allow me to remark," said Mr. Greene, "that Mr. Doubleday is rather deaf, and that he is, therefore, under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet."

"Oh, that's it?" said Sir William, and then raising his voice, he shouted,—

"How do you do, sir?"

"I should not at all wonder," replied Mr. Doubleday.

"Why he can't hear a word," cried the Baronet,

"with all his trumpet. Hilloa! have you been long in this way?"

"You will find it very difficult," said Mr. Doubleday, with a smile. "The distance is great, and I don't know of a precedent."

Sir William shook his head.

"A nice co-executor I have got," he said. "Why it's as much use to talk to him as to the stone figure of What's-his-name, that the poor Colonel stuck up in the lawn garden."

"He certainly is rather deaf," said Mr. Greene, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows, and shake

of his head; "but it is a whisper close to the mouth of the ear-trumpet that he understands best."

"With this, Mr. Greene whispered into the trumpet—

"Allow me, Mr. Doubleday, to introduce you to Sir William Watson, your co-executor."

"Oh, thank you, you told me that before: I will be upon my guard."

"Upon his guard," cried Sir William; "what the deuce does he mean by being upon his guard, eh?"

Mr. Greene looked a little confused; but he whispered something else rapidly into the trumpet, upon which Mr. Doubleday nodded, and addressing the company generally, he said, in his sharp garrulous tone—

"I have seen the will of the late Colonel Danvers. It is quite correct. I merely came down to say that the necessary steps can be quickly taken, and the legatee placed in possession of the estate. It's a very ordinary affair, very ordinary, indeed."

"Is it!" roared Sir William. "Is it, sir! Then I can tell you that it is a very extra-ordinary affair."

"Well, of course, you must do what the law requires," said Mr. Doubleday.

"But, sir, I can tell you that this will is a most iniquitous—no, I won't say that; but it is a most mistaken will, and has been procured by the most iniquitous means, sir, and Cousin Cecil knows that as well as I do; but all is fish that comes to her net, whether by fair means or by foul."

Mr. Doubleday smiled blandly.

"Thank you," he said; "I like a bit of fish very well, and am much obliged by the kind offer."

"Upon my life," said Sir William, "this is quite enough to drive any one crazy. Solomon—Solomon!"

"Here you are, Sir William."

"Go and try if you can rout up Cousin Cecil: she is wanted here, I rather think. Before I leave this house, I should just like to ask her a question or two. I only hope she has not caught a very slight cold by her last night's perambulations."

"Perambulations, sir?" said Mr. Greene.

"Yes, sir," roared Sir William. "Perambulations. When people's consciences are disturbed, they walk in their sleep at times, and they say things that it would be just as well for them that they kept to themselves, sir; and, if I mistake not, Cousin Cecil will find it rather difficult to—"

"Can't come—very ill," said Solomon, popping his head into the room.

"Which means, won't come—rather afraid," said Sir William.

"Just so," said Solomon.

Lionel now rose. He had been conversing for a few moments with Minna in an under tone, and now his manner showed that he wished to say something that was rather important. Mr. Greene looked a little alarmed, and Sir William was anxious.

"Speak out, my boy," he said, "speak out. You are in your own house. Speak out, my boy."

"I mean to do so, sir. I hope that I am in my own house, Sir William. Only twenty-four hours ago, I was inclined to bow with submission to my father's wishes. It was his will that I should be deprived of my inheritance, and as the mere expression of his will, I submitted; and but since that time, I have found how his mind has been abused—how he has been grossly imposed upon to think me capable of acts from which I would shrink with horror, and which I behold with scorn. I have found, from indisputable evidence—and I hold that evidence in my possession—that by the aid of the grossest and vilest forgeries, I have been calumniated to my father, and that it was under the impression that certain things had been done by me, that I never dreamt of doing, that he made the will which disinherits me, and would drive me from my home."

"But, my dear sir—" said Mr. Greene.

"Silence!" cried Sir William. "Be so good as to hear him out, if you please, sir."

Mr. Greene whispered something energetically into the ear-trumpet of Mr. Doubleday, while Lionel continued—

"Discovering all this—having the documentary proofs of it in my possession—I have gone through a great alteration of opinion upon the subject; and with the same reverence for my father's memory that I ever had, I say now, boldly, before you all, that I will dispute the will!"

"Bravo!" cried Sir William.

"I will dispute it inch by inch—word by word. Every energy I have shall be called upon to dispute it, and to the last gasp I will fight for the truth, and for what would have been my father's real wishes had he not been most grossly deceived."

"He disputes the will!" screamed Mr. Greene into the ear-trumpet of Mr. Doubleday, who calmly replied—

"Oh, yes: pay all the bills. That's right."

Sir William Watson rushed up to Lionel, and taking him by both hands, shook them till the slim figure of the young man swayed to and fro with his friend's violence of satisfaction.

"That's right, my lad," he cried—"that's right. Stand up for your own rights like a Briton."

"Let it be generally understood," added Lionel, "that I have come to this determination after mature reflection. I have had all the still hours of the past night to think of it, and I am convinced that it is the most just and the most pious thing I can do, for the love of the memory of my father, to dispute that will, which was procured from him by fraud—by imposition of the vilest character, and by forgeries which I have in my possession."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Greene, with a deprecatory look, "you are really badly advised."

"I am not advised at all, sir; but I will be."

"Allow me to state, that as the will of the deceased, *per se*, has no flaw upon the face of it, the courts will not look to antecedent circumstances connected with it—or rather, I should say, totally unconnected with it. It can only be looked upon as a document *de facto*, you perceive, my dear sir; and my sincere advice to you is, really, not to embroil yourself in litigations, the consequences of which, allow me to say, must really fall upon yourself."

"No, they won't," said Sir William Watson. "I stand at this boy's back, and urge him on. I will supply him with ammunition, Mr. Greene. You Lawyer's know pretty well what that means; and, after all, there is such a place as Chancery."

"There is, indeed," smiled Mr. Greene. "I am really sorry to hear that there will be any litigation about the affair. I was in hopes that it would be all settled quite comfortably."

"Yes, Mr. Lawyer Greene, but your notion of comfort and ours differ."

"Well, well, if passion and—aggravation—"

"Hold, sir," said Lionel; "there is neither passion nor aggravation in my conduct; nor is it from a grasping desire for wealth that I make up my mind to fight for my inheritance. It is because I feel that I am resisting wrong, and that it is a duty I owe to myself, and to this helpless girl, to do so. I care not who knows my intentions. This is my father's house. A will has been procured from him by fraud. The proofs of that fraud are in my possession, and, therefore, I resist the will. Here I remain."

"Here?" said Mr. Greene.

"Yes, here. I will not give up my possession of the house. I hold it until the law either ratifies my title, or with a stronger arm than I can raise, forces me from it. My father is no more, and I proclaim myself Master of Larchins. Solomon—"

"Solo—mon!" shouted Sir William, in such a voice, that even Mr. Doubleday heard him; and Solomon sprang into the room. "Call all the servants together at once, Solomon, and bring them here."

"Good again," said Solomon, and he rapidly disappeared.

"Oh, Lionel, Lionel!" said Minna, "you terrify me."

"Nay, Minna, what is there to fear? Be calm, I pray you. All is well. I feel that it is a duty I owe to the memory of my poor father, to act in this way; and if the spirits of the dead have power to take cognisance of the acts of those whom they leave behind them, he now approves of that which I am doing."

Solomon, at this moment, flung open the door, and exhibited a throng of faces, at its entrance, belonging to the servants of the establishment. Mr. Greene looked a little uneasy, and Mr. Doubleday kept turning the mouth of his trumpet about in all directions in the most ridiculous way imaginable, with the hope of catching a hint of what was going on. Lionel's brow was flushed, and it was quite evident that he had made up his mind to a high purpose, as he advanced and spoke,—

"You all know me. I have sent for you all to proclaim that I intend to hold my father's home for myself and Minna. I have taken possession of it, and I mean to keep it. I rely upon you all to aid and help me; and as Heaven hears me, I declare I will not part from my inheritance without a struggle. By falsehood, fraud, and such unheard-of villany as can scarcely be believed, my father was induced to make the will that placed Cousin Cecil in the position of mistress here; but

having the proofs of that villany, I dispute with her the position, and will hold my home."

"Hurrah!" shouted the servants, and the sudden sound was so startling, that Mr. Greene slipped off his chair to the floor, and Mr. Doubleday dropped his ear-trumpet.

"Cousin Cecil!" shouted Solomon, "who has been listening to it all at the top of the stairs!"

The servants shrunk back, and Cousin Cecil, elegantly attired in a morning dress of delicate lilac and black satin, entered the room. The handkerchief—the eternal piece of gauzy cambric, and behind which she frowned, or smiled, or bit her lips, or looked diabolical or placid, as the case might be—was in her hand. Her entrance was greeted with a solemn silence.

"Ill though I am," she said, "very ill, indeed, I felt that it was my duty, as early as possible, to come to you, Lionel, and you, dear Minna."

Minna shrank back from her touch, and clung to her brother.

"And you, my much respected friend, Sir William Watson," continued Cousin Cecil.

"Beg to decline the acquaintance, madam," said Sir William.

Cousin Cecil covered her face, for a moment, with the handkerchief; but it was only for a moment, and when she uncovered it, a faint and gentle smile played upon her lips, and putting a look, such as some saintly piece of injured innocence might wear, she said—

"Ah, me! it is a sad thing to inherit the goods of this world, for from that moment a host of foes rise up, and the hearts we thought all our own, become estranged from us. But it is a duty—a solemn and affecting duty—that I owe to myself and to the dear child of that best of men, who is now no more, and who has thought me worthy to possess his little property, to say what I have risen from a sick couch to say."

"Keep up your spirits, madam," said Sir William.

"Nay, let her speak," said Lionel.

"How kind," said Cousin Cecil. "He will permit me to speak, and yet I feel scarcely able—a faintness is upon me—my feelings are—are—"

"Why, you have had up one bottle of brandy already this morning," said Solomon.

Cousin Cecil again covered her face for a moment with her handkerchief, during which time Lionel motioned to Solomon and the servants to withdraw; which they all did, and the door was closed upon the rather oddly assorted party in the breakfast-room of Larchins.

"Nothing," said Cousin Cecil, with the same sad and dreamy-looking smile upon her face that she must have well practised beforehand; "nothing shall induce me to do what is not right and consistent with gentle feelings. Oh, Lionel—(Lionel shook his head) my dear Minna—(Minna looked another way) and you, Sir William—(the Baronet thrust his hands into his pockets and looked up to the ceiling) I shall soon be able to convince you that in me you have a true and kind-hearted friend: Bless you all! Lionel, it is true that by your father's will—oh, how I prayed to him to alter it, and leave you all, and me the fifty-two pounds a-year—it is true, I say, that you are disinherited; but of me you shall have the means of living like a gentleman. I will make up your income to five hundred per annum; and as my dear Minna, bless her, was specially left to my kind care, I will let her have a similar sum, so that with a thousand a-year, while you live, I hope that you will both feel as happy as possible; and that you will, after all, admit that Providence does better for us than we can do for ourselves, which is a delightful feeling."

"Oh!" said Sir William.

"I dare say, too," added Cousin Cecil, "that there are many little things about the house that, from old associations, you would like to have, both of you; and all such you can take. Oh, what a pleasure it will be to me to see you cultivating the sensibilities and the affections. And now, Sir William, and you, my dear Minna, and you, Lionel, I trust that we are all friends again?"

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Greene, "to give away a thousand a-year upon a point of feeling—really!"

"Nay, Mr. Greene, it is because it is a point of feeling that I find it a joy to do it."

"But allow me to speak to Mr. Doubleday, madam. Allow me to say a word or two to that gentleman."

"All this," said Lionel, calmly, "is quite unnecessary. I utterly and entirely, for myself and sister,

refuse this compromise. I intend to hold possession of Larchins as long as I can, and to dispute the will."

"Sir!" said Cousin Cecil.

"Madam," said Lionel. "You no longer behold in me the yielding youth, who, full of grief for his father's death, will allow any one to trample upon his rights. The grief remains, but it does not swallow up all other proper feeling. I tell you, Cousin Cecil, that I know you."

"You—you know me?"

"Yes, for the fiend in human shape that you are. I know now that it was you, or by your means and machinations—Heaven help the sordid wretch who aided you!—that my father's mind was abused by forged letters—that he was made to pay thousands under the impression that I, to support my criminal extravagance, had used his name and credit. I know all that now."

Cousin Cecil tried to exchange a rapid look with Mr. Greene, but that ornament of the law would not have it, and coolly looked out of window.

"I say I not only know all this, Cousin Cecil," continued Lionel, "but I have the proofs in my possession. As is the case with all villainous projects, there was in this the great indiscretion of not getting possession again of the papers by which my father's ear was abused, and my ruin believed to have been consummated. I have those papers, Cousin Cecil; to your confusion, I have them; and already your guilty soul brings flushes to your face, and blanches your cheeks. You already feel—"

"Oh, this is too absurd," said Mr. Greene.

"Much—much!" faltered Cousin Cecil, as she sunk into a chair, and covered over her head and face both with the handkerchief.

"It is impossible, Mr. Danvers," cried Mr. Greene, "for any one to sit still, and hear an amiable and accomplished lady spoken to in such a way as this."

"It is very chivalrous of you, sir," said Lionel to Mr. Greene, "to come to the rescue of your client. I do not accuse you of being her accomplice in this most infamous transaction."

"You had better not—"

"I know that, sir. There is a law of libel in this country; therefore, I will not say you are the man; but I will have you out of this house, for fear you should be. Solomon!"

"Here ag'in," said Solomon.

"Turn this man out at once, and see him clear of the premises."

"How dare you?" shouted Cousin Cecil, springing to her feet—"how dare you order my Attorney out of this house—my home?"

"And I give you twenty-four hours to pack up what belongs to you, Cousin Cecil," added Lionel; "and at the end of that period you shall go."

"I will not go! Mr. Greene, get help. Give anything for a force sufficient to get possession of Larchins, and turn these people out of it. This is too much! Insolence!"

"Guilty!" said Sir William, pointing into Cousin Cecil's face with his finger. "Guilty—guilty!"

"Mr. Greene, do you hear me? I give you my orders, sir."

"Yes, but—"

"That will do," said Solomon, as he caught the Attorney round the waist, and carried him out of the room.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sir William. "I will send for my own Lawyer from London. He ain't half such a rogue as Greene, and is as clever again. What the deuce shall we do with Doubleday?"

"Help! help!" cried Cousin Cecil, flying to the bell-rope, and pulling it so vehemently that down it came in her hand. "Help! help! I will have you all turned out! Oh, you have come, have you? Now, servants, turn these people out of the house. I am mistress of Larchins, as you all well know, for you heard your master's will read. Turn them out at once, I say!"

"Guilty!" said Sir William, and the servants looked at each other, and smiled.

Cousin Cecil dropped into a chair, and drummed her feet on the ground.

"Let's leave her to have a consultation with old Doubleday," said Sir William; "and, do you hear all you fellows?—Cousin Cecil will leave the house in twenty-four hours—so take care of the spoons!"

(To be continued.)

## THE MUMMY PIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DIARY OF A QUEEN'S MESSENGER."

It did not happen very often that I had to make a journey to the east. Twice only I was sent to Constantinople, and only once to Egypt. It is concerning that latter visit to the land of old world-wonders that I am about to relate something which I think will entertain every reader, as much as it astonished me.

After we had driven the French from Egypt, it became an important consideration with our Government to cultivate as good an understanding with the rather doubtful authorities of that province as possible. A general officer was residing in the valley of the Nile, upon some diplomatic service, and I was sent to him with rather an important sealed despatch. After narrowly escaping a couple of French Privateers, who might have been—there is no knowing, though, exactly—too strong for the little ten-gun brig in which I was, I landed at Alexandria in safety, and anxiously inquired where I should find General B—. I was informed that he was at a town called Siout, near the western bank of the Nile, but a considerable distance along the shores of that stream.

It was not for me to consider the difficulties or dangers of my route. I had to go, and it was quite as well for me to go with a light heart as a heavy one, although I was told, quite confidentially, by an English resident at Alexandria that there was no likelihood of my getting fifty miles inland, even, as the Arabs made a point of assassinating every European they came across, in consequence of the many indignities that had been put upon them by the French.

"Good-by, sir," he said, "I do not expect to see you again; therefore, I will bid you adieu now; and if you would like to leave any letter or papers with me, I shall have great pleasure in sending them to Europe by the earliest opportunity."

"No," I said, "I am much obliged, but I will not meet evil half way in that fashion. If I fall, I fall. My friends know that my calling is rather a perilous one, and so I must just take my chance. How does General B—, however, get on, if the locality be so dangerous?"

"Why, you know, he has a small force with him, and it is only by the utmost watchfulness that he is enabled to insure his safety from day to day."

"Very good. I can only make the attempt. Can you tell me where I can purchase a native horse?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure."

In the course of two hours I was equipped for my journey. The horse was rather a poor, slippery-looking animal; but I was assured that it was of the right sort to carry me over the loose shaly ground by the banks of the Nile; and with such arms and accoutrements as I thought would be the most serviceable to me, off I went.

It is not for me, in this brief sketch of adventure, to say anything of the wonders of a past age, and a lost people, that I passed on my journey in that land of recollections of those who were the ancients of the ancients. Too much has been written already of Egypt and its marvels to render it necessary that I should expatiate upon them. Suffice it to say, that by sunset I reached, without any adventure of great importance, a spot of country of arid and desolate appearance, generally; but in one part as wildly picturesque as any I had ever seen.

Either artificially, or from natural causes, the earth seemed to have tumbled up into hills—slopes and ridges, in most fantastical forms; and here and there a group of tall cedars lent a gloomy grandeur to the scene, that it is impossible for me to convey an idea of. My horse was wearied, and I proposed giving him a rest until midnight, and then pushing on again by the side of the stream—for I had yet far to go.

It had been a part of my design upon leaving Alexandria only to stop at thoroughly desolate places, where there was little likelihood of my meeting with any of the marauders of the desert, who might think it worth their while to interfere with me; and this place appeared to be just the sort I had pictured to myself as a desirable one to halt at.

Dismounting, I fixed a wooden peg in the ground as firmly as I could, and secured my horse to it, giving him scope enough; and as there was suffi-

cient herbage to enable him to pick up a supper, I then left him to his resources, and sitting down with my back to a mound of earth, I spread out the contents of my knapsack.

"This," I said to myself, "is a quiet spot, at all events, and there don't seem to be the least signs of any —"

Before I could get out another word, a very strange, unearthly kind of shriek or cry came upon my ears, and there dashed up to within about a dozen paces of where I was, a man on a horse. It did not take me a second glance to see that he was one of those wandering Nubians who lead a gipsy kind of life in the valley of the Nile, traversing, at times, the whole of Lower Egypt, and living by marauding of any description.

The strangest thing was that he did not seem to take any notice of me; but I thought that none were so blind as those who would not see. He had with him a long slender spear of about fifteen feet in length, and that he cast up into the air an incredible height, and caught it again in its descent, making again the same odd cry that had before startled me.

I soon found that unintelligible as the cry was to me, it was not so to others, for before I could make up my mind to any particular course of action, this rather disreputable looking individual was joined by half a dozen more ragged rascals, likewise mounted and armed with long spears.

Still they took no notice of me.

"This is odd," I thought; "but as I am a stranger, and as these very doubtful gentlemen may be considered as at home, I will not make any move to court their acquaintance first."

With this resolve, I watched them with rather keen anxiety, and was amused at their proceedings.

They dismounted, and picketed their horses much in the manner that I had done mine, and then collecting a few sticks, they by some sudden means set light to them, and had a fire, upon which they began to cook something, but what it was I could not form the least idea. It was very black, and they kept turning it over and over, and blowing the wood ashes off it. Two of them then suddenly went off at a running pace, and were away about ten minutes, during which time the others paid no more attention to me than as if I had been a stick or a dislodged stone from a pyramid. When the two came back, I was rather, at the moment, surprised to see that they each had something over his shoulder that strongly resembled a human body swathed up in clothes.

I was not long kept in suspense or doubt concerning what they had been for. There was a Mummy Pit in the neighbourhood, and they had brought these two of the old world Egyptians from it; but I did not at the moment know what they meant to do with them. That, however, they soon let me be informed of.

With the short creese or half sword with its broad blade, that hung by their girdles, they cut up the mummies in a very workman-like manner, and placed the dismembered portions upon the fire, where they blazed and crackled merrily enough, from the amount of bituminous matter used in their preparation.

So much, thought I, for the cares and pains of ancient Egypt with its dead. Modern Egypt makes fire wood of a Pharaoh, and chops up without ceremony a Cheops.

It struck me that it would be best to go, so I rose accordingly, but had no sooner done so, than one of the dirty party by the fire made a strange kind of cry, and in an instant they were all on their feet, and one of the long lances came hissing through the air, and passed my head so closely, that it was anything but pleasant.

I am not very impatient, but I certainly did return this by a pistol-shot that sent the rascal who threw the lance backward into the fire, and at the same moment I stumbled over my knapsack and fell to the ground.

That fall saved my life, for all the other lances flew over me, and embedded themselves in the mound of earth immediately behind me. I had still another single pistol and a pair of good double barrels, that I could depend upon; so, finding that the enemy had thrown all their lances, I sprang to my feet and stood upon the defensive. With a yell of rage, they made a rush towards me. I fired my single pistol in their faces, and then turned and fled. My object was to get upon as high ground as possible, and then, armed as I still was, I did not feel at all inclined to consider my situation very desperate,

for I had every reason to believe that they had no fire-arms.

I took my course right up the face of the hillock, that was behind me, and, by great exertion, I surmounted it before they could reach the spot that I had occupied. When I gained the summit, I faced them again, and holding one of my double-barrels towards them, I cried out, quite forgetting that it was not very likely what I said would be intelligible to them—

"Be off, you rascals, or I will blow your brains out."

I then found that I had made one grand mistake in leaving the spot I had occupied, for I gave them the opportunity of recovering their lances again, which they plucked out of the bank. Seeing this, I fired again, and under cover of the discharge, backed from the side of the hillock.

Suddenly the ground slid from under me, and away I went headlong. The last thing I heard was a wild screaming shout from the Arabs, and then I felt myself going down, down, crashing and smashing, into the *Mummy Pit*!

Some thousands of mummies were there, but my weight smashed them in all directions. The dust from the bones and the wrappings that enveloped them, rose in choking clouds: the broken coffins and the heaps of dead closed over me: I felt as if I were going down to the very centre of the earth, and then that I was to be built in by mummies. With one despairing cry, I gave myself up for lost. I think I must have fainted, for I suddenly found myself feeling very ill, lying on my back in the dark, and something squeezing with a great weight upon my chest. I could only just faintly breathe. The reality of my situation flashed across my mind, and I asked myself—

"How many mummies are between me and the top of the pit?"

I began to wonder how I could breathe at all; and then when I found that I could just do so, I was afraid for some time to move lest I should disturb the accidental arrangements of the mummies that admitted air to me through some crevice.

If I were to live for ages I should not forget the dreadful sensation that came over me in that place; and yet, was I to lie there and die? No, no! At least, it behoved me to make an effort to save myself.

I moved a little, and a rattling sound convinced me that the mass above me was not packed very close. I moved again, and then I heard a voice cry out in English—

"Whoever it is, he is smothered by this time."

"No!" I screamed, and then sensation deserted me completely; and, so far as the pangs of death went, I died, to all intents and purposes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Some more water over his face," said a voice.

I opened my eyes, and found myself delightfully cool and fresh. A crowd of people was about me, and the light of a torch gleamed in the night air. A man was slouching water on my face with his hand.

"Where am I now?" I said.

"Why, its an Englishman!" cried a voice.

"To be sure," said I, "and you, too, you are English?"

"Yes, I am General B—, and am travelling to Cairo, to see if there are any despatches for me."

"Don't go," said I, as I thrust my hand into the secret pocket close to my heart where I had the despatch; "there is your letter; I am a king's messenger. I suppose you dragged me out of the Mummy Pit, and there is your reward. I was going to Siout to see you, but shall be glad enough to get back again now."

"Ah!" said General B—, "this is very well. I am quite delighted that I saw you go into the pit, and that my party chased away the Arabs."

"And I," said I, "am much more delighted that you pulled me out of it. Pah! I shall not get the taste of the mummy dust out of my mouth for a month."

#### MR. GUTHRIE, THE SURGEON, IN SPAIN

In August, 1808, the whole army, now collected under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed in Mondego Bay, and on the 17th of the month fought the battle of Roliça. The 9th and 29th regiments furnished the greater part of the wounded, which for three days were almost entirely under Mr. Guthrie's care. On the evening of the 20th, he rejoined the army, which on the 21st

fought the battle of Vimiera. In the care of the wounded in this action he again took a principal part. His regiment, from the great loss it had sustained in these two actions, did not join the army under Sir J. Moore, but went again to the Bay of Cadiz. Mr. Guthrie was landed in charge of the sick of the whole corps, then under General Mackenzie, and thus gained a further knowledge of the Spanish language, which, with the Portuguese, he now spoke fluently. Returning to Lisbon, he accompanied the army to the taking of Oporto; and two opportunities offered on the heights of Grijon, and nearer to Oporto, where some sharp skirmishes took place, of showing that he was quite ready to do the work of everybody, as well as his own, by doing that of staff-surgeon—the gentlemen who filled these offices being all in the rear. At the passage of the Douro into Oporto, his readiness in speaking Portuguese induced some people in a country boat to take him and his horse over at the same time; he was, therefore, the only mounted English officer on the field in front of Oporto—a circumstance which nearly cost him his life. The French had fled with such rapidity from the town, that their baggage encumbered the streets, becoming the prey of the townspeople and some of the soldiery. Delayed by this circumstance, Mr. Guthrie was separated from the troops, and was glad to place himself by the side of Sir J. M. Doyle, at the head of the 17th Portuguese regiment, which had rapidly crossed the river, and offered to show him the road the English had taken. This shortly brought them under the brow of a precipitous ridge, on which the regiment had formed, the French being immediately before them; and Sir J. Sherbrooke, who commanded, mistaking the Portuguese regiment coming up for a French regiment issuing from the town, faced the 29th about, and ordered them to present. The moment was critical. Mr. Guthrie, who was by this time as much a soldier as a doctor, and to whom, as a spectator, every disputed question of movement of the regiment was always referred for his decision, saw the mistake and the danger in an instant. Words were useless, but with a quickness of perception and decision which saved many lives, he tore open the blue great coat which covered his red one, and held it back, which at once caused the whole regiment, almost in the very act of firing upon them, to call out, "The doctor and the Portuguese!" and they were then received with acclamation. The English regiment now advanced, the light troops in front skirmishing sharply, when Mr. Guthrie, seeing a gun in a lane to the left which the train attached could not drag through it, and the drivers and artillerymen dismounting to run away on foot, rode down, being the only mounted officer present, and took possession: but what to do with it was the question. He, therefore, cut the traces of the head-most mule, (a very fine one), brought her off as a trophy, and then sent a sergeant and a file of men to take charge of the gun, until he could report its capture to Sir J. Sherbrooke, who was mightily amused at the doctor's capturing a gun by himself.—*Lancet*.

#### THE POET LAUREATE.

We object to mere sinecures, of all and every kind. We would no more tolerate a voiceless Court Poet than we would allowance give to a Court Falconer without falcons. Either the poet's yearly song is a necessary tribute, a part and parcel of Court Ceremony, with Gold Stick or Silver Stick, or the thing has died out. The old idea of the laureate has made "a swan's end, failing in music." Let the place determine with the singing. If not, as well revive the office of the court fool, bestowing the motley with a gracious assurance that the grave and reputable person accepting the livery is never expected to don it. As well have the jester without the jest, as the poet without the ode.

Or shall we return to the good old times? Shall we have, as usual, "quit rent of ode and peppercorn of praise?" If so, the bard of the minorities—or some congenial spirit—is the only likely person to accept the bays—the men who *can* sing refusing to chant, though, with lips closed to music, they have hands open to the pay. Shall we have a renewal of the soap-and-water strains of Whitehead? Hear him—a bit of him—in 1759; his swelling theme, the Second George:

Say, shall we trace the hero's flame  
From the first fo'ring gale of flame,  
Which bade the expanding bosom pant for praise?

Or hail the star, whose orient beam

Shed influence on his natal hour,

What time the nymphs of Leyno's stream,

Emerging from their wat'ry bower,

Sung their soft carols through each osier shade,

And for the pregnant fair invok'd Lucina's aid?

Truly, this is precious stuff—virgin gold in every line—to carry the court mark upon it! Further on, Whitehead assures us that:

To British George, the King of isles,

The tribes that rove th' Arcadian snows,

Redeem'd from Gallia's polish'd wiles,

Shall breathe their voluntary vows.

In 1761, the same audacious Whitehead puts the lion skin of Hercules on the broad shoulders of young George the Third.

O sacred truth in emblem dress!—

Again the muses sing,

Again in Britain's blooming King,

Aleides stands confest!

Apollo, as interpreted by his bard in livery, thus "strikes th' alarming lyre," and sings, uniting George, alias Hercules, and Hebe, otherwise known as Charlotte:

What boon divine would Heaven bestow?

Ye gods, unbend the studious brow,

The fruitless search give o'er,

Whilst we the just reward assign,

Let Hercules with Hebe join,

And youth unite with power!

In 1763, Mr. Whitehead, with his Muse intent upon the baby Prince of Wales, afterwards known to the Exchequer of England as George the Fourth, pronounced him to be

That lovely, that unfolding rose!

And, warming with the figure, calls for music and wine:

Then let harmony reign,

Then let pleasure abound,

While in sparkling champagne

These wishes go round!

Are we to have this "strain again," for it seems that no man, with real music in his soul, will take the laureateship, if the lyre is to accompany it. The solid pudding may be digested, but no empty praise returned. It is stated that Mr. Rogers, on the easy plea of years, has declined the honour of the post, the honour, if possible, enhanced by the proposed abolition of salary. Various propositions have been made as to the bestowal of the wreath, whether gilt or plain. It has been held that the office should be annually renewed, promoting worthier bards as worthier should arise. Whether, like the yearly Lord Mayor, the court poet should be sworn in at Westminster, counting the hairs of the judge's ermine, to test his powers of arithmetic, has made no part of the proposal. In default of the gold coach, possibly he might be allowed to go under his own umbrella. Again, certain ladies have been put forward as most eligible to tune the courtly lyre, the sovereign being a queen. Be it so. Nevertheless, the same line of argument may apply to other and loftier stations. If, because of a queen, we are to have, not a poet, but a poetess laureate, why not a Lady Chamberlain and a Mistress of the Gold Stick?

That mysterious person Prester John—according to old Mandeville—kept no court poet, had no yearly presentation of ode, knew nothing of strophe and anti-strophe; nevertheless there was held, in the court of John, a custom that, should the laureateship be abolished, might be considered with a view of affording an easy means of duty to any distinguished intellect that royalty might be disposed to honour. "And they carry before him (Prester John) a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his nobleness, and his might, and his flesh, shall turn to earth." The poet might, as a tenure of office, supply the earth; the court, of course, finding the golden platter. There would be a significant morality in this; a wholesomer and deeper meaning than any conveyed by the dirty adulation of a Whitehead or the froth of a Pye.

#### WIT AND WISDOM.

"LOUIS XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the levée, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, 'That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army.' 'Your Majesty's enemies have said

the same thing more than once, was the answer. The wit of this answer consists in the sudden relation discovered in his assent to the king's invective and his own defence. By admitting the king's observation, he seems, at first sight, to be subscribing to the imputation against him; whereas, in reality, he effaces it by this very means. A sudden relation is discovered where none was suspected. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said, that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, number, and in cases. Here, again, it is very obvious that a relation is discovered, which, upon first observation, does not appear to exist. These instances may be multiplied to any extent. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable, and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died; and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said, no, he certainly should not, for that if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings. Here we are suddenly surprised with the idea that the method proposed of securing his comfort may possibly prove the most effectual method of destroying it. At least, to enjoy the pleasantry of the reply, we view it through his mode of thinking, who had not been very fortunate in the connection established by his first marriage.

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

**STATE PAPERS.**—We learn with much satisfaction that at a meeting of the Commissioners for Printing State Papers recently held, it was resolved to publish accurate calendars of the Domestic Papers preserved in the State Paper Office, commencing with the reign of Edward the Sixth, and extending to the close of the reign of Elizabeth. Such a work will be of great advantage to the literary world—and will in all probability bring important documents, as illustrative of facts or manners, to light. The editorship has been intrusted to the hands of Mr. Robert Lemon, of the State Paper Office; and, we believe, it is his intention to produce a good working calendar—at a cost so reasonable as to be within the means of every scholar, however limited his resources may be.

**GUTTA PERCHA.**—Gutta Percha makes its way in the world. It has long had its sphere of duty as a comforter to the soles of men—and it is gradually displacing other raw materials of use and decoration. Leather has suffered not a little in the competition—some kinds of ornamental wood have been superseded in the making of nick-knacks and picture-frames; gold has been dug out of decayed teeth to make room for it; and it has replaced the silk on the frameworks of our umbrellas. A day or two ago we saw an advertisement describing hats made of the raw material: so that from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, we shall probably ere long be cased in gutta percha.

**THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.**—Mr. Slight (clerk to the Commissioners) has negotiated a loan of sixty thousand pounds for the purchase of the Pavilion estate. The lenders are the Bank of England, and the rate of interest four per cent. As soon as the necessary legal steps for completing the loan have been taken, the Palace ground will be thrown open to the public.—*Brighton Gazette.*

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Successions of the brassica family may be planted upon land which has already been cleared of its former occupants, or intermediately amongst other crops which will shortly be removed, provided that the ground had been well manured previous to the existing crop being planted. The last sowing of peas should now be made, selecting dwarf varieties, which come earliest into bearing, are of a hardy constitution, and not liable to mildew. Sow cabbage for coleworts, endive for main crop, and make the usual sowings of radishes, turnips, lettuces, chervil, &c. Attention should be paid to the earthing up of potatoe, using the three-pronged hack instead of the sharp draw hoe, which it is a common practice to use, although it is liable to cut off the young strings which lie near the surface of the ground. The soil for earthing should be drawn from the centre of the space between the ridges. The earliest crop of celery now requires partially earthing up. As this

crop is for immediate use, it should be earthed up by degrees as it requires it. Carrots, parsnips, &c., should be thinned, as the perfection of such plants greatly depends on the space allotted to them individually.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

A furious wife, like a musket, may do a great deal of execution in her house, but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife will, like an air-gun, act with as much power without being heard.

## MR. GUTHRIE AND THE WOUNDED FRENCH.

THE affairs which took place in the beginning of the campaign of 1813, at Castregon, and afterwards on the Guarena, deprived Mr. Guthrie of the whose of his means of transport, and the battle of Salamanca left him with many hundred wounded strewn over the field, without the capability of removing one. Never did Mr. Guthrie's humanity and moral courage come out more conspicuously. Three hundred unfortunate Frenchmen, the worst of the wounded then living, were collected around him on the field, and when brought into the Convent of San Carlos, and laid on the bare ground, the living, the dying, and the dead, side by side, the stench was dreadful; never was humanity more outraged. They ate and drank all Mr. Guthrie had to give them out of their shoes, using the same shoes and caps for all other necessary purposes of life. The Spanish authorities would not aid, until at last Mr. Guthrie, in despair, assured them, in full junta, that he would leave a letter for the first French general who came into the town, and there was great probability that the French army would recover it, (which they did in less than three months,) stating their inhuman conduct in the strongest terms, and recommending them to hang them to a man. This made them absolutely furious. The Spanish word *ahorca* is an ugly one, and, when pronounced with its full guttural sound, really makes one think of hanging. Mr. Guthrie spoke Spanish fluently, and they did not quite like the solemn assurances he gave them, by all the saints in the calendar, that he would keep his word. They at last gave in, and delivered over to him an alguazil, or police-officer, to obey his orders, who he promised should never see his home again until the French wounded were decently provided for. These poor Frenchmen assured him, that although little given to praying, they had prayed for him. When he left them, in October, the officers drew up a paper, acknowledging his services, and returning their thanks in the strongest terms to him to whom they acknowledged they and their soldiers owed their lives, and the little comfort they had enjoyed. We believe this is the only instance of the kind which occurred during that war. Mr. Guthrie, who never looked for thanks for doing what he thought was merely his duty, made his acknowledgments next morning, verbally; and, we regret to say, being in want of a lamp in the evening, lighted it with the document they had thus gratefully bestowed; not from any disrespect to them, but simply from feeling, that the service was rendered, the thanks accepted; and he had then no idea of anything like his biography in *The Lancet* in 1850.—*Lancet.*

## WEDGWOOD AND HIS WARE.

"JOSIAH WEDGWOOD's education was very limited, and the low social position of the class from which he sprung may be gathered from the local historian, Simeon Shaw, who remarks that scarcely any person in Burslem learned more than mere reading and writing, until about 1750, when some individuals endowed the free school for instructing youth to read the Bible, write a fair hand, and know the primary rules of arithmetic. The little opportunity that Wedgwood had for self-improvement is further indicated by the circumstance stated by Shaw, that at the age of eleven years, his father being at that time dead, Josiah worked in his elder brother's pottery in the subordinate occupation of a thrower. Shortly after this, the small-pox, which left an incurable lameness in his left leg, so as afterwards to render amputation necessary, compelled him to relinquish the potter's wheel. After a time he left Burslem, and entered into partnership with an individual named Harrison, at Stoke; and during this partnership, which was soon dissolved, his talent for the production of ornamental pottery is said to have

first developed itself. He then became acquainted with a Mr. Wheildon, with whom he manufactured knife-handles, in imitation of agate and tortoiseshell, melon table plates, green pickle leaves, and similar articles; but Wheildon, who was deriving considerable profit from other departments of the pottery business, was unwilling to embark in the new branches for which Wedgwood had so great a predilection. The young man, therefore, returned to Burslem in 1759, and set up for himself in a small thatched manufactory, where he made such articles as are above mentioned. This business being prosperous, he soon took a second manufactory, where he fabricated a white stone ware, and, subsequently, he established himself in a third, at which was produced the improved cream-coloured ware, by which he gained so much celebrity. Of this new ware, Wedgwood presented some articles to Queen Charlotte, who thereupon ordered a complete table-service; and was so pleased with its execution, as to appoint him her potter, and to desire that his manufactory might henceforward be designated 'the Queen's ware.' It was, however, from 1760 to 1762 that his most interesting discoveries took place. Six different kinds of pottery and stone ware made their appearance at the same time from his workshop in Staffordshire, to the astonishment and admiration of all connoisseurs. Wedgwood now opened a warehouse in the metropolis, in order that the productions of his ingenuity might become more generally known. In his partner, Mr. Bentley, who managed the business in London, he found a valuable coadjutor, whose extensive knowledge in many departments of literature and science, as well as his acquaintance with many eminent patrons of Art, greatly assisted him in the higher branches of his manufactory, and especially in obtaining the loan of valuable specimens of antique sculpture, vases, cameos, intaglios, medallions and seals, suitable for imitation by some of the processes he had introduced. Some persons intrusted to him valuable sets of oriental porcelain, for the like purpose; and Sir William Hamilton lent specimens from Herculaneum, of which Wedgwood's ingenious workmen produced the most accurate and beautiful copies. While Wedgwood was prosecuting those branches of his art, the Barberini Vase (since named the Portland Vase) was offered for sale by auction, and considering that many persons by whom the original was unattainable might be willing to pay a liberal price for a good copy, he resolved to purchase it. For some time he continued to offer an advance upon each bidding of the Duchess of Portland, until at length, his motive being ascertained, he was offered the loan of the vase on condition of his withdrawing his opposition, and the Duchess became the purchaser at the price of eighteen hundred guineas. Shaw adds that Wedgwood sold the fifty copies which he subsequently executed at fifty guineas each, but that his expenditure in producing them exceeded the amount thus obtained. Wedgwood's success was not the result of any fortunate discovery accidentally made, but was due to patient investigation and unremitting efforts. He called upon a higher class of men than had usually been employed to assist him in his labours, and in prosecuting his experiments he was guided by sound scientific principles. Flaxman was one of the artists employed by Wedgwood in the preparation of models for the high works of Art, among which may be mentioned a beautiful set of chessmen, which he was the first in modern times to execute in pottery.

Wedgwood was a Fellow of both the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, as well as a contributor of several papers to the 'Philosophical Transactions.' He was the inventor of a porometer for measuring very intense degrees of heat. In private life he is said to have been most exemplary, and to have made liberal use of the ample means which his successful and honourable career placed at his disposal. He died at Etruria, where he had erected a sandstone mansion, as well as manufactories and residences for his workmen, on the 3rd of January 1795, in his 65th year.—*Murray's Hist. of Pottery.*

**SPIRITS OF WINE A REMEDY FOR THE STING OF A BEE.**—One of my children having been stung by a bee, was crying most piteously from the pain. After extracting the sting, having some spirits of wine at hand, I immediately rubbed the part with them, and the child ceased crying instantaneously. No swelling followed. Have any of your readers tried this remedy?—*A Constant Reader.*—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH].

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENTER THE ARMY; OR A SCARECROW TO FRIGHTEN RECRUITS.

Major General Napier writes a letter to the *Times*, Which, we consider, at our hands requires a few short rhymes;  
He gives the touching story, line for line, and word for word,  
Of Richard Ogden, lately private in the Forty-third,  
Who served in the Peninsula—is now an aged man—  
And has just been discharged as a disabled veteran.  
Now what should you imagine is the worn-out hero's pay?  
A war-medal, and fivepence to subsist upon per day.  
When he from his parish asks what government denies,  
"Nonsense! you're a pensioner!" the Union Board replies;  
Two-and-elevenpence a week have Ogden and his wife;  
That's all between the pair to keep together soul and life.  
Out of this pittance, which can't find them half enough to eat,  
Rent, and (of all things) Taxes, this old soldier has to meet.  
Major General Napier asks if Cobden, Bright, and Sturge,  
From Albert's Show of warlike arms who the exclusion urge,  
Would probably object to Ogden's being there displayed,  
A sample English veteran by a grateful country paid?  
Easy is the answer: Messieurs! Cobden, Sturge, and Bright,  
Could not possibly desire a more persuasive sight,  
To hinder from enlistment any spirited young man,  
Than Richard Ogden, shown as "The Rewarded Veteran."

## ALBERT! SPARE THOSE TREES.

Albert! spare those trees,  
Mind where you fix your show;  
For mercy's sake, don't, please,  
Go spoiling Rotten Row.  
That Ride, that famous Ride,  
We must not have destroyed,  
For, ne'er to be supplied,  
Its loss will leave a void.  
Oh! certainly there might  
Be for your purpose found  
A more congenial site  
Than Hyde Park's hallowed ground.

Where Fashion rides and drives,  
House not industrial Art,  
But 'mid the busy hives  
Right in the City's heart.  
And is it they request  
The place that I'd point out?  
Then I should say the best  
Were Smithfield, without doubt.  
There, by all votes approved,  
The wide world's wares display,  
The Market first removed  
For ever and a day.

GENTLE LOPEZ, TELL ME WHY?—Why was the Cuban Expedition not put an end to by the retreat of the American buccaners?—Because they went away with much more Expedition than they came!

A VEHICLE FOR SATIRE.—There were, of course, hundreds of equipages of all sorts at the House of Lords on the night of the grand debate on Lord Stanley's motion, but it was remarked by ourselves as a very odd coincidence, that the carriage of the Chevalier Bunsen was immediately followed by a very shabby Brougham, which gave the idea of a most disreputable turn out.

An Irish paper last week says:—Richard Cobden, the son of a Sussex farmer, was born in 1804. His childhood was passed in guarding the sheep round Goodwood castle, the princely residence of the Duke of Richmond, who little dreamt then of the many uneasy hours the young peasant would one day cause him.

A CHIEF JUSTICE IN DANGER OF HANGING.—Chief Justice Rolle had refused to sit on a trial of Royalists, but he continued to perform the usual duties of his office, and, soon after, he went to the Western Circuit with one of his puisnes. While holding the assizes at Salisbury, he was in the greatest danger of coming to a violent end. Penruddock, at the head of a band of several hundred cavaliers, suddenly got possession of the city. Some of the most unruly, without his knowledge, seized Chief Justice Rolle and his brother judge, who were then actually in court in their robes, and required them to order the sheriffs to proclaim Charles II, meaning after the proclamation "to cause all three to be hanged, who, (says Lord Clarendon) were half dead already." They refused, and the threat was about to be executed in good earnest; but many country gentlemen protested against it, and Penruddock dismissed the judges, having taken their commissions from them, and desired them "to remember on another occasion to whom they owe their lives." They were still resolved to hang the sheriff, "who positively, though humbly and with many tears, refused to proclaim the king," but he contrived to make his escape. It so happened that in a few days this insurrection was quelled, and the greatest number of the insurgents being taken prisoners, were lodged in Salisbury gaol. Orders thereupon came down from London to Chief Justice Rolle, requiring him to try them for high treason; but he returned to town without trying any of them, saying that he much doubted whether they had done anything which amounted to treason; and that at any rate he was unfit to give judgment in this case, wherein he might be considered a party concerned.—*Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

A DIMINUTIVE pony phaeton was landed at Cowes on Monday, destined for her Majesty, at Osborne-house. It scarcely weighed three cwt. The height of the fore wheels was only eighteen inches, and of the hind ones thirty inches. The body of the phaeton was of cane, and the fore part was of iron; the latter was very light and elegant, and beautifully painted. The style of the phaeton was designed by the Queen, and is intended for her Majesty's sole use. She will drive in it a very small Shetland pony. The tires of the wheels were wide, to prevent them cutting up the gravel paths. The workmanship was beautiful, but plain. It bore no sign of royalty but a small painted crown at the back. The phaeton was built by Mr. Andrews, of Southampton. This is the first order of the kind that her Majesty has ever given in the country.

SMOKE.—Among the items of the cost of the New Houses of Parliament, there is one thousand two hundred pounds for a smoking room. "Surely," says the *Manchester Examiner*, "for Parliamentary purposes, such extra provision is superfluous. There are some folks in Parliament, who ought to be made to 'consume their own smoke.'"

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—With Next week's Number of this Journal will be presented, at the trifling charge of ONE PENNY, the beautiful engraving, from the original painting, by Dawe, R. A., in the possession of Mr. E. Lloyd, of "THE MOTHER RESCUING HER CHILD FROM THE EAGLE'S NEST." Observe, the Subscribers are not compelled to take the Picture, but the Picture cannot be had without the MISCELLANY.

TITANIA is very anxious to get married, and sends us a description of herself, which she begs that we will be so good as to publish at our convenience; and as we are afraid that so many charms will not keep, we publish the description at once in the lady's own words:—"I am just nineteen and a half years of age, or 19, 30 as they would say in the Railway Time Tables. I have the prettiest figure you can possibly imagine, so it is of no use for me to attempt to describe it. My eyes are of so charming a colour, or, rather, idea of a thousand colours, that they strike every beholder with admiration and awe. My face is an enchanting oval, and not much larger than a breakfast saucer; and when I smile, it is like the sunshine on a January day. Yet, Mr. Editor, with all these attractions, the men 'don't propose.' What can I do?"—We do not see exactly what Titania is to do but put up with the bad taste and neglect of the gentlemen with what philosophy she can. At all events, at 19, 30 she has plenty of time before her. If the figures had been reversed, and she were 30, 19, the affair would be rather desperate; but at present, patience is all there is required.

GRACIOSO.—Declined with thanks.

SCRUTATOR.—There is in Broad Street an Entomological Museum.

A YOUNG LADY.—You forget that the French word *en* is a pronoun, and is much more frequently used in that sense than in any other.

LINES TO PRINCE ALBERT.—Does our correspondent mean the lines for a bit of grave irony, or can he be in

earnest? At all events, we beg to decline the lines with thanks.

A. B.—The Council Chamber at Guildhall is open to the public free, but you are expected to give something to the attendant. It is worth a visit.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The poem you send has been attributed to Collins. It is much too long for us to reprint, and, besides, is too well known. It is doubtful, though, if it be by Collins, and there is not sufficient merit in it for any author to gain reputation by it.

ANDALUSIA.—Under consideration. We will say Yes or No next week.

Ego.—You will find the information you require in the Time Table of the railway you mention for June. You may get one at any of the large inns or booking-offices. Why trouble us with a letter about such a triviality?

A COUNTRY FAMILY.—In the East India Museum at the East India House, Leadenhall-street, you will, no doubt, find some of the specimens you wish to examine. Any Saturday you can get admission between the hours of ten to three. We believe that no fee is expected, but are not quite certain upon that point.

FLUR-DE-LIS is one of the most unhappy of the whole human race, she believes, for not only is she jealous, but she has convinced herself that she has cause for being so. She has been married about eight months, and she, a little time since, saw that her husband was in the habit of paying particular attention to a young lady who was on visiting terms at their house. Flur-de-lis was first informed of what was going on by a very kind friend, and from that moment her peace of mind fled for ever. She hid herself one day in her own drawing-room behind an ornamental screen, when the young lady called, and presently her husband came into the room, and Flur-de-lis heard him say, quite plainly,—"How do you do, Miss —? I hope your mother and father are quite well? It's beautiful to-day," and the young lady in reply to this, said "Charming." Now, Mr. Editor, what could that mean but that the husband thought the young lady's face beautiful, and that she thought him charming? Oh, pray advise. What shall Flur-de-lis do?—We sincerely pity our correspondent. The green-eyed monster has made her his victim. It is quite impossible to advise any one who is so frightfully affected with what may truly be called the Disease of Jealousy.

A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS.—Declined with thanks. They are very stray indeed.

A BON VIVANT.—We have not the recipe at hand, but we think we can get it for you, and if so, we will insert it next week.

C. C. C.—Many thanks.

A GRATEFUL READER requests that we will give insertion in our correspondence page to the following scrap, which, he says, is worth every one's knowing. It sounds as if it ought to be rather a nice thing.—"Gloria is a redolent mixture of coffee, loaf sugar (sugar-candy is better), and cognac. To half a cupful of strong coffee, add four large lumps of sugar: then pour over the back of your tea-spoon, with a steady hand, about as much fine old cognac as you have of coffee: the spirit will of course float on the coffee, and great care must be taken that the two fluids mix not; then light the brandy, and, when the evil spirit has evaporated, stir the beverage, and you will have one of the most delicious liqueurs imaginable; and, independently of its exhilarating powers, it will be found to possess digestive qualities in no ordinary degree; and I strongly recommend this fascinating compound to all dyspeptic people."

A SUBSCRIBER FROM NO. 1.—The slimy substance attaching to the stems of the water-cress is principally composed of vegetable matter in the process of decomposition. No doubt the larvae of aquatic insects find a shelter in such situations. Our correspondent, in a kind and rational spirit, which commands notice from us, accuses us of attacks upon the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, and of holding up mesmerism to ridicule; but our correspondent is misinformed as regards our non-acquaintance with the writings of Swedenborg and the claims of the mesmerists to public notice. That there are many truths in the works of Swedenborg we admit; but that, because a few truths are found amid what we cannot help calling the ravings of a disordered intellect, forms but a shallow reason for any one attaching himself as a sectarian to all the visionary emanations of that intellect. With regard to mesmerism, we suspect we know much more of the "mystery" of its profession than falls to the lot of the million, and we declare, unhesitatingly, our belief, that when the seeming phenomena are not the result of cerebral disease, either actual or indicative, that they are the rankest impostures that can be imagined. We have been induced to answer our correspondent at this length, but we shall decline to make our columns the vehicle for the dissemination of mystical ravings, such as is offered for the acceptance of the public in a periodical that we do not feel desirous of advertising by naming.

A READER.—Yes, with great pleasure.

A LAD.—Twenty-four thousand miles, more or less, as the surveyors say; but astronomical knowledge is in high condition, and the figures deduced from it may be generally depended upon.

A COCKNEY.—You need not trouble yourself to get tickets in London for the Dulwich Gallery. You can procure them on application at any inn in the neighbourhood. The pictures are well worth a visit. It is said that they do not show all of them, but we cannot assert that upon our own knowledge.

AMICUS CURPID.—Declined with thanks. We regret to be obliged to pass this verdict upon the song, but it is just a little too free, and we are forced to be particular

**A STUDENT.**—The work you require to consult is rather a scarce one, but that is its only value. We know it is in the British Museum Library, for we have had it in our own hands. In consequence of the numerous applications for admission to the library of the British Museum by persons who are not provided with a card of *entree* or letter to obtain one, to prevent disappointment, the following are the regulations of that national establishment:—The reading-room is open every day except on Sundays, on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Christmas-day, and on any fast or thanksgiving days ordered by authority; except also between the 1st and 7th of May, the 1st and 7th of September, and the 1st and 7th of January, inclusive. The hours are from nine till seven during May, June, July, and August, and from nine till four during the rest of the year. Persons desirous of admission are to send in their applications in writing, specifying their Christian and surnames, rank or profession, and place of abode, to the principal librarian, or, in his absence, to the secretary, or, in his absence, to the senior under-librarian, who will either immediately admit such persons or lay their applications before the next meeting of the trustees. Every person applying is to produce a recommendation satisfactory to a trustee or an officer of the establishment. Applications defective in this respect will not be attended to. Permission will in general be granted for six months, and at the expiration of this term fresh application is to be made for a renewal. The tickets given to readers are not transferable, and no person can be admitted without a ticket. Persons under eighteen years of age are not admissible. Readers before leaving the room are to return the books or MSS. they have received to an attendant, and are to obtain the corresponding ticket, the reader being responsible for such books or manuscripts so long as the ticket remains uncanceled. Readers will be allowed to make one or more extracts from any printed book or manuscript; but no whole or greater part of a manuscript is to be transcribed without a particular permission from the trustees. The transcribers are not to lay the papers on which they write on any part of the book or manuscript they are using, nor are any tracings allowed without special leave of the trustees. No person is, on any pretence whatever, to write on any part of a printed book or manuscript belonging to the Museum; but, if any one should observe a defect in such book or manuscript, he is requested to signify the same to the officer in waiting, who will make proper use of the information. It may be sufficient merely to suggest that silence is absolutely requisite in a place dedicated to the purposes of study. The persons whose recommendations are accepted are Peers of the realm, members of Parliament, Judges, Queen's Counsel, Masters in Chancery, or any of the great law officers of the Crown, any one of the forty-eight trustees of the British Museum, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rectors of parishes in the metropolis, principals or heads of colleges, eminent physicians and surgeons, and Royal Academicians, or any gentlemen in superior post to an ordinary clerk in any of the public offices. The public are admitted gratis to view the different collections of minerals, birds, antiquities, &c., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from May 7 to September 1, from ten till seven o'clock, and from September 7 to May 1, from ten till four o'clock.

**YOUNG MAN.**—You ask us if we would advise you to go to California. It is surprising the number of letters we receive upon the same subject; and, once for all, we beg emphatically to say, that we advise no man, young or old, to leave his native country, if in any creditable way he can make a living in it. With respect to California in particular, we may say that we do not believe one-tenth part of the tales told of the mineral wealth of the district. It is to the interest of certain parties to puff off the place; and there are in London now, hired advocates of Californian adventures. A human freight to that region is what is wanted, as it is well known that not one out of a hundred who gets there can get back again. The country wants people. The following has recently appeared among the puffs:—"The largest piece of gold which has yet been found was picked up in a dry ravine near the Stanislaus River, in September, 1848. It contains a large admixture of quartz, and weighed a little over twenty-five pounds, being worth five thousand dollars. A piece weighing twenty-seven ounces and a half was found by a young man named Taylor, at 'Kelsey's Dry Diggings,' on the South Fork, about eight miles from Coloma. I saw this piece at the Mill last spring, and it is now in the possession of Hon. Edward Gilbert, one of our representatives in Congress from California. It is a beautiful specimen, about six inches in length, the gold being imbedded in a reddish stone. This piece was found by pure good luck, having been thrown up from the ravine in some loose dirt, where it was picked up by Taylor, lying directly on the surface."

**A VISITOR.**—The Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, is, we believe, the largest in London. You are expected to pay for admission, and it would be a very wrong and indecent thing of you to go without, while there, conforming to the usages of the place. When at Rome, you must do as Rome does. Recollect, that it will be you who go to the Roman Catholic Chapel, not the Roman Catholic Chapel that will come to you.

**MARIANNA** wants to know how she can alter the disposition of her bean. Marianna is fond of all sorts of amusements—Plays—Balls—Concerts, and all that sort of thing, and she would not give a pin to go to bed before one in the morning. Then she likes to get up in an elegant *ahishable* at about ten the next day and have breakfast and read the fashionable intelligence in a morning paper; but her bean, and he really seems in-

tent upon marrying her, says, that he likes quiet and serenity, and that he goes to rest at ten and rises at seven. He talks of a cottage a little way out of town, and the delights of a garden; and really, as their ideas of what is delightful are so dissimilar, Marianna is afraid that they will not be happy together. What does the Editor think upon that point?—We quite agree with Marianna, and think that persons of such dissimilar habits and tastes ought not to think of marrying each other. Cannot Marianna alter her mode of life? Surely it will be easier for her to give up the unhealthy frivolities she is so fond of, than for her bean to ingratiate them upon his better tastes.—Try it. You will find many pleasures from the change that at present you do not dream of.

**A STUDENT** finds that coffee is the most exhilarating thing he can partake of to keep him awake at night, and recommends it to all studious persons.—We think that A Student had better go to bed at reasonable hours. There is little learnt by breaking up the constitution from want of rest, except the lesson that comes too late. The following will answer the question regarding the adulterations of coffee:—Chicory is detected by shaking the suspected article with cold water, in a tumbler or glass vessel; if the coffee be pure, it will swim and give little or no colour to the liquid; but if chicory be present, it sinks to the bottom, and communicates a pretty deep red tint to the water. The presence of this root may also be assumed by finding it sticky on the fingers, and running into little balls, when mixed up with water. The particles of coffee are *grouty*, as some significantly call them—that is, granular; and have, therefore, small tendency to cohere. Roasted corn, haricots, and peas may be detected by adding tincture of iodine to a cold decoction of suspected coffee, which will produce a blue colour to the liquid. Brick-dust, ochre, and earth may be detected by incineration and determining the amount of ash; three ounces of pure chicory coffee furnish from four to five per cent. of residue; an excess would indicate fraud.—Adulteration with coffee-grounds: This is carried on upon a great scale in Paris. It is easily detected. A sample of the suspected chicory is dried in a water-bath, and a pinch thrown upon the surface of a glass of water; the chicory almost immediately absorbs the water, and sinks to the bottom of the vessel, whilst the coffee-grounds remain on the surface.—Adulteration with roasted bread, dirt, and remains from Vernicelli, &c.: This adulteration is generally made with crumbs of bread collected in the streets; crumbs which are not always very clean. They are roasted, or rather burnt, in the oven, ground, and mixed with the chicory-powder. This adulteration can be detected by iodine-water, as the product resulting from the decoction of pure chicory does not strike a blue colour.—Adulteration with roasted acorns, which may be detected by iodine-water and by persulfate of iron, which, in such a case, strikes a blue colour. There is no method as yet known of detecting the adulteration by roasted beet-root and carrot.

**J. T.** must pluck up a spirit. Faint heart never yet won fair lady. Never mind what you say, so that you say something to the purpose; and then, when once the ice is broken, you will find a natural eloquence come to your aid, and you will get on capitally.

**E. CUELLING.**—We are much obliged to our correspondent for the scraps, some of which we shall be able shortly to make use of.

**DOUGLAS FITZGERALD.**—The letter shall be forwarded as desired.

**HENRY (Croydon).**—Love laughs at all social distinctions. If there be in your case the real feeling, there is no need of fiction to inspire the result. Make a bold offer at once.

**A RETIRED STUDENT.**—We are very much obliged for the notes and observations upon the weather, but they are too voluminous, and would involve too much tabular matter for our columns. From our own researches upon the same subject, we are inclined to believe that there is something more than a mere ingenious fancy in the theory of the gradual alteration in the progression of the seasons. The following paragraph is running the round of the press. We hope it is true:—"The Weather. A new scientific association has been formed, under the title of the British Meteorological Society. In their opening address the promoters say:—The science of meteorology has remained up to the present time without that assistance which is given to many other branches of physical inquiry by associated bodies. Its successful study, however, requires the combined efforts of numerous observers, steadily following a well-concerted plan, employing the same class of instruments, and reducing their results in the same form. In order to secure these advantages, it has long been a matter of consideration whether the benefit of association, already found to be so important in advancing other physical sciences, may not be made available to encourage and support that of meteorology. With this intention this society has been formed, and already above a hundred gentlemen have become members. A large number of valuable thermometrical, barometrical, and other observations have been collected by gentlemen in different parts of the country, and the mean values of many of them have been published; but, owing to the expense attendant on their arrangement, classification, reduction, and publication, no use has been made of many simultaneous observations, and many journals of this description will be lost, while others will remain in obscurity or be deprived of value to all useful purposes, unless collected and classified by a society of this description; one of whose objects will be the collecting of manuscript observations, from which may be formed a connected series of valuable facts, which will answer both for

present use and for future reference. The reduction of observations and the combination of their results are most laborious; but observations without reduction and combination are of little value, and of no value whatever in determining the elements of the science. Amongst the objects of this society, therefore, will be the reduction of observations and combination of results, as far as their funds will allow.

**MISS ANGELINA R. R.** writes to say that she is thirty-two years of age, and she has had but one offer, and that was from a person, who, whenever he comes to see her, falls asleep. She told him she must take a little time to consider, and that was eight weeks ago, and he has never broached the subject again. What ought Angelina to do?—If the party be eligible in other respects, we would not advise you to reject him upon account of the sleeping propensity. That may be constitutional, and as for the offer, we think that you might as well give him a good shake and wake him up, say that you have made up your mind in the affirmative and desire that he will, as soon as convenient, make all the necessary arrangements for the wedding.

**A WIDOW.**—A Widow wishes to know how she could get an appointment as Post-mistress, as she thinks it might add to her resources, as she is in a small way of business, and there is no receiving-house for letters within half a mile of her.—Apply to the Post-master General in writing; but are you aware of the nature of the duties you seek to undertake, and the emolument? The following appeared the other day in the "Daily News." Pray study it well before you make your application:—"Sir,—As you are deservingly the organ through which the manifold public grievances are sounded, allow me to pipe forth my own small ailments of a popular nature. I live in a large country town, and keep a shop and a receiving-house for letters, numbering upwards of five hundred per day, bagged at twice, counted, marked, and inscribed on printed papers. This is a small portion of the work. As post-masters, we are obliged to sell the stamps in our retail shop, which are literally beset from 'morn to dowy eve' by all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, demanding of Her Majesty's representative 'A penny postage,' 'A Queen's head,' 'A penny stamp,' 'Three stamps and please to cut me two off,' 'A postage,' 'How must I do it?' 'Can't you take the penny?' 'Can't you put it on for me?' and such like amusing interrogatories; and all this, and much more, too tedious to mention, for the sum of six pounds per annum. Lately, also, the Government, taking into consideration the necessity of economy, and being duly aware that we had an interesting half-hour, during which we were privileged to take an extra penny (amounting, perhaps, to sixpence per week), the Government, I say, have come down upon us with instructions to give it (poor wretch!) the benefit, by insisting that all too-late letters should receive an extra stamp. Is not this a cruel case of 'A VICIR?'"

**R. SANDYS.**—We have received the lines, but not had time to give them a careful reading, which, however, we will do very shortly. We are much obliged to our correspondent for his kind opinion of our labours.—They are no light ones.

**R. S. CRANE.**—The verses are not bad, but there is not sufficient originality of subject or style, to enable us to insert them. We beg to decline with our best thanks.

**A READER.**—Decidedly not.

**HAMILTON THOMPSON.**—The question is one that we cannot enter into in these pages.

**HENRY A.**—Decidedly the best way is not to be too compliant.

**AGENORIA.**—There is some mistake. We never received any letter from you before, nor returned you any answer of the kind you mention. It is totally out of our power to render you any assistance in the way you point out. If it were, we should do so with sincere gratification.

**AN ADMIRER** requests that we will insert the following anecdote of Mr. Guthrie, the eminent surgeon. We do so with pleasure, and our correspondent will see that we have in our last Number noticed the life of Mr. Guthrie, as produced in the pages of the "Lancet":—"Mr. Guthrie's acuteness and nautical knowledge served him well when on board the *Dominica* transport, in the bay of Gibraltar. The vessel, with near four hundred men on board, had been at anchor on the edge of the bank for some days; but in the course of a fine night, the wind being easterly, Mr. Guthrie, who was in bed, thought the motion of the ship unusual, and went on deck. The rock of Gibraltar appeared to him to be more distant than it ought to be, and he thought the ship was not swinging on her anchor, head to wind. On going forward he saw that the anchor was apenk, the cable being nearly up and down, and Algeiras was so much nearer than Gibraltar that no doubt remained of their arriving there in less than another hour, if their situation had not been discovered. The watch was asleep, but they were soon roused, as well as the whole of the soldiery; every one was sent to his post, and the anchor was got up with as little noise as possible. The ship was now under the batteries, and as sail was made upon her, they opened a fire with some forty-two-pounder shot, one of which struck the roundhouse on the quarter-deck, the others falling short or going over. The wind being easterly, the ship had to stretch out into the Straits before she could tack, to recover her anchorage. This brought her under Cabrita Point, the batteries of which as she opened upon her, fortunately without doing mischief."

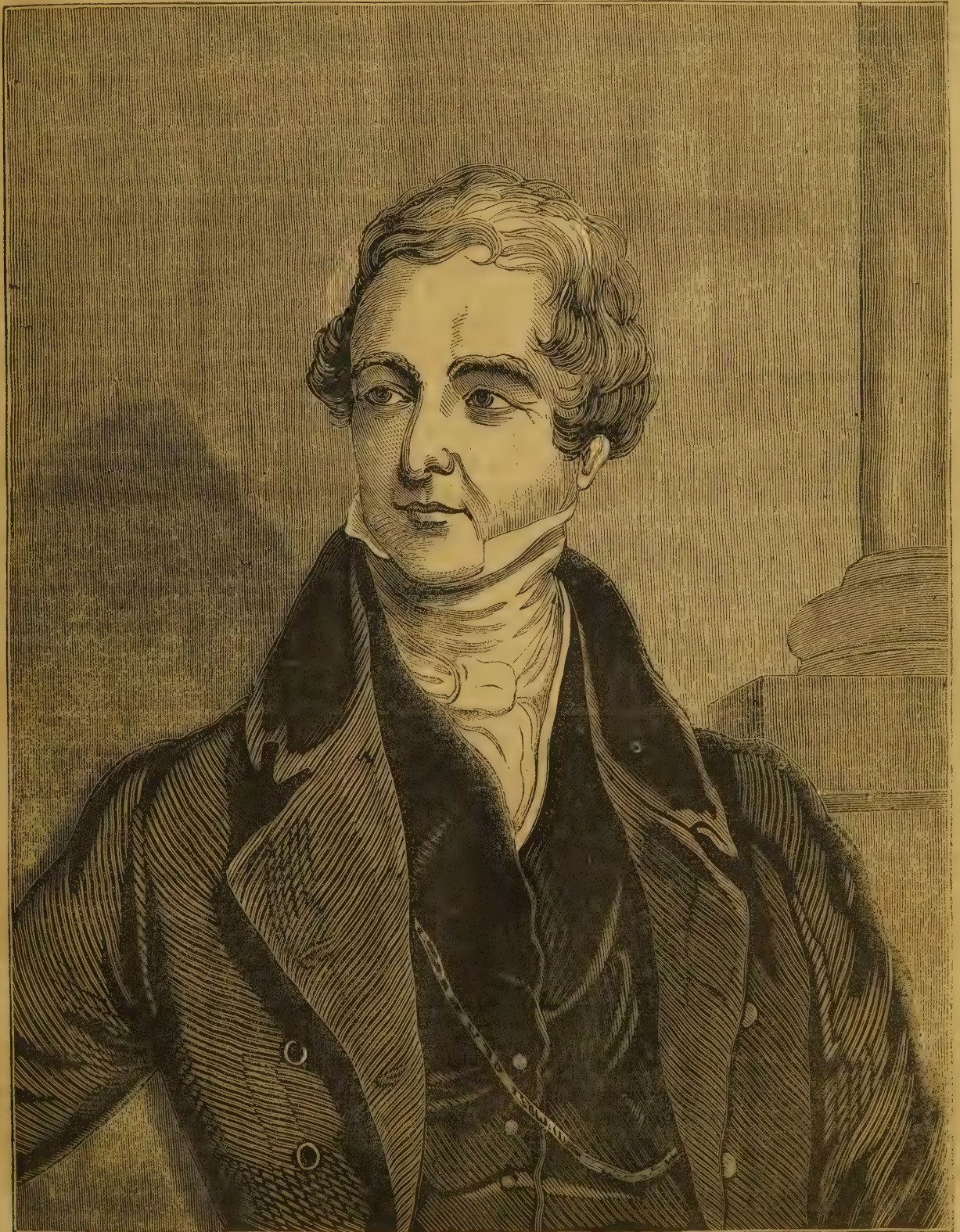
# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

[See Next Page.]

## THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF THE

## LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

WE cannot, in a more fitting manner, preface the following sketch of the remarkable public career of the lamented subject of it, than by the following succinct account of the accident, which terminated in a death, that for some time will be the topic of conversation in Europe:—

On Saturday, the 29th of June, Sir Robert Peel had called at Buckingham Palace and entered his name in Her Majesty's visiting book only a few minutes before the accident. Proceeding up Constitution-hill, he had arrived nearly opposite the wicket-gate leading into the Green Park when he met Miss Ellis, one of Lady Dover's daughters, on horseback, attended by a groom. Sir Robert had scarcely changed salutes with this young lady when his horse became slightly restive, swerved towards the rails of the Green Park, and threw Sir Robert sideways on his left shoulder. Two gentlemen who were close to the spot ran forward and raised him, holding him in a sitting posture. Dr. Foucart was the third gentleman to render assistance. He saw the accident from a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, and hastening forward reached the spot just as Sir Robert had been raised by the other two gentlemen. Sir Robert, on being raised, groaned very heavily, and in reply to Dr. Foucart's question, as to whether he was much hurt, replied, "Yes—very much." During the few moments which elapsed before a carriage was procured, Sir Robert became unconscious, in which state he remained until after he had been assisted into the carriage. He then slightly revived, and, again in reply to Dr. Foucart, said, "I feel better." The carriage was then ordered to drive slowly through the park to Whitehall-gardens, Sir Robert being supported by Dr. Foucart and the two gentlemen who had first raised him from the ground. They had not proceeded more than thirty yards when Sir James Clarke met the carriage, and, having heard of the accident, came up to see if he could render any assistance. Dr. Foucart requested Sir James to accompany him in the carriage to Whitehall, which Sir James consented to do. In a few minutes after he had entered the carriage, Sir Robert became much excited, and endeavoured to raise himself up, which it was thought necessary to prevent. He then again sank into a state of half-unconsciousness, in which he remained until his arrival in Whitehall-gardens. On being lifted out of the carriage he revived, and walked, with assistance, into the house. On entering the mansion, Sir Robert was met by Lady Peel and the members of his family, who had been awaiting his arrival in painful anxiety after having received intelligence of the accident. Lady Peel was overwhelmed with emotion, and would have flung herself into her husband's arms had not Sir James Clarke and the other gentlemen in attendance removed her. The effect of the meeting upon Sir Robert was extremely painful. He swooned in the arms of Dr. Foucart, and was placed upon a sofa in the nearest apartment (the dining-room). From this room Sir Robert was never removed, and so extremely sensitive to pain did he speedily become, that it was only after very considerable difficulty that he could be removed from the sofa to a patent hydraulic bed which had been procured for his use.

During Saturday night and Sunday, the symptoms of the sufferer were not such as precluded hope of a favourable termination to the case; but on Monday night the alarming symptoms were greatly increased. About seven o'clock Sir Robert became delirious, and attempted to raise himself up in bed. In this state he continued during the greater part of the night, and at intervals he became so much exhausted that his medical attendants were several times of opinion that he could not survive through the night. In the paroxysms of his sufferings, Sir Robert's thoughts were with his oldest and dearest friends, and the names of Hardinge and Graham were frequently upon his lips. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning Sir Robert fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued uninterruptedly until eight o'clock. On awaking, his mind was quite composed, and his medical attendants considered him to be much refreshed by the rest he had enjoyed. There was still, however, cause for in-

tense anxiety. From the period of the accident up to this time (nearly seventy hours) Sir Robert had taken no other sustenance than a glass of champagne and the yolk of one egg beaten up, which he was induced, with some difficulty, to swallow. Medicine had been administered, as a matter of course, but throughout the same lengthened period, the system had remained perfectly inactive. The pulse had greatly increased on Tuesday, marking from 112 to 118, and becoming very weak. At noon, on Tuesday, Sir Robert expressed himself to be a little easier. This relief was, unhappily, of short duration. At two o'clock far more dangerous symptoms than any which had yet been observed presented themselves. At this time Sir Robert began to breathe stentorously, and his senses again failed him. He ceased to answer any of the questions addressed to him, and appeared to be sinking into a comatose state. Sir Benjamin Brodie was again sent for, and on his arrival agreed with Dr. Foucart and the other medical gentlemen that the case now assumed a most dangerous aspect. The pulse had become very weak, and marked 118. From two o'clock to six o'clock the change for the worst was progressive, the pulse increasing to 130, and becoming gradually weaker. Stimulants were administered, but had no apparent effect, and the stentorous breathing became more and more painful. The relatives were now informed that all the relief medical science could afford was exhausted, and that no hope whatever existed of Sir Robert Peel's life being prolonged for twenty-four hours. The Bishop of Gibraltar (the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson), a very old friend of Sir Robert's, was now sent for to administer the last offices of the church. On the arrival of the prelate, it was intimated to Lady Peel and the members of the family that they might now, without risk of increasing the dangerous condition of the patient, be admitted to the apartment in which he was lying. In a few moments the whole family were assembled in the presence of their beloved relative, whose exhausted condition at this time scarcely enabled him to recognise their identity.

It is not the province of the journalist to violate the sanctity of a scene like this, and, therefore, this portion of our narrative necessarily omits all matters of detail. It is sufficient to say, that the lamented sufferer revived sufficiently during one period of the interview to identify the features of those beloved ones surrounding his couch—towards whom he at length extended his faltering hand, and, in an attitude bespeaking the intensity of his feelings, whispered in a scarcely audible voice—"God bless you!"

At the termination of this distressing scene, Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham, who had been informed of the fatal result anticipated, were admitted to the presence of the patient, now rapidly sinking. Both gentlemen were painfully affected; and well might Lord Hardinge remark on leaving the room that the contemplation of his beloved friend upon his dying couch had more unnerved him than all the dangers he had encountered on the plains of Moodkee and Sobraon.

At nine o'clock Sir Robert had become so exhausted as to be callous to all external impressions. The members of his family still remained near him, with the exception of Lady Peel, whose painfully excited feelings rendered it absolutely necessary to remove her from the apartment. The sufferer's strength was, however, so far exhausted that, although he gave occasional indications of being sensible of their presence, the power of utterance had altogether ceased, and it soon became evident that his end was rapidly approaching.

Sir Robert ceased to exist at nine minutes after eleven o'clock.

Intelligence of the melancholy event was immediately forwarded to Buckingham Palace, and by electric telegraph to several family connections of the right honourable baronet resident in the country.

After death, an examination of the body was made, when a most important fact was for the first time discovered, viz., that the fifth rib on the left side was fractured. This was the region where Sir Robert complained of suffering the greatest pain, and it was probably the seat of the mortal injury, the broken rib pressing on the lung, and producing what is technically known as effusion and pulmonary engorgement.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The late Sir Robert Peel was born on the 5th of February, 1788. Inheriting his father's talents and aptitude for business, he had all the super-added advantages of an early, sound, and complete education. He was first sent to Harrow, where he was form-fellow with Byron. The poet, in a letter since published by Tom Moore, says: "There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and an actor I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never, and in school he always knew his lesson and I rarely." From Harrow the future statesman went to the University of Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church. The qualities he evinced at his public school went with him to his college. He displayed the same application and proficiency that had distinguished him at Harrow, and took a first-class degree both in mathematics and classics.

No sooner had he taken his degree than his father secured for him a seat in parliament, and he was returned, in his 21st year, for Cashel. Upon taking his seat, he adopted the political party of his father, and spoke and voted with the Tory party. He at once displayed great capabilities for debate, and made several speeches of great promise. He spoke without any hesitation, and with taste, clearness, and discretion. Indeed, so highly did ministers regard his talents, that in 1810 he was chosen to second the address to the throne on the opening of the session; and in the same year he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. The official career thus commenced, and fated to lead to the highest offices of the state, did not linger on its early stages. From an Under-Secretaryship in Downing-street Mr. Peel was promoted in 1812 to the onerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland during the Viceroyship of the Duke of Richmond. In this position he soon displayed capabilities for administration, and detecting one great deficiency in the social arrangements of the sister country, he brought in a bill, subsequently carried, for establishing the Irish constabulary force—a corps which has since been of the greatest service. The success of this experiment in Ireland subsequently suggested the embodiment of a similar force in this country; and had the deceased baronet done nothing else he would long be remembered, both in England and Ireland, as the originator of our present system of police. Having changed his constituency from Cashel to Chippenham, he sat for a few years for the latter borough, when a vacancy occurring, in 1817, in the representation of the University of Oxford, upon the elevation of Abbot to the peerage, his Alma Mater paid him the great compliment of electing him to fill the vacancy. Having resigned the Irish secretaryship, he had more leisure for taking a prominent part in the discussions of the English parliament; and on the 17th of January, 1822, his diligent and talented support of his party was rewarded. Lord Sidmouth having retired on that day, Peel was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department, a post which he held till the advent of Canning, in 1827. When Canning became premier, Peel and some of his colleagues resigned, but the death of that minister occurring in August of the same year, caused another change in the position of parties.

The Duke of Wellington being called to the councils of the king in the ensuing January, 1828, Peel was once more in place as home secretary, and held that important post during the troublesome period that preceded the dissolution of the Tory ministry in 1830. Before he took office with the Duke of Wellington, he had staunchly opposed Catholic emancipation, as it became an university representative in old Tory days to do, but he entered upon his official career in 1828 knowing that the Duke meant to grant relief to the Catholics. His voice and his vote being used against his old friends of the "no popery party," and in favour of political progress, gave mortal offence to many of his supporters. In vain he declared that his feelings on the subject remained as they had been, but that emancipation "could not any longer be safely withheld." Oxford would have him no longer; he was opposed and beaten by Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and compelled to find his way into parliament through the convenient borough of Westbury.

The memorable three days of July, 1830, that

gave Louis Philippe a throne, lent an impulse to Europe, which, amongst other things, turned the Tories once more out of office in England, and let in the Whigs to carry the Reform Bill. Sir Robert served his party during the debates on this measure by speaking long and frequently and cleverly in favour of rotten boroughs, and against the proposed changes in our representative system. But in vain. The people were in earnest, and the long required changes were made.

Whilst these political contests were in progress, Sir Robert Peel, the father, died, leaving his son to succeed to the baronetcy, and to an amount of property that rendered him one of the wealthiest commoners in England. On his parent's demise he gained also the seat for Tamworth, which he occupied till his death.

In 1834 Earl Spencer died, Lord Althorp resigned, the Melbourne ministry was broken up, and the Duke of Wellington was again sent for. Sir Robert Peel was at the time in Italy with his family seeking amusement and the improvement of his health. The Duke, by this time, seems to have fully appreciated the value of the absent statesman to the conservative party, for he despatched, at once, a messenger to offer Sir Robert the Premiership. The crowning point of his official ambition was gained. He returned to England, formed a ministry, and dissolved the parliament. Peel was now to show his quality as a statesman. He had his choice of colleagues, and many favourable circumstances for his great experiment. He had secured a reputation for official aptitude, for power in debate, and for services as a law reformer. He had, moreover, taken very decided steps by his bill of 1819, and in other ways, for influencing the currency and monetary arrangements of the country. In executive government, in legislative conflict, in the modification of our jurisprudential system, he had made his influence felt throughout the country. The country was now more than ever in his hands, and the people looked on with natural solicitude to know what the new conservative minister would do.

It was on the 9th of February, 1835, that the new parliament assembled. In this parliament Sir R. Peel's government was beaten on more than one question. On the 8th of April, he and his colleagues resigned, and the Whigs returned to power, which they retained until 1839, but with gradually diminishing majorities, until at length they were virtually defeated on the Jamaica Bill, and retired from office. This was in 1839. Sir R. Peel was once more entrusted with the task of forming a ministry. This is, perhaps, the most inglorious episode of his public life. If his former efforts to carry on the government were ineffectual, he had at least made the endeavour to sustain himself, and only fell through the instrumentality of an adverse House of Commons. But on this occasion he never completely formed his ministry, not because he distrusted the country, or feared the opposition of the popular branch of the legislature, but because he was not to be at liberty to change not only the queen's cabinet, but also the queen's household. The celebrated bedchamber plot is yet too fresh in the minds of most men to require any detailed notice here. It appeared that Sir Robert fancied that the queen had given him the most ample authority to surround her both in her political and domestic capacity, with parties of his choosing, and submitted a list to her majesty containing the names of an entirely new household. The queen was surprised at the proposition, and intimated her disinclination to let political changes reach her in her domestic relations. But Sir Robert was inexorable, and insisted upon the proposed changes in the household, not as a domestic, but as a political necessity. Not succeeding in his object, he came down to the House of Commons, and informed the representatives of the people that he had abandoned the intention of forming a cabinet, on the ground that he had had the misfortune to misunderstand the wishes of her majesty on a matter of great importance. Sir Robert was again in opposition, having on this occasion abandoned the Treasury bench ere he had scarcely taken possession of it, on grounds which some affected to regard as good, but which others treated as a mere pretext for relinquishing office, at a time when it was inconvenient in a party point of view to accept it. The apologists of his conduct, on this occasion, find it necessary to magnify the political influence of the immediate personal attendants upon her majesty, and excuse Sir Robert for not forming a ministry, on the score that a few Whig ladies at court would

have been more than a match for the cabinet at Whitehall.

It was thus that, after a brief succession, the Whigs once more resumed their places on the treasury bench, which, with but few interruptions, they had enjoyed since 1831. They carried on the government with no very great credit to themselves till 1841, when a new crisis in political affairs was approaching, a crisis which soon afterwards burst upon the country, and expelled them from office.

In the year 1839, a new, and in every respect a novel power, arose in the state. Nothing could be humbler or more obscure, less promising or more forlorn, than the circumstances under which the Anti-Corn-law League was ushered into being, and dragged through the first year or two of its existence. To some extent, men's mind were ripe for the discussion of the great issue which it put before the country; but its chief mission was to ripen them still more, until, at length, it so far succeeded in its task, that Sir Robert himself became one of its pupils, despite the influences of his early education and political predilections. The League did not at first strike as boldly as it afterwards did. So direct an attack upon the landlord party as was involved in a proposal for a total repeal of the corn laws, was not at first contemplated by it. It was only after it had learnt to feel its way, and found that the question was one which promised to evoke all the energies and enthusiasm of the industrial classes, that the bold and unexpected announcement was made, that the Council of the League had resolved to go for nothing short of "total, immediate, and unconditional repeal." England was startled, and no wonder; for even Manchester recoiled for a time from a proposal which seemed to be as audacious as it was announced to be impolitic. It was a critical moment in the history of the League.

Many men, in the great Capital of Labour itself, who afterwards stood forward as its most strenuous supporters, and who subscribed their thousands and tens of thousands to promote its success, hung back for the moment, and meditated deserting, if not actually opposing it. But the leaders of the body had acted, not without a certain degree of foresight—the clearness of which after-events, to some extent, justified—for it must not be forgotten that, although the principles of the League were seen in the end to triumph, the speed with which their triumph was secured was greatly attributable to circumstances which the League had not the credit of originating, and which it had not the power to control.

The Whigs had discernment enough to perceive in 1841 that a sufficient change had been wrought in the public mind in reference to this subject to necessitate some legislative movement with respect to it. They were all the more disposed to contemplate some such movement, from the chance which it afforded them of retrieving their desperate fortunes. They were once more, as a ministry, in the agonies of dissolution, when their unfortunate budget, with its alarming deficit, gave the *coup de grace* to their administration. They did not, on this occasion, however, follow the vulgar precedent of resigning. They dissolved parliament, not the cabinet, and appealed to the country. The general election was contested on a variety of issues. The Whigs were arraigned, in connexion with their whole policy, at the bar of public opinion. But it was their position with respect to the corn duties which raised the chief issue on which the contest turned. Previously to this, Sir Robert Peel had been regarded as the head of the party designating itself conservative, as contradistinguished to the progress party, represented by the Whigs, and nick-named destructives by its opponents. But, in 1841, during the electoral contest in question, he appeared in a new character, as the head of the country party, against the great industrial party, which was then organizing, and the principles of which have since culminated in the abstraction known as the Manchester school. The old political watchwords were forgotten in the conflict which was now waged on economic grounds. Protection and Free Trade met face to face on the electoral field, and although political considerations were not overlooked, the battle was chiefly fought between these antagonist systems. In this first pitched battle between them, Free Trade was worsted, and the Whigs, in the autumn of 1841, met a parliament in which there was a majority of nearly 100 against them. As soon as they made this discovery, they resigned, and Sir Robert Peel, the incarnation of the victorious principle, the champion of the country party, and the leader of the conservatives, was once more summoned to form an administration. From the manifestoes which he uttered, and

the speeches which he delivered, as well as from the form in which the issue between the two parties went to the country, it could not be doubted that Sir Robert acceded to power as the avowed enemy of free trade, and the declared protector of the corn laws. Strange that he should so soon afterwards take the most prominent part in abolishing the one, and ensuring the permanent triumph of the other!

One morning in December the country was informed that the Peel cabinet was at an end. The ministers left town for Osborne, and returned as private individuals to London. Lord John Russell, now a declared free trader and corn-law repealer, was sent for by the Queen on Sir Robert's recommendation.

The point on which the Peel cabinet split was the opening of the ports. Lord Stanley, then secretary for the colonies, headed the opposition, and ministers placed their resignations in the hands of Her Majesty. The Whigs did not succeed in forming a government. Personal disputes prevented them from completing their cabinet, and they did well, perhaps, in shrinking from facing the difficulties without, when dissensions were weakening them within. After a week spent in vain efforts to reconcile differences, Lord John abandoned the task, and Sir Robert Peel was once more reinstated in the post which, on this occasion, he can scarcely be considered to have quitted.

Speculation was now rife as to the policy which the restored minister would pursue. That he meditated nothing short of the proposal which broke up his cabinet was evident from the reconstruction which it underwent. Lord Stanley kept aloof, and Mr. Gladstone was elevated to the head of the colonial department. People were perplexed, however, when they saw the Duke of Wellington once more supporting the cabinet, seeing that it was well known that he had sided with Lord Stanley before the dissolution of the previous administration. This was afterwards explained in a characteristic manner by the gallant duke. For a time, however, it seemed to enshroud the intentions of the minister in considerable mystery; and it was not until shortly after the opening of the session of 1846 that the country was made fully aware of the principles on which he had reconstructed his cabinet. He then formally announced his intention, not of modifying, but of entirely repealing, the corn laws. From that moment he became the object of unceasing attack, unsparing invective, and bitter reproach from those who complained that he had abused their confidence and betrayed them. All this he bore, however, with the equanimity and fortitude of a philosopher. He had a double conviction to sustain him. He was convinced that no measure short of that proposed by him would meet the exigency of the times, and also that the principles on which that measure was based were sound. He resolved that they should thenceforth be the cardinal principles of the commercial policy of the country. The opposition was strong, bitter, and not ill-conducted, but after a protracted discussion, the policy of the Premier triumphed in both Houses of Parliament. The corn laws were for ever abolished, and free trade was solemnly inaugurated as the cardinal policy of the country; and all through the instrumentality of one who, but five years before, had been elevated to power to maintain the one and check the progress of the other. Sir Robert was for but a brief time in office after this. A coalition of Whigs and protectionists drove him from power on the Irish Coercion Bill. Lord John Russell was again sent for. From that time down to the occurrence of the fatal accident, which has just terminated in his death, Sir Robert Peel, although not in power, could scarcely be said to be in opposition.

In the course of his long and eventful life many honours were conferred upon Sir Robert Peel. Wherever he went, and almost at all times, he attracted universal attention, and was always received with the highest consideration. At the close of the year 1836 the University of Glasgow elected him their Lord Rector, and the Conservatives of that city in January, 1837, invited him to a banquet, at which 3,000 gentlemen assembled to do honour to their great political chief. But this was only one among many occasions on which he was "the great guest." Perhaps the most remarkable of these banquets was that given to him in 1835 at Merchant Tailors' Hall by 300 members of the House of Commons. Many other circumstances might be related to illustrate the high position which Sir Robert Peel occupied in this country. Anecdotes innumerable might be recorded to show the extra-

ordinary influence in Parliament which made him "the great commoner" of the age; for Sir Robert Peel was not only a skilful and adroit debater, but by many degrees the most able and one of the most eloquent men in either house of Parliament. Nothing could be more stately or imposing than the long array of sounding periods in which he expounded his doctrines, assailed his political adversaries, or vindicated his own policy. But when the whole land laments his loss, when England mourns the untimely fate of one of her noblest sons, the task of critical disquisition upon literary attainments or public oratory, possesses little attraction. It may be left for calmer moments, and a more distant time, to investigate with unforfeiting justice the sources of his errors, or to estimate the precise value of services which the public is now disposed to regard with no other feelings than those of unmingled gratitude.

Sir R. Peel was married on the 8th of June, 1820, to Julia, the youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, and had issue five sons and two daughters. One son has enjoyed diplomatic employment, a second is in the navy, a third in the Scots Fusilier Guards, a fourth occupies a place in Parliament. One of Sir Robert's daughters was married in July, 1841, to Viscount Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey.

The author of the "Peagee" finds for Sir Robert Peel a long pedigree; a better claim for respect and a greater chance for his memory is to be found in his service rendered to political progress by his votes for Catholic Emancipation and Corn-law Repeal.

#### PALACE EXTRAVAGANCE IN 1828.

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to the Right. Hon. H. Goulburn.

(Private.)

Civil List Audit Office, March 20, 1828.

DEAR GOULBURN—After conferring a good deal with Mr. Brent, and afterwards, privately, with Sir W. Freemantle, I was yesterday, by Lord Conyngham's own invitation, at the Board of Green Cloth, where we discussed the whole subject of the Lord Steward's department, all the members of the board bringing, I must say, to the discussion, the most anxious desire to reduce the expenses within bounds. The result, *prospectively*, I have the pleasure to say, is satisfactory; but neither they, nor myself, can suggest any means to clear the fourth class of the department from its present debt, which, on the last year, amounts to five thousand five hundred and twenty-five pounds, six shillings, and eight pence. This being a matter for the Treasury to consider, I, therefore, proceed to tell you how it seems to me that the excess has arisen, and how it is proposed to remedy it in future. In very short, it seems to me neither more nor less than the most scandalous waste on the part of the lower servants, encouraged by laxity of discipline, particularly, I think, by the former high officers, and the good-nature of the king. This made the attempt to alter the condition of his servants unpleasant, if not hopeless. I cannot better exemplify this than by the instance of an allowance of five hundred pounds a year to the lower servants in lieu of small beer. The history is, that, when allowed small beer in kind, they were all allowed access *ad libitum* to the cellar, and often would not take the trouble to turn the cock after having drawn their quantity, but let hogsheds run off from very wantonness. The then officers in power (I know not who, but it was in Bloomfield's time), instead of punishing them, thought it right to turn the beer into money (the servants having ale and porter *besides* fully sufficient); and hence this five hundred pounds a year compensation for not being permitted to continue this wasteful extravagance. The above is, to be sure, an extreme case, but the prodigality of the steward's room and the servants' hall is almost as bad. Every person belonging to either seems allowed to carry away as much provision as he can scramble for, after being himself satisfied. If a bottle of wine or porter is opened for a glass, the rest is carried off, the meat in a napkin, which seldom finds its way back again; and, in addition to this, scores of persons who have no connexion with the domestic establishment appear to run riot upon the unlimited allowances for these tables. All this, after conferring with the Deputy Comptroller, I find may be checked by authority; and the Lord Steward having willingly promised it, it has been agreed to strike off not less than one thousand six hundred

pounds a year from this expense alone. The footmen and maids, moreover, have been allowed charwomen and helpers (in fact, to allow them to be idle); and the reduction of these will save four or five hundred pounds a year more. The calculation of meat per day, for each individual of the family, has been two pounds, which the principal cooks allow is too much by a half-pound. This alone will save five hundred pounds a year; and an allowance of what is called *bread money*, which I could not get explained, it having been made before the present officers came into place, may also be reduced to the amount of three hundred pounds. This is the more right, because the allowance in money does not preclude the supply of bread in kind, over and above the allowance. I mention these specifically, because they seem gross abuses which you ought to be apprised of. Other reductions will arise, more from better regulations than abolition, particularly in the gardens, upon which the Lord Steward, &c., have themselves ordered a diminution (agreed to by Mr. Aiton) of two thousand six hundred pounds a year; and the whole put together, as per table enclosed, will amount to six thousand four hundred and fifty-six pounds. This is more than equal to the excess of the present year, which, therefore, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated.—*Diary of R. P. Ward.*

#### HINTS TO A YOUNG POET.

LET me make myself clearly understood. In poetry, as in painting, and music, and architecture, it is far more difficult to design than to execute. A long tale should be everywhere consistent, and everywhere perspicuous. The incidents should depend upon each other, and the event appear like the necessary result, so that no sense of improbability in any part of the narration should force itself upon the hearer. I advise you to exercise yourself in shorter tales,—and these have the advantage of being more to the taste of the age.

But whatever you do, be prepared for disappointment. Crowded as this age is with candidates for public favour, you will find it infinitely difficult to obtain a hearing. The booksellers look blank upon poetry, for they know that not one volume of poems out of a hundred pays its expenses; and they know also how much more the immediate success of a book depends upon accidental circumstances than upon its intrinsic merit. They, of course, must look to the chance of profit as the main object. If this first difficulty be overcome, the public read only what it is the fashion to read; and for one competent critic—one equitable one—there are twenty coxcombs who would blast the fortunes of an author for the sake of raising a laugh at his expense.

Do not, therefore, rely upon your poetical powers as a means of bettering your worldly condition. This is the first and most momentous advice which I would impress upon you. If you can be contented to pursue poetry for its own reward, for the delight which you find in the pursuit, go on and prosper. But never let it tempt you to neglect the daily duties of life, never trust to it for profit, as you value your independence and your peace. To trust to it for support is misery and ruin. On the other hand, if you have that consciousness of strength that you can be satisfied with the expectation of fame, though you should never live to enjoy it, I know not how you can be more happily employed than in exercising the powers with which you are gifted. And if you like my advice well enough to wish for it on any future occasion, write to me freely; I would gladly be of use to you if I could.—*Southey.*

ACTIVE and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest.

No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.

#### COUSIN CECIL;

OR,

#### THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

DICK AND LIONEL BOTH DEFEND MINNA FROM THE DESERTER.

AFFAIRS at Larchins were certainly wearing a very singular aspect. A slight glance at the state of parties in that once serene and happy abode will

show how the removal of one person will at times so alter the constitution of a household, that nothing can restore it to the integrity of its former condition.

The death of the Colonel had removed the keystone from the arch of domesticity in that mansion; and from that moment, all was ruin and cross-purposes.

The servants, however, appeared now to be perfectly satisfied. They seemed to imagine that all that had been wanting was the determination that Lionel had now at length expressed, to stand by his own, and then no power on earth could oust him. The cheerfulness and home-look that had left their faces now returned to them, and they bustled about the old place, each in his accustomed sphere, with quite contented aspects.

Mr. Doubleday, after being made to fully comprehend the state of affairs, screwed up his mouth into an amazingly small compass, as if he were afraid that some stray opinion that he was not paid for might escape him; and then he ordered the glass coach that had brought him to Larchins to be in readiness to take him back again.

Sir William Watson attended his co-trustee to the door of the house, and shook hands with him as he went away; but although the Baronet made some vigorous exertions to get him to say something, he was so dreadfully deaf on that occasion, that he could not, or he would not, hear a word.

And so Larchins was virtually left by the enemy to the care of Lionel and his friends, with the exception of Cousin Cecil, who had retired to her chamber, there to consult with herself as to what she could do under the circumstances.

Poor Lionel had, after all, acted much more from impulse than from reflection in the step that he had taken. The applause, too, of Sir William Watson had had more effect in urging him on than, perhaps, he was aware of, or would have liked to confess; but certainly he had not a clear idea of his legal position.

When he and Sir William had the room to themselves again, Lionel looked at him for a few moments with a sad expression, as he said—

"My dear friend, I feel that I have done what seems right in your eyes, and what feels right to my own conscience; but whether the laws will justify me or not, I do not know."

"Possession, my dear boy—possession," said Sir William, "is, as you know, nine points of the law out of ten. You hold on to Larchins—that's all you have got to do, and I will send for my lawyer from London, who will not only tell us what we ought to do, but will inform us of what the enemy can do."

"That will be a great thing to know."

"It will. The distance is nothing. I will send one of my fellows on horseback with a letter, and between you and me, there can't be much harm done; for, after all, we can, of course, put the whole affair into chancery, and there it will remain till the day of judgment, in more senses than one."

"And in the meantime, so you really think, Sir William, that I shall be permitted to remain here?"

"Who is to turn you out?"

"Well, we shall understand all that better when we get your legal friend's opinion upon the affair. It is an opinion that I shall wait for with some sort of anxiety; for it would be madness to proceed further in the affair without the best legal assistance; and yet, if all the world knew how cruelly I have been deceived in this matter, and how by falsehood and by forgery my poor father's ears have been abused, they would, with one voice, proclaim me master of Larchins."

"And so they will."

Lionel shook his head.

"I am afraid, Sir William," he said, "that neither you nor I know much of the subtleties of law."

"But, good gracious!" said Sir William, "you were sent to London on purpose to study it, were you not?"

"Yes, and made but little progress. I found that it was a profession that preferred words to meanings, and that in the mazy subtleties of the most complicated ingenuities, truth and justice were lost sight of. I found that an advocate was but a hireling, and that all the resources of his educated intellect, like the highly-polished dagger of the hired bravo, were put up to sale to the highest bidder. No, Sir William, the law would not suit me."

"And I honour you for it, my boy," said Sir William. "I—Oh, here is Solomon, looking as im-

portant as possible. What is the matter now, Solomon—eh?”

“Nothing.”

“But you have something for me, I see?”

“No, I haven’t. There is a letter. Found it on lawn. Addressed to Master. Here it is. Don’t know what it’s about.”

As Solomon spoke, he handed an epistle of rather a curious shape, and in not the most pure, in point of cleanliness, of envelopes, to Lionel.

“Why, Solomon,” added Sir William, “how is it that you have put on the old livery again?”

“All’s right, now. Master Lionel going to stay by the old house. No objection to the old livery, now. All’s right as possible. Forgiven old master. Don’t mean to say anything more about it.”

“This is a curious epistle,” said Lionel, who had hastily torn open the rough-looking letter and read it. Pray look at it, Sir William.

Solomon, with whom good breeding had become natural, when he respected the parties, retired, and Sir William, in a low voice, read the letter that Lionel had handed to him.

“Sir,—This comes from one who respects the master of Larchins who is gone, and who feels that he has reason to respect him who fills up the void left by his death. The time has come when the poor and the lowly may say a word in season that may be a warning to the high and the noble. The whirling swallow warns the young eaglets of the hunter’s approach. When all is still at Larchins, the despoiler will come. Let him who loves to call the ancient house his home be on the watch to repel the midnight robber.

“More I may not say; but to those who have hearts to feel and brains wherewith to think, I have surely said enough; and be assured that this comes from one who loves and reverences the hearth stone of Larchins.”

“That is all,” said Lionel, as Sir William turned the paper over, as though he expected to find more upon the other side of it.

“All, my lad? Why, what does it mean?”

“It is rather mystical; but, as I comprehend it, it is a warning of some intentions upon the part of some one to try to rob the house. Does it not seem to you so?”

“It does bear that meaning; but yet it might have been a little clearer. A robbery is not altogether such a very romantic affair, that it need be mixed up with eaglets and martins, or swallows, as the fellow says; but, at all events, it is worth the thinking of, for these kind of letters are not written for nothing.”

“Certainly not; and yet—”

“Yet what, Lionel? You have a clear head, boy. What were you going to say?”

“I was going to say that these pretended warnings sometimes covered a bad purpose, and were concocted by the very parties who had the thought of committing the offence. But it may not be so in this instance; and I will, therefore, in all simplicity of construction, take the warning as it is offered, and do my best to be upon my guard.”

The tramp of a horse’s feet at this moment, outside the window, upon the gravel, attracted the attention of both Lionel and Sir William. They saw one of the servants leading a horse; and as he passed at the window, the man touched his hat, and waited, evidently with a desire to speak to Sir William or to Lionel. The latter threw open the window, and said—

“What is it, Andrew? Do you want to speak to me?”

“Yes, sir, if you please. Miss Cecil says she is very bad, indeed, and wants to see the Doctor from the village.”

“What, Mr. Ashley Jarvis?”

“Yes, sir. But, though I did saddle the horse to go, I did not think I ought to do so till I had seen you, sir, and got your orders.”

“You are quite right,” said Lionel. “I have assumed to be the master of Larchins, and, therefore, you are quite right to come to me. You can go to Mr. Jarvis, with my compliments, and tell him he can come.”

“Yes, sir.”

The man respectfully touched his hat again, and then mounting the horse, he soon trotted off to the village.

“Didn’t I tell you so?” cried Sir William, in quite a tone of triumph. “Didn’t I say as much?”

“As much as what, Sir William?”

“Why, that Cousin Cecil would keep her own room now, and affect to be by far too ill to go away from Larchins.”

Lionel smiled, as he said—

“I have no doubt, my dear friend, that you thought so, and that you meant to tell me as much; but you did not think to mention it till now. Will you, however, excuse me for reminding you that you have not sent for the lawyer from London, as you so kindly projected doing?”

“Adzooks, no! I have not. You must excuse me, Lionel, while I go home to see about it. I shall not be very long gone, I assure you.”

“I pray you, Sir William, that you will not hurry, upon my account. I feel that I already claim by far too much of your time and attention.”

“Too much of my time and attention? Nonsense! It’s impossible we can give too much time and attention to villainy—that is to say, I mean to finding out and circumventing the villainy of others; and if I don’t be even with Cousin Cecil yet, it will be a very odd thing. Oh, you don’t know, Lionel, what an old fox I am.”

“Indeed I do not, Sir William.”

“What, did you never hear how, when all the hunt was at fault about half a-dozen years ago, it was I who found out the hiding-place of reynard? Did you never hear that?”

“Once I think I did.”

Lionel had heard the story from the old Baronet himself about a hundred times at the very least, and he had a wholesome and natural dread of the infliction again.

“Once! Oh, well, if you heard it that’s enough; so I will be off at once, and send the man to London for the lawyer. Mind you, now, my dear boy, I have not the slightest doubt but that my lawyer is a rogue; only, you see, the difference is that we shall have him on our side. That is the thing. You understand, Lionel?”

“Exactly so, sir.”

“Lord bless you, Lionel, my uncle, the general, was about as cunning a man as ever lived. In fact, he was nearly as cunning as I am, and I can’t say much more than that, you know. He used to say, whenever he was dragged into a lawsuit, which was generally once a year or so, for he stood upon his rights, ‘Always go to the greatest rogue of a lawyer you can find, and pay him well. He will bring you through it; and it’s ten to one but the very name of him frightens the other party at the outset.’”

With this highly laudatory anecdote of his cunning uncle, who, in good truth, if he were no cunninger than the poor Baronet himself, was one of nature’s simplest children, Sir William bustled off to his own home, which he could reach with ease from the grounds of Larchins by only crossing a meadow, and clambering a style.

Lionel felt very lonely now that Sir William Watson had left Larchins, although he knew that it was for so temporary a purpose, and he sought Minna; but Solomon told him that she was walking in the garden, so he sallied forth to look for her.

It was strictly true that Minna was in the grounds of the house, although she had strayed much further than the gardens; but the fact was, that Cousin Cecil had had the impertinence to send one of the female servants to Minna, almost commanding her to come to her chamber, as she “desired to have some conversation with her.”

Minna had very properly sent word back that she declined; and then fearing—for she had a very gentle, loving spirit—that some importunity would take place, or that Cousin Cecil might take it into her head to come to her, as she would not go to Cousin Cecil, she hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders, and left the house to walk in the garden.

Every step she took, and every object that she cast her eyes upon, reminded her of her dead father. There was not a tree or a plant that had not had some fostering care from him. There was not an alcove, or a rustic seat, that had not been the scene of some gentle and kind discourse in which he had indulged with her, while the setting sun would fall like molten gold upon her hair and form, and she did not dream that such a horror as death would step between her and the caresses and the kind words of such a parent. Minna extended her walk, and passing through a little gate, she made her way through what, to any one unacquainted with the place, would have been a fearful maze of tall flowering shrubs; but each one was a familiar acquaintance to Minna, and she could have made her way to the plantations beyond at any time of the night, without a ray of light to guide her footsteps; and so she moved gently on, until she reached the skirt of the little woody spot which was called

the plantation, and where a quantity of young timber flourished in all the luxuriance of nature, assisted by the art of the cultivator.

There was a little seat, made from the root of a gnarled oak that had been cut down upon the estate some years before, after suffering partial destruction from the effects of a violent storm that had passed over the country; and there, with the tears gathering to her eyes, she gave her thoughts to the past.

A wild bird sung to her from a branch of a sycamore close at hand, and truly mighty Minna have said with the young Ferdinand on the Enchanted Isle—

“This ditty doth remember me of my dead father!”

For she recollected that only a short month since, and upon that very spot, he had listened to such a strain, and praised its melancholy beauty.

“He is gone!” said Minna, and her tears then flowed freely.

Those tears were a relief; and after a little, by the time the bird, with a long-drawn note, had ceased its song, she was more composed.

“This,” she said “is one of the penalties of loving. It is sad to think that the best and the purest of our joys in this world should consist in the formation of those ties of affection, which are liable at any moment, from the most trivial of accidents, to be rent asunder, leaving us but the sad memory of a past happiness.”

She heard a rustling among the boughs of a tree near at hand, and to her great surprise and terror, a man, after clinging for a moment to the lowest branch of a neighbouring chestnut, dropped lightly to the earth, quite close to where she was sitting.

It was so unusual a thing to meet with any one in the peaceful grounds of Larchins, except the tenants of the place, that Minna was much startled by the appearance of this stranger. He was a young man of not the pleasantest aspect in the world; and although he was far from being what the vulgar would call bad-looking, yet there was an air of libertinism and carelessness about him, which, without being able to define what it was, Minna did not at all like.

We may as well say that it was our slight acquaintance, the deserter, who had thus dropped from the tree. There can be very little doubt regarding the errand of the deserter. His friend Migsley, the housebreaker—for if that person could be professionally spoken of at all, there is very little doubt but that such was his appellation—had no doubt sent him to take a bird’s-eye view of Larchins, preparatory to the little enterprise that they had agreed to go upon, that was inimical to the well-being of the plate of the establishment.

Now, the deserter might have staid in the chestnut tree, if he had felt so disposed; but if he had any very serious social failing in addition to a very loose idea concerning the rights of property, it certainly was a difficulty to withstand the temptations of a pretty face.

We have seen how he jeopardised his safety in the workshop at Mr. Nipp’s, and lost the good-will of Dick, by being over-gallant to Susan; and now we see how, when it would have been much better for him, and for the purpose for which he was there, to have staid in the tree, he rather chose to drop from it close to Minna Danvers.

To be sure he did not know who she was. For all he was aware to the contrary, she might be employed in some humble enough capacity in the house, for the plain black dress of Minna, and the loose shawl she had thrown over her shoulders, and the little plain, almost quaker-like bonnet that she wore, to his eyes did not point her out as a lady.

Alas! he was but a bad judge of ladies, when he thought they were to be distinguished by the gaudy splendour of their attire.

Minna’s first thought was to fly from the spot as speedily as she possibly could; but in a moment her reason told her it would look as though she were alarmed at nothing; for, after all, the stranger might not mean to be otherwise than perfectly respectful towards her; so she merely rose and began to walk slowly in the direction of the little gate that would lead her to the garden again.

The man followed her, and as she heard his footsteps coming quickly after her, her heart beat quickly too, and an unknown fear began to take possession of her. She quickened her pace a little, but the stranger likewise quickened his, and, at last, he called out to her, but it was not in a very violent tone.

“I don’t mean any harm, Miss, if you will only speak to me for a moment. Pray stop.”

"What do you want?" said Minna, summoning all her courage as she turned and faced the man.

The deserter seemed to be a little abashed at this unexpected courage of Minna's. He hesitated a moment or two, and then he said—

"Is that Larchins, that I can see the chimney tops of yonder, among the trees, Miss?"

"It is."

"Oh, well, I did not know exactly. I suppose it's no sort of news to tell you that you are a very pretty girl, indeed?"

Minna turned at once, and with hasty steps proceeded on her way; but the deserter having once broken the ice, in a manner of speaking, was not going to be put off so easily. He walked faster than Minna, and suddenly confronting her by passing her, and standing in her path, he said—

"I don't know that it's any great offence to a pretty girl to be told of it by a young fellow who may meet her in the fields."

"Allow me to pass," said Minna, "or I will call for assistance. There are those within call who will quickly aid me."

"Oh, nonsense—nonsense. Come, now, be a little civil. I declare I haven't seen any one to come near you since I have been in this part of the country. I only want one kiss; and then if you don't like it, you know, you needn't give me another."

He held out his arms to oppose her progress as he spoke, and Minna was so alarmed, that she uttered a cry for help. At the instant that it passed her lips, there sprang from the plantation some one who reached her side in a moment, crying—

"Yes, it's all right. I'm here!"

It was Dick, the coffin-maker's apprentice, who came thus opportunely to the aid of Minna; and as he stood about half a step in advance of her, there was such a glow upon his handsome face, and such fire in his black eyes, that he looked really more than handsome.

"You rascal!" he said to the deserter. "Are you once again making a worse villain of yourself than anybody thought you? Oh, don't I wish the soldiers had got hold of you!"

"Help me! oh, help me!" said Minna.

"Don't you be afraid," said Dick; "of course, if I am forced to murder him, I must do it; and he'll be no loss to anybody, that's a fact. Come, now, Mr. Deserter, you go your way, or you will be sorry for it."

"There's one thing," said the fellow, as his face got white with passion, "that I am not sorry for, and that's for the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, young fellow—though, perhaps, you may not survive it."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Dick. "You run, Miss Minna, towards the house. It will take him some time to kill me, you know, and while he is about it, you can get home all safe."

"No!" cried Minna. "No! You dare not be such a villain as to harm this boy?"

"Daren't I?—I owe him one. Let him look to himself, and if you like to stay, you shall see the fun."

The deserter made a dash forward at Dick; but the latter had his quick black eye upon him, and saw the movement before it could be well carried out. Darting back, with the agility of a fawn, Dick threw from his right hand, in which it was snugly ensconced, a sharp flint stone, which, taking effect upon the deserter's mouth, put a violent stop to his progress by cutting his under lip through, and loosening almost every tooth in his head.

"Come on!" cried Dick. "I have got another in my left hand, and two more in my pocket—you may fancy me David, you know, and you Goliath, though you aren't very big. Run, Miss Danvers, run home—I'll fight him."

The rage of the deserter amounted almost to madness, and heedless of Dick's other weapon in the shape of a flint stone, he was rushing upon him, when Lionel emerged from among the trees, and cried—

"Hold, villain! What is this?"

The deserter felt that he was outnumbered, and thus his situation was too critical to maintain. A coward at heart, as he was, he preferred, then, his personal safety to his revenge. The one would keep, but the other would not. He turned and fled. Dick pelted him with the stones he still had, and hit him twice on the back with such force, that the flints rebounded off him.

"I'm only sorry that all my ammunition has gone, now," said Dick. "I'd have followed him up; but I think, he has caught it, rather. Never you

mind, Miss, he won't take it into his head to come here again, I think, in a hurry."

Minna was weeping upon her brother's breast, and Lionel was in vain trying to gather from her the particulars of what had happened. Despairing, then, of being able for some time to get anything like a connected story from her, he turned to Dick, saying—

"I feel that I am indebted to you, my brave friend, for the safety of my sister. Can you tell me who that ruffian was whom you protected her from?"

"Oh, yes," said Dick. "He is a deserter from some regiment of soldiers, and he is hanging about the neighbourhood for fear they should catch him. He's a very bad fellow, indeed, sir."

"Will you see this young lady to the house, while I pursue him?"

"Oh, no—no!" said Minna. "Do not leave me, Lionel."

"But this lad will protect you. He has already shown that he can do so. Trust to him, Minna. I cannot allow that rascal to go unpunished."

"Lionel—Lionel, do not leave me now! Come home. Let us come home together. But I ought to thank this gallant youth for the protection he afforded me. What shall we give him, Lionel?"

"Anything you like, Minna."

"I don't want anything," said Dick. "I only happened to be hereabouts, because, because—that is—nothing—that's all."

Dick looked confused. It was quite evident that he had a secret of some sort; but what it was, neither Lionel nor Minna could guess. They did not seek the confidence of the boy; but Minna, with an instinctive delicacy, would not think of offering him money, but unclasping from her wrist a bracelet of gold, she approached Dick, timidly, and holding it out to him, she said—

"Will you accept this in remembrance of me?"

"I will," said Dick.

The bracelet was placed in his hand, and after Lionel and Minna had then both thanked him again, and bidden him good-by, he still stood upon the spot where they had spoken to him, with the bracelet in his hand, and tears starting slowly to his eyes.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PEEPS INTO THE CHAMBER OF COUSIN CECIL.

COUSIN CECIL was rather astonished at the events that we have narrated, and at the sudden determination that Lionel had taken to dispute the will. She was not so well aware as the reader of all the reasons upon which that determination was founded.

No doubt, the principal argument demonstrative of the guilt of Cousin Cecil, consisted in her own conduct, and in the words that had dropped from her lips while she was in a state of somnambulism upon the occasion of her midnight visit to the library at Larchins. The discovery of the forged documents upon which Colonel Danvers had acted, conjoined to that conduct of Cecil's while the caution and the reason slept, but the imagination roused the body to action, formed to his mind an amount of evidence that it would have been very difficult to shake.

It must be remembered, though, that Cousin Cecil herself remained in a state of mind that was perfectly unconscious of her sleep-walking revelations. That is a phenomenon of disease that exhibits itself only to the spectators and not to the patient, so that she felt compelled to attribute the sudden determination of Lionel's to dispute the will wholly to the fact that she had been so careless as to leave the papers of the deceased Colonel accessible to him, and that, in consequence, he had found the forged documents that had had such an effect upon his father's mind.

Feeling, however, that now, to use her own language, "the old man was gone," there could be no positive evidence to convict her of even a complicity with the fabricators of those documents, she, upon reflection, felt tolerably easy as to the result.

That she would not leave Larchins, however, she made up her mind, as much as the mind of any one could be made up upon a subject that was not entirely under their own control. Of course, it was possible that she might be forced to leave the place; but she determined that nothing short of force should accomplish that object.

Under such circumstances, then, it occurred to the very politic brain of Cousin Cecil, that to sham

a great amount of illness, would be the best possible way to promote her continuance in the house; and for the purpose of giving a colour to that statement, she had, as we have seen, sent for Mr. Jarvis, the surgeon, from the village.

This Mr. Jarvis it was who had been hastily sent for at the death of Colonel Danvers, and who had evidenced that that event had taken place, so that Cousin Cecil, who had upon that occasion handed to him an extravagant fee, rather reckoned upon his friendly services than otherwise.

With regard to this young medical man, the reader must, for the present, form his own opinion. One thing, however, is quite certain, and greatly in his favour, and that is, that he has contrived to make his peace with Dick, and to be upon the very best terms with him. Whether Dick is the victim of any artful and cruel deception or not, time will show.

Mr. Jarvis duly attended to the summons of Cousin Cecil, and was ushered into a small dressing-room adjoining her chamber, where in a few moments the lady came to him.

There was languor and depression in the looks of Miss Cecil. The recent interview with Lionel in the large apartment below had wrought her up to a pitch of passion that was sure to produce a powerful reaction; and it was from that reaction she was now suffering.

"Mr. Jarvis," she said, "I am very happy to see you looking so well; I am but a sad invalid myself."

"I am sorry to hear it, Miss Cecil," he replied. "I was in the hope that the sedative I supplied you with some time ago, and which, by the way, I warned you to take in very small quantities, would have had a beneficial effect upon the nervous system."

There was a slight flush upon the cheek of Cousin Cecil for a moment—and only for a moment—as Mr. Jarvis spoke. It was so very fleeting that none but a very close observer could have noticed it.

"Yes," she said—"yes. The sedative did me much good, and I think I will persevere in it."

"Allow me to see what you have of it left," said Mr. Jarvis, "as I am afraid it has a tendency to become flocculent."

Cousin Cecil looked in the face of Mr. Jarvis with a quaint smile, as she said—

"My dear sir, I am quite ashamed to tell you that I have been so very careless as to meet with an accident and destroy it. I dropped the little bottle upon the marble top of my dressing-table, and, of course, it went into fragments at once."

"I regret that. But I could have supplied you at once, for although a potent enough drug, it is by no means a scarce one."

"How very kind you are; but, really, I felt so much better until to-day, that I thought I would try to do without it; but my principal symptom now is of so alarming a nature, that I feel half dead with fright."

"Indeed, madam?"

"Yes, Mr. Jarvis. Palpitation of the heart, upon the slightest excitement, ensues to such an extent, that I have the feeling as if I were dying. Do you think that, under such circumstances, I ought to leave Larchins?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well, Mr. Jarvis. There is your fee, and you will oblige me very much by informing Mr. Lionel Danvers, that it would jeopardise my life for me to leave the place."

The couple of guineas that were placed in the hands of Mr. Jarvis, he perfectly understood to be a bribe to give an opinion favourable to the intentions of Cousin Cecil.

"But, madam," said Mr. Jarvis, "can there be any necessity for your leaving the house at all? Surely Mr. Danvers cannot wish you to do so?"

"Yes, Mr. Jarvis. The fact is, that Lionel and I do not now agree very well; and as I would rather not have any disputes with him, I prefer keeping my chamber, ill as I am, too."

"But, I thought that if any one were master and mistress likewise, at Larchins now, it was you, Miss Cecil?"

"Yes. According to the Colonel's will."

"Exactly."

"But Lionel is ill-advised and instigated by Sir William Watson, who, for some unimaginable reason, dislikes me, and he purposes resisting his father's will."

"Does he, indeed?"

"Yes. I do not wonder at your being surprised that he could, after his conduct, which has been much

worse than the world will ever know, think of such a thing; but it is a fact, nevertheless; and there is some little disagreement about who shall hold possession of Larchins pending the legal proceedings that must ensue."

"I understand."

"Now, Mr. Jarvis, I would rather hold possession by fair means than by foul; but hold possession I will, one way or the other. Nothing short of absolute force should take me from this place."

Mr. Jarvis bowed.

"A friend of mine," added Miss Cecil, "has gone to London to lay the whole case before counsel, and I have no doubt but that the opinion will be favourable to my claims, and the advice such as I can act upon at once. Until that friend returns, you will be so good, I am sure, as to certify that I cannot be removed, or even disturbed. I shall expect you to visit me, professionally, every day, when the same fee that I have now handed to you, will be yours."

"In fact," said Mr. Jarvis, very calmly, "you will give me two guineas a day, to say that you are very ill, indeed?"

Cousin Cecil smiled faintly.

"I am very ill, indeed."

"Oh, don't trouble about it. I'll do it—I'll do it."

"You will?"

"Of course I will. What is to hinder me, Miss Cecil? We are too much in the habit of making more money by imaginary complaints than by real ones, for me to hesitate a moment. I'll do it with great pleasure."

"I am very much beholden to you, sir."

"Don't mention that. I only hope that everything here will end in a satisfactory manner, and that the intentions of the Colonel will ultimately be carried out to the very letter, Miss Cecil; and I do think it will be a pity for you to leave Larchins."

"It would annoy me very much to be compelled to do so, Mr. Jarvis; and therefore, if you will be so good as to see Mr. Lionel before you leave the house, and tell him that I cannot, upon any account, be removed until a change takes place in my health, you will be laying me under a lasting obligation to you."

"Not at all, my dear madam—not at all. I consider that I am very well paid, indeed."

There was a nonchalant air about Mr. Jarvis that Cousin Cecil did not altogether like; but yet if she had tried to discover why she did not like it, probably she would have been puzzled to do so; and yet she felt that his manner was not natural. However, if he chose to do what she required of him, it was not for her to fall out with the mode in which he chose to do it; so she wreathed her countenance in all the smiles that she could, as well as tears, so readily command, and graciously bade him adieu.

Mr. Jarvis, with all the gravity in the world, placed his two guineas in his waistcoat pocket, and then he proceeded to the lower part of the house to ask for Lionel.

The acquaintance between the medical man and Lionel was but very slight, indeed, as the latter had been mostly at the university of Oxford, while Mr. Jarvis had been in practice in Hampton; but still they did know each other sufficiently well to interchange a civil greeting when they met.

Lionel, when he was informed that Mr. Jarvis wished to speak with him, at once repaired to the reception-room, in which he was waiting.

"How do you do, Mr. Danvers?" said Jarvis.

"I hope you are well, sir?"

"Tolerably so, Mr. Jarvis. When the mind is ill at ease, it racks the body—but I need not tell you that."

"No; and yet I hope you will recover, for all that. I have been sent for by Miss Cecil."

"So I understand," said Lionel, coldly.

"Well," added Mr. Jarvis, "it no doubt is an unwelcome theme to you, but the fact is, she is very unwell, indeed, and desired me to tell you so."

Lionel bowed merely.

"And under the circumstances, I, as a medical man, feel myself bound to comply with her wish, which was, that I should tell you her removal would be highly dangerous and jeopardising to her life."

"I can well understand, sir," said Lionel, "that Cousin Cecil would rather be ill at Larchins than well anywhere else."

"With that I have no concern."

"Certainly not, Mr. Jarvis—so let her stay, if such is the case. I will not insult you by any supposition to the contrary. And now, sir, as we have met, can you, by any means, form an opinion concerning the mysterious disappearance of the body of my father?"

"I cannot."

"Mr. Jarvis, I conjure you by all you hold sacred and dear, to answer me one question."

Jarvis looked confused.

"It depends entirely, sir," he said, in a low tone, "upon what the question is. Believe me that I will answer it if I ought, and if I can—I give you my word so far."

"That is as much as I can expect," said Lionel.

"And now, sir, I have no wish or idea of offending you by what I am about to say, but knowing that my father's death was sudden and mysterious, and that gentlemen of your profession think very differently upon such subjects from the rest of the world, I—I would fain ask—"

"Pray go on, Mr. Danvers—I will not take offence at what you may think proper to say. It is the intention to offend only that should constitute the offence."

"You are right, sir. Then, in plain language, I ask you, if, actuated by a love of science, or a natural anxiety to further the objects of your profession, you possessed yourself of the body of my father?"

"I answer you at once, Mr. Danvers, in the negative."

"You did not, then, by any contrivance, get possession of my father's corpse for the purposes of dissection?"

"I did not."

"With that explicit answer, Mr. Jarvis, I am compelled to be satisfied; and I feel that I ought to apologise to you for putting the question: but it was one necessary to be put for my peace of mind."

"And a very natural one, too," said Jarvis.

"I think so. All is mystery and conjecture again. Oh, when will all this be cleared up? When will all this state of doubt and misery end?"

"Perhaps when you least expect it," said Mr. Jarvis; and then taking his hat, he added—"I must now bid you good-day, Mr. Lionel. Ah! it was but a short month ago, now, that I was speaking to your father in this very room."

"You were, sir?"

"Yes; and there was a grief about his tone and manner that struck me very forcibly. He took my hand, and in tremulous tones, he said—"Mr. Jarvis, would you believe that Lionel has actually sold his mother's miniature that he had in a locket, and which she charged me to preserve for him in remembrance of her?"

"Oh, God!" cried Lionel, "it is false—false!"

"Sir?"

"Nay, do not mistake me, Mr. Jarvis. That my father said that much to you tallies but too well with what I otherwise know; but it is false that I ever parted with the locket, or ever dreamt of doing so. Behold it, sir; it is here, where it has ever been—next to my heart!"

As he spoke, Lionel showed Mr. Jarvis the locket, suspended by its silken cord, round his neck.

"That is perfectly satisfactory," said the surgeon. "Your father must have been imposed upon. Good-day, sir."

(To be continued.)

## UNROLLING OF A MUMMY.

ON Monday, the 10th ult., the interesting process of unrolling a mummy was exhibited at the residence of Lord Londesborough, Piccadilly, in the presence of about sixty of his Lordship's private friends, including many of scientific, literary, and antiquarian eminence. Previous to the operation, a brief but very instructive and comprehensive explanation was given by Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, of the history of embalment and the art of preparing mummies, the learned gentleman adhering to the well-known narrative of Herodotus as to the three grades of mummy manufacture practised by the Egyptians, according to the pecuniary means and wishes of the friends of the deceased—viz., first, that in which the brain was extracted through the nostrils, partly by pulling it out with an iron instrument, and partly by an infusion of drugs, then cutting the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone, removing the viscera, which was washed with palm wine and purified with pulverised perfumes; next filling the cavity of the trunk with ground myrrh, cassia, and all other odoriferous herbs, except frankincense, sewing the body up, rubbing the whole corpse with natron, which destroys the flesh, leaving only the skin and bones, and burying it for seventy days; at the end of which period it was bandaged in fine linen,

smears all over with gum, and placed in a wooden case made in the form of a human body, and deposited in an upright position against a wall in a sepulchral building. The second process was filling the intestines with cedar oil, which, on its removal at the expiration of the seventy days during which the body was in salt, drew with it the viscera in a state of dissolution, the flesh being also destroyed by natron, as in the former case. And the third method, that practised on the poor, was to inject salt and water, wrap up the body seventy days in natron, and then deliver it to the relatives. Mr. Birch, having dwelt on the late important accessions to our knowledge of hieroglyphics, proceeded to state that from the inscription on the outer case (which was in a beautiful state of preservation, the colours being wonderfully fresh and vivid) he considered the present mummy to be of the second class, though a priestess of Isis, as he inferred from the label, "Anchsehesi," she who lives by Isis, and of the age of about 700 B.C. These conjectures were fully confirmed on the unrolling, which disclosed an unusual quantity of papyrus, bearing a profusion of the hieratic, or current hand, hieroglyphic characters, descriptive of the profession of the deceased, whose ritual it constituted, and innumerable emblems and devices symbolical of the attributes of her worship. This unwonted amount of papyrus and writing upon it rendered the specimen of extreme interest in the estimation of those qualified to decipher the characters; but Dr. Granville—who, while the unrolling was being proceeded with, gave some valuable illustrations of the chemical and mechanical details of mummy making, said that the priestess had evidently suffered from the want of judicious governmental control over the Egyptian undertakers, who had swindled her relatives by a wholesale use of bitumen, and the consequence was apparent when the bandages were removed, for the bones were so charred, and the muscles so calcined, that the limbs broke off in fragments on the least pressure.

MUSLIM GREETINGS.—Every Muslim deems it his duty to ask after his friend's health each time he passes him. Sometimes they stop and seize hold of their victim's thumb, inquiring how he does, then hold of his forefinger with another question, then again hold of his thumb, and then next hold of his hand, often for a dozen times in succession. Occasionally they have extraordinary accesses of friendship, and embrace and hug a person whom they may have saluted with formal indifference an instant before, as if about to part with him for ever. "Are you well?" "Well, praise be to God!" This interrogatory, with the answer, is frequently repeated at least fifty times in the course of an hour's conversation, serving to fill up every pause, and sometimes being introduced in the midst of a dialogue. Suppose the conversation to turn on the rent of a house. It would run nearly thus: laying his hand gracefully on his breast, the first speaker would say, "Taibeen? Are you well?" "Hamdullillah! Praise be to God! What is the rent of this house?" "Taibeen?" "Hamdullillah!" "A hundred talaris a year!" "Mashallah! that is much. Taibeen?" "Hamdullillah! Do you think I would cheat you?" "Are you well?" "Praise be to God! On you be peace! I am afraid you are trying to impose on me." "Taibeen?" &c.—Boyle St. John.

THE IRON DOME OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION HALL.—The construction of this dome, 200 feet in diameter, though of light sheet iron, will be no joke. We may remind the reader that it will be double the size of our St. Paul's dome, which is 112 feet in diameter. The Dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, is 130 feet in diameter; and that of the Pantheon 192 feet. This central hall will be a polygon of sixteen sides, four of which will open into gardens reserved around it. Its main walls will be of brick, and about sixty feet high.—The Builder.

THE Waterford Mail says.—There are over three hundred men of all arts and trades, at present employed in making very extensive improvements in and about Lismore Castle. The decorating of the new ball-room and additional building to that magnificent mansion are under the superintendence of Mr. Creece, the decorator of the new House of Lords. It is beyond doubt that her Majesty intends to honour the good and noble Duke with a visit at his Irish residence, on the first occasion of her coming to this country.

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## SUCCESS.

PERHAPS what we are about to say will be endeavoured to be "put down" by those who feel that the cap fits them, on the plea that it is nothing new; but we think that there are some truths that cannot be, very well, too often repeated, provided time and place be fitting; and experience convinces us, that it is only by reiteration that the world will condescend to be taught.

Then, again, as regards the novelty of philosophy, it is a sad thing when any mind gets into such a condition, that it rather seeks for what is new than for what is true; and it would be impossible for any two minds to elaborate upon the same idea without evolving from it different and important illustrations. Discarding, then, any fears of the no-novelty character of these remarks, we ask our readers to take the word that stands at the head of these columns as a material for thought.

Success! Why, of all other things it is what is most admired and applauded by the multitude, and yet, of all things, it is that which is the least in the power of any individual to say he will attain to. Men pant, and toil, and plot, and intrigue, and ruin soul and body for Success in their enterprises, because they know and feel that it is upon that Success that they will be judged by their fellows. To be successful in anything, is at once to put the seal of popular approbation to all the steps by which Success was reached. To fail, is at once to stigmatize all those steps as the result of the most hopeless stupidity or frantic madness. The mistake that the excellent, but not very philosophic public falls into, is this: it supposes that the attainment of mundane objects, or the failure of the attainment of them, is the result of the steps taken to produce such a result.

That is a proposition that we dispute.

We shall find people waiting with a quiet shake of the head to see the result of something which in its progression they either do not understand, or have not taken the trouble to try to comprehend; and if the end be successful, they burst forth into the most fulsome panegyrics of the person achieving the results; but if he be unsuccessful, they always say, they thought as much, and with rather a triumphant air, ask—"What else could have been expected?"

Experience, moreover, tells us that Success is frequently attained by the merest accident, and that failure is dependant, likewise, upon the edicts of chance that, with a malign influence, beset every enterprise; for, inasmuch, as in a journey through a wilderness to a given point, there is but one right path and a thousand wrong ones: so the chances of failure in the accomplishment of any result, are far more numerous than the chances of success. But, says the world, if a man be clever, and intelligently careful and learned in what he sets about, he will be successful. It is upon that point that we join issue with the world, and we think that those who look with as curious an eye upon the morals and the personal statistics of society as we are in the habit of doing, will agree with us when we say that experience preaches a different doctrine.

Perhaps at this point we ought to define what we mean by Success, and of what particular kind of Success we speak. Our definition will be rather large. We allude to worldly Success in all those matters which worldly men seek, and to which

we are none of us indifferent in our hearts—wealth, rank, social distinction of every kind—good repute, &c.

Now, is it not strange that if any thinking man will look around him at even the small circle of his acquaintances, and, with unprejudiced eyes, view the matter, he will find that it is not talent, intelligence, probity, or general desert, that have commanded the successes of their lives, but some qualities apparently quite antagonistic to them.

Into the lap of the indolent and the sensual, fortune seems delighted to shower her golden stream. Around the brows of the non-intelligent and almost the fatuous, she appears ever anxious to wreath the laurel of fame. The dishonest and the tricky are generally upon the best terms with society; and if a man possess not one particle of genius himself, he generally finds that fate—fortune—providence, call it what you will, places him in some comfortable position, in which he can command the resources of genius in others, and reap the benefits.

It is perhaps not quite a fair style of argumentation to be interrogative upon a question we ourselves moot, and upon a point we dispute; but we would ask any one, is it from desert that the successes of this world are achieved? In your present experience do you know that such is the case, or do you, upon inquiry and reflection, find that the meanest, the poorest, and the most degraded feelings of human nature have been the most successful in achieving worldly results? We apprehend that no one will be hardy enough to assert the contrary.

It is a humiliating thing to think that society is so established, that the end of every enterprise, let it be ever so patriotic or personally excellent, defies calculation regarding means. But it is so; and unwelcome as the truth may be, and depressing as it may be, it is nevertheless a truth, and no truth can be without value.

The fulsome adulation of society that every man receives who is successful from not the smallest desert, would be amusing if it were not disgusting. How many men do we see blundering through life with limited capacities, inefficient knowledge, and anything but delectable morals, but yet who achieve constant Success.

How many men do we see with high intelligence—morals that may be called heroic—abundance of information, and full of the largest capacities for good to themselves and to others, who fail in every thing? Why is this? Why is it that society will, like some yelping cur who has been taught to contemn the rags of a beggar, but to pay proper fawning respect to the broad cloth of one well-to-do, set up the howl of derision at the one who should be respected, and cover the other with frothy adulation who should be despised? But so it is. These accidents of life are the indications of popularity. And now we would say a few words of gentle felicitation to the non-successful.

Success is an accident: therefore, wait for it quietly, and if it come, welcome it, but not extravagantly, for it may go again; and recollect, that if upon observation you find that those who have beaten you in the race of life, and are successful in the attainment of worldly objects, while you are far from being so, are not such as you can esteem, and that their ways are not your ways, thank the stars that you are not among them; and, like the chief who was accidentally placed at the foot of the table upon the occasion of a feast, believe that where you sit *that* is the head—think that your position is in reality more successful than theirs, to whom the gaping, mammon-worshipping crowd

look up with awe, and be serenely content; for, after all, is it worth the struggling for this thing that is called worldly Success? What is it? What does it mean? Is it truth, health, happiness, serene days and dreamless nights? Is it a good digestion and an unfevered pulse? Ah, no! You unsuccessful ones!—you waiters upon fortune that comes not to you!—you have all these if you will not cast them from you; and you may, upon your vantage ground of obscurity, look upon the struggling men who are so anxious to be successful in life, and fancy they somewhat resemble the knot of eels exhibited by the oxyhydrogen microscope, that are all on the struggle one with another, and so entwined together, that they can't extricate themselves.—What a pleasant thing it is to love peace and virtue better than Success!

LOVE, MURDER, AND SUICIDE.—The following tragical incidents are related in the French papers:—About three years ago a tradesman, inhabiting the Quartier Bréda, destroyed himself in a fit of desperation, after having written a letter in which he declared that his reason for making away with himself was that he could not survive the knowledge of his dishonour. A thousand reports were current at the time as to the precise cause which led to the catastrophe. When the husband was dead, a *liaison* sprang up, and was almost publicly acknowledged between his widow and a young man in the neighbourhood, but satiety was soon followed by coldness and scenes of reproach, caused by the jealousy of the widow, whose lover seemed to neglect her more and more every day. The intimacy between them still continued, however, notwithstanding the clouds which so frequently disturbed its course, and the young man was accustomed to take his meals almost daily at the house of his mistress. On Thursday last he had dined there as usual, when, having scarcely risen from table, he was seized with burning pains and vomitings, sufficiently alarming in their character to cause the assistance of a medical man to be called in. Immediately on his arrival, at the first examination of the patient's countenance and of the substances vomited by him, the man of science suspected the case to be one of poisoning. His treatment was that usually resorted to in such cases; but in spite of the promptitude and energy of the measures adopted, the patient expired, accusing his mistress of the deed. As for the individual in question, as soon as the first symptoms of poison appeared, she became completely wild, and when her lover was dead, she appeared struck with stupor, shut herself up in her apartment, and refused all assistance or consolation. She remained thus secluded during two days, when suddenly the neighbours heard proceeding from her lodging the sound of an exploded fire-arm. The doors were broken open, and the commissary of police summoned. On his arrival, all that was found was a lifeless corpse. The unfortunate woman had shot herself through the heart with the same pistol with which three years ago her wretched husband had terminated his existence.

CURIOUS MARK OF A LADY'S APPROBATION AT MONTEKEY.—On our way through the town in the evening we went into one of the *fandangos*, or dancing-booths, if I may employ the term, where the motley population were enjoying themselves after a fashion which induced me to procure a partner and join the "breakdown." I merely mention this occurrence, on account of a very singular compliment which my dark partner paid me, in return, I suppose, for my gallantry; though, as we could not understand each other, and only laughed, she may have given me credit for more boldness than I really possessed. I had turned my head away for an instant, when smash came something upon my unfortunate pate, and immediately after there fell over my shoulders a shower of fragments of an egg-shell, intermingled with a quantity of very minute gilt and coloured papers which had been substituted for its natural contents. I need not say that I was very well pleased at the substitution. Of course I laughed immoderately, and subsequently learnt from my *cicerone*, that this is a country-fashion when a lady wishes to bestow upon her partner in the dance a signal mark of her approbation.—*Ryan's Adventures in California.*

## THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DUCHESS RECOVERS, AND SENDS FOR MR. OLIVER.

THAT night upon which the Earl of Carlton had visited Pangbourne House had been a fearful one for the Duchess. We have striven to paint the sorrows of the young Marianna upon her abduction from the school, where she was in security, if not in joy. We have shown how the strong soul of poor Herbert gave way sufficiently beneath the load of woe that oppressed him, to induce him to seek for safety and consolation, even with Charles Horton: But what pen could paint the many anguishes that Clara endured?

It is asserted, and with some show of reason too, that in this world the sorrows and the joys are much more equally divided than is generally supposed; but certainly if the statistics of Clara's existence were to show such a result, her future mundane life must be singularly free from those ills that flesh is heir to, to make up for the vastness of her present suffering.

She felt now that affairs had reached a climax at which something more must be done than could be done with sighs and tears.

Alas, poor Clara! For long she debated in her mind what that something was to be, and it was only by a happy chance that she at length decided wisely concerning it.

But we must not anticipate.

The swoon into which the Duchess had fallen immediately after her rather violent interview with the Earl of Carlton, was one of those prostrations of the physical and mental energies that baffle, for a long time, all the resources of art to grapple with. The alarm that spread through Pangbourne House for a little time, was of such a character, that it could not settle itself down into action. The terrified domestics ran hither and thither in confusion, and had it not been for the presence of mind of the Duchess's maid—the young girl who solely attended upon her—the confusion would have lasted longer than it did; but it is astonishing how the calmness of one person will alloy the excitement of many. The self-possession of one young girl had the effect of inducing a degree of sober reflection in a whole household.

The first efforts of the girl were directed to an endeavour to recover her mistress, the Duchess, from the condition she was in, but it did not take long to see that it was no ordinary fainting fit that had supervened.

As soon as that discovery had been made, the girl ordered that the nearest physician should be sent for, and in a calm and determined manner she pointed out to the servants how injurious it might be to the health of the Duchess that she should have any tumult in the house.

Like oil upon the troubled waters, the serene aspect of this young creature had the desired effect upon the excitement in Pangbourne House, and a very little time then sufficed to restore the place to its wonted quietude—that quietude which is, or which should be, the characteristic of such mansions.

Still, the Duchess lay in that swoon that so resembled death, that the girl trembled to think that, if it were not actually such, it might lapse into it. Silently she stood by the bedside, with the tears gathering in her eyes, and waiting for the arrival of the physician.

It will be recollected how Horton had met one of the servants in Park Lane, and questioned him; but that bold bad spirit had no real idea from that man's statement of how completely prostrated was poor Clara. If he had, he might have thought that his revenge against the Duchess was likely to slip through his fingers, and that she might find that repose and serenity of soul in death, which he and the Countess of Alpine were both so anxious to deprive her of in life.

It so happened that the physician who first got to Pangbourne House was the one who had a few words with Sir Fluttery Pooock, upon the occasion of the shocking demise of the former Duchess. The roughness of demeanour that characterised that physician, covered a kind and sensitive heart; and while he was repulsive in his disgust of such a creature as Sir Fluttery, who was the mere cringing minion of a Court, he was ever ready, in the gentlest and kindest manner, to soften the afflic-

tions of all with whom he came into professional contact.

"On, sir," said the girl, who was attending upon the Duchess, when he had entered the dressing-room. "Oh, sir, my poor mistress is so very ill."

"Not a doubt of it, my dear," said the old physician. "I am quite sure you would not have sent for me if she had been very well. Where is she?"

"Here, sir—here. This way. There she is."

The girl went to the window, and hastily touched the spring, that threw the liberated blind to the top of the casement—a gush of morning light came into the room, and there lay the poor Duchess of Pangbourne, fluttering, apparently, between life and death.

The physician looked at her for a few moments, and held the motionless white hand in his; and then turning to the girl, he said, with a sudden harshness—

"How came this? What has happened?"

The girl burst into tears.

"Come—come, no crying here. Tell me at once, that's a good girl, how your mistress came to be in this state? or perhaps the Duke will be able to explain the cause of it; for there must have been some violent external cause for this strange state of syncope, that is evident."

"Alas! sir, the Duke—"

"Well, the Duke?"

"Sir—I—I ought not—"

"Then don't. I don't want you to say anything you ought not; so hold your tongue at once. Has the Duchess been frightened into this condition?"

"She has, sir: but how or by what means, I cannot say, and the Duke is not at home."

"Umph! Almost time he was; but that is no business of mine. Now, my dear girl, hold up your mistress's head. That will do. We must get her out of this state as soon as possible."

While the young girl, with her arms round the neck of the Duchess, held her up in the bed, the physician dashed cold water in her face. The effect was tolerably immediate, and with a deep sigh, Clara opened her eyes.

"That will do," he said, as he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote a brief prescription. "Let that be sent to the nearest chemist directly."

The Duchess fell back upon the pillow, but the swoon had passed away; and when the girl left the room with the prescription, the physician sat down in a high-backed Elizabethan chair that was by the bed-side, and in the kindest manner, he spoke cheerily to the Duchess.

"Well, madam," he said, "you will soon recover from this little fainting. It was, almost, a pity to send for a physician, was it not, don't you think—eh?"

He wished to change the current of her thoughts, if possible, and get her into a conversation that would make no call upon her memory to sustain.

In a faint weak voice she spoke, but the words were indicative of great mental agony.

"Oh, God!"

Yes, such were the words that came from the lips of the Duchess of Pangbourne. The physician felt certain that some powerful shock had been given to the mind of his patient.

"So young, too!" he said to himself. "What can it mean?"

Then speaking audibly in the same kind tone, he said—

"Of course you have been ill, and it has depressed your mind very much, but that is a sympathetic feeling that will soon pass away. We are apt to place too much importance upon these little affairs. The imagination, no doubt, has played you some trick, at which, when you tell me all about it, we shall both smile."

"Smile!"

"Yes, of course we shall. It is better to smile on the recollection of the intangible past, than to cry."

"Who are you?"

Clara half rose, and tried to look in the face of the physician.

"Madam," he said seriously, "I am a physician, but I hope and trust that I am something more, and that you will permit me to say that I am your friend. These white hairs assure you that the passions and the follies of youth are past with me. I am sent for here to minister to your bodily ailments, and I find that it is the mind that suffers. Will you allow me to minister to that affliction?"

Clara burst into tears.

"Good!" said the physician.

For the space of about five minutes Clara wept incessantly. Ah! what should we do without tears?

The physician did not make the smallest effort to check the grief that so expended itself. He well knew that with each tear there came from the labouring heart more than its weight of agony; and at length, when the tears had subsided into sobs, and when the sobs had softened down to sighs, he spoke—

"Now your Grace will be much better."

"Oh, do not call me by that title! From the first day that the world was pleased to tell me that I was a Duchess, I have been the sport of every chance affliction that can assail human nature. With all the will, and with all the seeming power to do everything that could contribute to the happiness of those around me, I yet am wretched. Oh, God, most wretched!"

"And so should guilt always be."

"Guilt, sir?"

"Yes, madam, guilt. That's plain enough, is it not? I say, so should guilt become most wretched."

"But I am innocent. Who dare accuse me of guilt? I am innocent, as God knows I am; bid the great creator look into my inmost heart, and see that I am innocent of wrong. Not by thought, by word, or by deed, have I done or imagined wrong to one human being."

"Then pray, madam, if that be the case, what right have you to be so wretched? Innocent—young—with all your life, or the better part of it before you—with the love of Heaven, as a rich inheritance, in the life to come—at peace with your own conscience: why what on earth do you mean by calling yourself most wretched? Do you think that there are none who dare not look into their own thoughts—who dare not lie down to sleep lest the memory of the past should people their dreams with hideous images—to whom memory is a curse?"

The Duchess covered her face with both her hands for a moment or two, and then when she took them away, there was a serene and holy look upon her face—almost a smile. She held out her hand to the physician, and he took it in his. She tried to speak, but for a moment emotion prevented her. Then she said gently—

"I do thank you."

"Don't. There's no occasion. It's all right, my dear—Pardon me, your Grace, I am an old man, and have great bouncing daughters of my own, and I am so in the habit of saying my dear to them, that when I am talking to any one whom I esteem, out it comes as naturally as possible."

"God bless you, sir."

"Oh, pho, pho!"

"But I thank you from my heart, indeed, I do. You have awakened in me a new life. I did think that I was the most wretched person in all the world, and I quite forgot that I had the approval of my own conscience and the love of heaven, until you awakened me to the truth. Indeed, and indeed, I ought to thank you; and if you will allow me to call you my friend—"

"Certainly. To be sure, your Grace."

"Oh, do not use that title when you speak to me. Let me be as a daughter to you. This hour will never be forgotten while I live. I feel so—so happy in comparison to what I did."

"Of course you do. Why, you had only to think a little, and you would be all right enough. But that's the way with you women—you have lots of feelings, as you call them, but very little reflection—you go on weeping and wailing about nothing, and it requires some old fellow like me to come and tell you why you ought to be as happy as possible. But here comes that little lass who was waiting upon you, and who was almost in hysterics when I came in. I suppose she thinks she is the most miserable of mortals, too. Eh, girl, don't you?"

"Alas! sir—"

"Ah! I thought as much. What do you mean by alas, sir, eh?"

"My poor dear mistress."

"Is as happy and comfortable as possible, so there's no occasion to cry, alas! upon her account. And, now, give me the medicine. You will be so good as to take this at once, your Grace. No—I mean, my dear!"

Clara smiled and took the draught.

"Where is Harry?" she said.

"Who is Harry?" said the physician.

"My only child, sir."

"Oh, then, bring Harry, by all means. And now,

my dear madam, let me hope that this amended state of feeling will not be transitory, but that you will reflect deeply upon what I have said, and, like the lady in the tale, who went through the enchanted forest exposed to all sorts of dangers and horrors, but who clasped a magic rose to her bosom, and so escaped them, you will clasp to your bosom the conviction of your innocence and sinless heart, and consider that conviction as the talisman that shall preserve you."

"I will! I will, indeed."

The girl, at this moment, entered with little Henry, who was soon in his mother's arms, and covering her face with kisses.

"Hilloa!" cried the doctor, shaking his head. "More misery! Upon my life, for one of the most miserable of mortals, you have a tolerable stock of enjoyments; why, in addition to everything else in the comfortable way, here is one of the handsomest and finest boys I ever saw."

How the young mother's eyes glistened!

She laid her hand gently upon the old physician's arm.

"Sir," she said, "I feel that what I have wanted was some friend, like yourself, in whom I could place confidence. I have a sad, a very sad, story to tell. Will you listen to it?"

"To be sure, I will."

"If you will, then, wait for me in the drawing-room—I will come to you soon; and I feel that this is a crisis in my destiny, through which I shall pass to a happier condition."

"I think so, likewise," said the physician. "Let them make me a cup of coffee, and I will wait for you. There is no hurry, for I have an hour or two, now, at this early time, completely to myself."

The physician was conducted, by the girl, to the drawing-room, in which Clara and the Duke had so many painful interviews; and there, as he sipped his coffee, which was immediately prepared for him, he waited for the Duchess.

Did that kind-hearted man feel no pleasure at the course he had pursued in the chamber of the afflicted Clara? Ah! yes. It was truly a joy to him to feel that, without one word of fanaticism, he had been able to rescue a pure spirit, like that of Clara's, from the misery that had encompassed it. By the simple method of making her think a little, he had restored her to herself, and at once—let us hope, too, for ever—chased away those phantoms of the brain that had made her wretched.

The morning was making rapid progress, now, and by the time the young Duchess reached the drawing-room, a gleam of sunlight was darting in at its windows, and everything, both within and without the mansion, was beginning to look calm and beautiful in the young day.

The physician would not listen to what Clara had to say, until she had partaken of a light breakfast; and then, with a calm and serious attention, that showed how deep was the interest he took in that young heart's distresses, he heard her story.

Clara told him how they had been sought out in poverty and in distress with the news of the rich inheritance that had fallen to their lot. She told him how, as it seemed from that time, a change had come over the spirit of the Duke, and how he was as unlike his former self, as any dissimilar being could possibly be; and then she told him of the persecution of Horton, and how it would appear that he (Horton) was in possession of the secret of the Duke, which gave him a sufficient power over him, to resist even her (Clara's) importunities for a time, that he should be forbidden the house; and finally, she let him know how that secret had dawned upon her with the name of Marianna, coupled with the idea that the love of the Duke had departed from her, and was engrossed by another; and how she had been exposed to the unmanly persecutions of the Earl of Carlton, which, she hoped, terminated in the startling events of that night.

To all this the physician listened attentively, and at its conclusion he shook his head.

"Now, sir," said Clara, "I have, without reserve, told you all. What would you advise me to do? How ought I to act, so as to preserve my honour and my peace in this painful position?"

"My dear madam, I am very slow and methodical in what I advise, and you must allow me to think this affair over. When I was in this house before, it was upon a painful occasion—a much more painful occasion than this—for then there was no one who, like yourself, had to be rescued from a sad condition. You recollect the fate of the last Duchess of Pangbourne?"

"I do. That dreadful day haunted me for a

time, and is still involved in mystery in many particulars."

"It is; but I saw her upon that occasion, and there was acting with me a man who, despite all the jeers that are cast upon his profession, I believe to be honest. That man was a Mr. Oliver, an attorney."

"I recollect the name well. He was the friend of the Duke, but from some unexplained cause to me, the intercourse ceased."

The physician nodded.

"I have that opinion," he said, "of Oliver that I do not think the Duke, if he were not doing what was exactly right, would find him a very obliging professional adviser. Now, as the Duke has discarded him as his attorney, my decided advice to you is to take him on."

"But will not that look like antagonism to the Duke?"

"Never mind what it looks like; Oliver is a clever man, and an honest man, and a good lawyer. You might look a long time before you found, combined in one person, such qualities, for you want all those qualities. Recollect that you have the interests of your child to look to."

"Oh, yes, yes. That is the solitary link, I think, now, that still binds me to Herbert. Oh, that he had so considered it as regards me!"

"He ought to have done so; but never mind just now about that. There is another advantage in employing Oliver in this affair, and that is, that he is already acquainted with a variety of antecedent circumstances, all of which would have to be explained to another person at the risk of his not thoroughly understanding them; so Oliver must be the man; and if you and I and he cannot cope with the circumstances by which you are now so fearfully surrounded, it will be something more than odd."

"Oh, yes—I feel, now, as if I had a host of kind friends about me. I will confide all to you and to Mr. Oliver, sir."

"Very good. I will send for him here at once, and you can speak to him upon the subject, and, in a manner of speaking, retain him, and he and I will talk the whole affair over in the course of the day, and to-morrow morning we will breakfast with you, if you have no objection."

"Objection? Oh, no—no."

"Very good; and we will leave the scandal mongers to make the best of it. There is one thing, however, that I should advise you to do at once, without consulting Mr. Oliver."

"What is it, sir?"

"To be not at home to the Countess of Alpine."

"You suspect her?"

"Not a bit. I know her! Nobody but such a simpleton as you suspects the Countess of Alpine. I tell you she is at the bottom of all the intriguing in which the Earl of Carlton is engaged. The whole affair has been planned between them, and the persecutions you have endured from him have been pre-arranged with the Countess."

"Can that be possible?"

"Well, I don't know—but it's true."

The Duchess trembled.

"It is almost too shocking for belief," she said, "that a woman could play so base a part to a woman."

"Is it? Give me leave to tell you, my dear madam, that it is the women always who do play the base part to a woman. And now that you are warned of the machinations of this Countess, I trust that you will have courage enough to refuse her admission to your house."

"I shall, sir. Never again shall she cross its threshold."

"That's right; and until you see Mr. Oliver and me to-morrow morning—I don't know that you can do anything else—keep quiet and serene, and you may depend that all will be well."

The physician had just risen to depart, when a servant brought in a letter, and presented it to him.

"Not for me," he said.

"It is directed, sir, to Doctor Thorne, and a servant is waiting in the hall for an answer to it."

"Oh, that's another thing. I suppose I am wanted in a hurry. Will you allow me to read the note, your Grace?"

"Certainly."

Dr. Thorne opened the note, and read as follows:—

"Mr. Stevenson, private secretary to the Earl of Carlton, would feel much obliged to Dr. Thorne, if he would call at his lordship's house in May Fair, as soon as possible after the receipt of this, as his Lordship has met with a little accident."

A smile crossed the features of the doctor, and turning to the servant, he said—

"Bring me writing materials. I will send an answer."

In the adjoining drawing-room were the means of writing a note, and the sturdy old doctor replied as follows:—

"Dr. Thorne begs to inform Mr. Stevenson, the private secretary of the Earl of Carlton, that he is too much engaged to attend upon his Lordship; but that for a common scalp wound, the skill of any ordinary practitioner will suffice."

"There," said the doctor to the footman. "Give that to the man who is waiting in the hall. There is no other message."

"Yes, sir."

When the servant had retired, the doctor showed the letter to the Duchess, and repeated to her his answer to it, after which he cordially shook hands with her, and intimating his promise to be with her to-morrow morning, he was about to retire, but at the moment Mr. Oliver was announced. The Duchess had sent for him upon the request of the doctor; but as he had not come up to that time, Thorne had thought of leaving the Duchess to consult with him.

"You speak to him, my dear sir," said Clara. "I will retire to my chamber. If you should want me, I will be at your service; but I think that you can tell Mr. Oliver all that he requires to know."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THEODORE TRIES TO DISCOVER THE RETREAT OF MARIANNA.

THE physician took Mr. Oliver at once home with him from Pangbourne House, for not only did he feel that he was in possession of all the facts which Mr. Oliver would require to know, but the time had nearly arrived when he ought to be at home to any professional calls.

We will leave them to consult together over the difficulties and the sorrows of the amiable Duchess of Pangbourne, while we take a passing glance at what Theodore is about, now that he is aware that the idol of his heart is torn from the school where he at least thought that she would continue in peace and calmness for a time, until he should feel himself in a position to take her from it, and ask her to be his for ever.

The shock that the mind of the young lover experienced was of so stunning a character, that it was some time before he could be said to be in fair possession of his faculties. Poor old Joseph was dreadfully alarmed at the situation of his master, whom he had never seen so completely prostrated by any blow of fate before.

"Oh, sir—sir!" he cried. "Do not be so quiet. It is dreadful to see you so quiet. Why don't you say something?"

"Joseph—Joseph—Oh, God!"

"Yes, sir—go on. Do go on. Couldn't you almost swear a little, sir? God forgive me! but I have heard people say it cools you down."

"Joseph, she is lost! My Marianna!"

Theodore fell to the ground, and lay like one dead. "Oh, help—help!" cried Joseph. "This won't do. Consider, sir—is this the way to try and get her back again, poor young thing? Is it any good for you to lie there, sir? Who has she in all the world, if she is in any danger, to appeal to but to you? Don't desert her, sir."

"Desert her!"

Theodore was upon his feet in a moment.

"You are right, Joseph. It is action that is required of me now, not despair. Who has she but me to save her? Oh! Joseph, this is a cruel blow. But I must not think—I must act. She cried for help. Did she not cry for help, Joseph?"

"She did, sir."

"And upon me, too? It was my name that rose to her lips while she was in the grasp of a ruffian, was it not?"

"It was, sir."

"Then pray for me, Joseph, lest I go quite mad." "Now, don't, sir. It ain't the praying that will stop you from going quite mad, but your own good spirit. Oh, sir, be now what you really are. Recollect, if you go mad, I shall go mad; and then, what has poor Marianna to look to, I should like to know? Let us go to the school, sir, and inquire who took her away."

"Yes, yes—to the school. Come on, Joseph."

The pace that Theodore went at was one that

Joseph had not thought of for the last thirty years; and any idea of his keeping up to it was ridiculously out of the question. Theodore was soon at the school entrance, and the peal that he executed at the bell was enough to alarm the whole establishment, and did, in fact, impress Miss Juke with the idea that the house was on fire, and that the flames must have been seen by some chance passenger in the lane.

A grand rush was made to the garden-gate by the terrified servants, and the moment they opened it, Theodore dashed past them, and made his way into the house with the frenzy of a maniac.

The speed at which he went, though, had some good effect upon Theodore, and that was, that it exhausted, in a great measure, the animal irritability which had been awakened by the fearful calamity that had befallen him; and so, by the time that he reached the house, he was, although still deeply affected, yet better able to say rationally what he had come to say.

The news soon spread to Miss Juke that it was the discharged drawing-master who had made so violent an attack upon the gate-bell, and who was now in the waiting or reception-room, with the learned litter, waiting to see her. It was a matter of consideration with Miss Juke, considering the importance that her life was to society at large, and the young ladies of the establishment over which she presided in particular, whether or not she should risk it by an encounter with the apparently infuriated drawing-master; but curiosity to know what he came about overcame other feelings, and she, with something more than her usual dignity, made her way into the apartment where Theodore was waiting.

"Marianna, madam!" cried Theodore, with a suddenness that made Miss Juke jump again, and nearly fall over the celestial globe. "Marianna! Where is she? I implore you to tell me!"

"Sir," said Miss Juke, "I am not aware—"

"Heed not that, Miss Juke. Never mind, now, whether my visit here be informal or formal, or whether the question I ask be in accordance with what you are aware of or not, as the rules of this establishment. All I ask of you is a distinct answer to a distinct question. Is Marianna in the house?"

"No, sir."

"It is true, then," said Theodore; and he staggered to a seat. "Oh, Heavens, it is true! I had begun to delude myself into a mock belief that I might have been mistaken, but it is too—too true."

"What is true?" cried Miss Juke, overcoming, in her curiosity, all her scruples to engaging in a conversation with the ex-drawing-master. "What is true?"

"That Marianna is in the hands of a villain. Oh, Miss Juke, I do not believe for one moment that you would be a party to the horror that I have to acquaint you with. I have seen, it is true, but little of you and your establishment; but you could not be so base. Oh, no—I dare not accuse you. You as well as I must grieve. Oh, God! it is too, too sad."

"Mr. Smith," cried Miss Juke, "what do you mean, sir? Have you taken leave of—"

"I fear yes, for ever."

"Your senses?"

"No—no. Of Marianna—dear Marianna!"

"Oh!" said Miss Juke.

"In a word, madam," cried Theodore, with sudden energy, "tell me where she has gone, and with whom? I am nearly mad already, and any trifling with my feelings will drive me completely so. I met a cab in the lane, and I heard the voice of Marianna call for help. The horse sped on at a furious pace, and I could not help her."

"She called for help?"

"She did—she did!"

Miss Juke's colour went and came, like an April sun.

"You—you do not mean to tell me, Mr. Smith, that—that the honourable gentleman who took her away in the cab to see the Duke of Pangbourne, who is very ill, could possibly behave badly to her? You cannot mean that—"

"To see the Duke, said you?"

"Ye—yes."

"Then there is a hope that, after all, he has her in safety. He may have really sent for her, and only heedlessly chosen a libertine for his messenger. Oh, yes, that is a hope. Tell me all. How, and where, and why, did he send for her?"

"A little time since," said the now terrified Miss Juke, "a gentleman came in a cab—a private cab, of course. It was a private cab you allude to, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, a gentleman came from the Duke of Pangbourne, and said that as the Duke was very ill, he wished to see Marianna, so I could not refuse to let her go."

"And what authority, madam, did he bring from the Duke to prove to you that he was a true messenger?"

"What authority?"

"Yes, madam. What authority? Do you part with any of your fair pupils to the first person who chooses to come in a cab, and ask for one of them, using the name of a relation or a friend?"

Miss Juke was rather taken aback at this, and for the first time, she began to think that, dazzled by the specious address of the visitor with the very *distingue* name, she had suffered her caution to sleep.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she said, "can it be possible—"

"Madam," cried Theodore, as he rose, "anything is possible that our worst fears can dictate upon such an occasion as this; but I will at once go to Pangbourne House."

"To Pangbourne House? You?"

"Yes; and if any one has a right—" Theodore paused. He felt that he was going a little too far, and in a lower tone, he added—"I do not think that the Duke of Pangbourne will refuse to see me. It will be something to ascertain the truth."

"Mr. a—Smith—"

"Well, madam?"

"Perhaps you will not mind letting me know, after you have been to the House—and if you will be so good as not to let the little affair go any further—It might, if there is anything really wrong, be the ruin of the establishment."

As she spoke of ruin, poor Miss Juke looked around her at the learned litter of the reception-room, as though the time had almost come when she might bid adieu to it for ever. There was the terrestrial globe, and there was the celestial one. There were the drawings of the pupils lying carelessly upon the tables, only a little in the foreground, and the distance touched up by the former drawing-master. There was the inkstand, that had been presented to Miss Juke as "a testimony of affection from sixty pupils." All seemed to be fading before the eyes of Miss Juke, and she said—

"Oh, Mr. Smith!"

There was not much in the mere words "Oh, Mr. Smith!" but the tone in which they were uttered conveyed fully to the mind of Theodore what was passing in the mind of the eccentric, but, upon the whole, kind-hearted mistress of the school; and even amid all his own troubles, he felt for her. Marianna, too, had told him that she was happy there, and that she was treated with a substantial kindness, although the prejudices of Miss Juke induced her to adopt a strange style of showing it at times.

"Do not, madam," he said, "take more blame to yourself than rightly falls to your share. When I spoke of a want of caution upon your part, perhaps I spoke more from feeling than from reflection. The evidence of the authenticity of the stranger's mission, who took Marianna from the school, was, no doubt, to you sufficient, and, no doubt, it would have been sufficient to any one else. Do not fancy that I will trumpet forth the circumstances, even if it should be as bad as—here Theodore's voice faltered a little—"as it can be. But I will go to Pangbourne House at once, and resolve these agonising doubts; and let the result be what it may, I will send you a note to let you know."

Miss Juke looked a little humbled at the eyes.

"Mr. Smith," she said, "I begin to think that I was a little precipitate concerning you; and so, if you will come back and teach the young ladies as before, I—I—think we shall understand each other better."

"We will speak of that, madam, when I see you again," said Theodore; "but I thank you for the kind offer. My mind, however, is in that state now, that I dare not say yes to it; but we shall meet again, and I feel that we understand each other better now than we ever did before."

"Indeed, we do, Mr. Smith. Only, you know, it was wrong of you to—to say anything to the young ladies about anything but drawing."

"It was wrong, Miss Juke, and it was right of you to discharge me forthwith. Be assured that I do full justice to your motives upon that point, madam. And now permit me to bid you adieu."

When Theodore was fairly gone, Miss Juke remained in the reception-room for some short time,

sitting in precisely the same position that she had dropped into after bidding him good-night. The eyes of the schoolmistress winked and twinkled, and a tear or two trickled down her cheeks.

"He is a gentleman," she said, "after all. Quite a gentleman. Who can he be? Mr. Smith a drawing-master? Oh, no—oh, no! What a voice, too, and what a manner of high breeding!"

Miss Juke rose, and approached a tall glass that hung upon the wall. She looked at herself for a moment or two, and then, with a deep sigh, she turned away.

"He will look for youth and beauty," she said.

"There is no hope."

With another sigh, then, Miss Juke walked from the reception-room, and Miss Price, who had been listening at the key-hole, had just time to pop out of the way, satisfied that she had got possession of a secret that Miss Juke would not have known for worlds, and which was to the effect that she had some thoughts of the young and handsome drawing-master for herself.

"The old vain thing!" said Miss Price; "and at her time of life, too!"

Miss Price was just three years the junior of Miss Juke.

The interview that Theodore had had with the schoolmistress had had the effect of calming rather than inflaming his feelings; and it was in a much more agreeable and manageable frame of mind that he left the school.

Theodore, however, had not the remotest notion of the feelings that were in the bosom of Miss Juke towards him, and which had induced her to meet him with the tender commiseration and the beneficent sort of kindness she had exhibited in the interview; and it was just as well that he had not. It would not have made him happier.

Old Joseph was close to the gate leading from the garden of the school, tremblingly waiting the return of his master. The faithful servant fully expected to find him return as violently full of despair, if not more so, than when he had last parted with him; but it was quite an agreeable surprise to him when he heard Theodore speak in a voice more in sorrow than in anger.

"Joseph," he said, "is that you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You are better, now."

"I have as much grief, Joseph; but I have more reflection, and, I hope, more patience, my friend."

"Thank God for that, sir."

"Amen, Joseph. You had better not try to come with me, as I shall, in all likelihood, walk rather too quickly for you. I am going to Pangbourne House!"

"The old house, sir?"

"Yes, Joseph. The old house that you and I knew so well, and which I did not think to enter again. Perhaps I may not enter it now; for, after all, a question and answer at the door will be sufficient for me."

"The old house? Oh, dear! The old house—Pangbourne House?"

With a full tide, recollections of many a day he had passed in that house came over Joseph, and he could think of nothing else.

"Go home, my faithful friend," said Theodore, kindly. "I will soon return; and then I will take your advice, and that of Miss Finch, regarding Marianna's disappearance, if, indeed, all that my heart dreads be really true."

"Oh, sir, let me go."

"Nay, you are unequal to the task; I shall proceed at a pace that you cannot support; so do not attempt it."

"If you order me not to go, I must obey; but once before I die, I should like to stand in the old hall, and just look about me, if it be but for a moment; and this, do you know, sir, seems to be the opportunity for me to do so, that may not come again."

"You shall go with me, Joseph. Come on. Lean on me, old friend. It is fit that I should give you all the support I can."

"Oh, no—no, sir! I will follow you."

They had both emerged from the lane at this moment, and a hackney cab caught the eye of Theodore. He hailed it in a moment; and then, turning to Joseph, he said—

"We will ride! Half-a-crown, one way or the other, Joseph, will not bring us much nearer to absolute want, so we will be extravagant, and ride. In with you at once."

"Oh, but, dear sir—"

"Nay! I will have no excuses. It is too late

now—get in—that will do—I did not think of this in my distraction.”

“Where to, sir?” said the driver.

“Park Lane—about the middle of it.”

“Pangbourne House,” said Joseph.

“All right, sir,” cried the man. “Hangburn House.”

“No—no!”

“Hush!” said Theodore. “What does it matter? We will alight about the middle of the lane, and make our way on foot, Joseph, to the old door way. We know it well enough; and for once, I will ask to see this Duke, who wears the coronet, that seemed, at one time, to be made for me.”

“But what are you going about, sir?”

“Oh! I forgot that you did not, and could not, know. I will tell you.”

Theodore then related to Joseph the substance of what had passed between him and Miss Juke; and, by the time he had finished that little narration, the short distance between where they had taken the cab and Park Lane was rapidly traversed.

The vehicle drew up, and they both alighted. The half-crown that Theodore had spoken of, was actually received with gratitude by the cabman, so it may be recorded, that in London there is one cab-driver who is satisfied with something more than twice his fare.

“Well, Joseph,” said Theodore, “here we are; and, now, I almost tremble to assure myself that Marianna is not at Pangbourne House.”

“Yes, sir,” said the old man, “here we are at the old place. Ah! how familiar it is to me, though it is a goodish time, sir, since I was here, for we were abroad a long while; but still this seems like home, sir, after all. I suppose, now, that all the old servants are sent off. New people seldom like the old faces about them.”

“Do not conclude that too hastily, Joseph. The man who could offer me what I have since learned to think a large income for nothing, and who placed Marianna at Miss Juke’s school because she was a destitute orphan, is not likely to turn away an old servant, for the sake of seeing a new face about him.”

“There is something in that, sir.”

“There is much in it, Joseph. Time was when I could not have calmly met the Duke, but now I am calmer and wiser.”

“But, sir, you mustn’t be speaking of him in that way. You know, sir, you are the real Duke, after all, though you won’t let me call you anything but sir; yet I have a sort of feeling in this old heart that tells me that is your house.”

“Joseph, Joseph!”

“Nay, sir, I can’t help it. I believe those are your trees yonder, and the rich flowers in that balcony are all yours—that is the door of your house, and your servants are in the hall, though it has pleased Heaven—” the old man took off his hat and his white hairs fluttered in the night breeze — “though it has pleased Heaven for a time to deprive you of them all.”

There was a something in the blind devotion and fixed idea of Joseph, that had an effect upon the ex-Duke, despite all his more rational and sober feelings upon the subject. Perhaps if he had carefully analysed his feelings, he would have found after all that he derived some pleasure from hearing the old man talk in this way.

“If I could only make Marianna a Duchess!” were the words that almost came to his lips.

“Come, Joseph,” he said, suddenly starting from the dreamy state that was stealing over him. “Come. Let us go up the steps. Come, come!”

(To be continued.)

## THE FASHIONS FOR JULY.

(Abridged from “Berger’s Ladies’ Gazette of Fashion.”)

We are now entering a season, when that usually despotic sovereign, Fashion, always shows herself more than commonly indulgent to her fair votaries; they may infringe her ordinances with impunity, provided they do not openly transgress them; and it will be seen that great advantage has been taken of her lenity, by the number of pretty fancies, of various kinds, that have recently appeared. A novelty peculiarly calculated for the present season, is the chapeau-capote just introduced; the brim is composed of very fine yellow straw; it is the width, and quite the form, of that of a chapeau; the crown

is composed of straw-coloured passementerie, supple and elastic, alternating by bands, with bands of ribbon of a full colour; those that have appeared are either gresaille, emerald, or deep blue. These chapeau-capotes are expected to be in great request for the country and the sea-side.

We may cite, also, for *négligé*, some chapeaux of yellow and black straw, mingled; they are generally trimmed with light-coloured ribbons.

We find that large straw hats of the gipsy form, are again coming into favour, both for the sea-side and the country, but particularly the latter; the exterior is trimmed with broad velvet ribbon, either green, violet, or black; it is tied on one side in a knot, with floating ends, the interior of the brim is trimmed on each side with a chou of gauze or taffeta ribbon; the brides are velvet, but they are of the colour of the chou, which is frequently of rose-colour, and often formed of a number of coques of very narrow festooned ribbon, seven or nine ends drooping from the chou on the throat.

Fancy straw chapeaux are a good deal seen in *négligé*. Some of the most novel are of a light shade of gray, and lined with rose-coloured taffeta; the interior is trimmed with ribbon, disposed in volants, and alternating with black lace; two large moss-roses, with black velvet foliage, adorn each side of the brim. White fancy straw, of new patterns in open work, are a good deal seen in the promenade.

Fancy chapeaux are very much in vogue, particularly for carriage and half-dress. A great many are composed in part of paille de riz, or of passementerie, alternating with bouillonnés of crape, ruches of ribbon, *zoques* in contrary directions, formed of white or coloured tulle.

Chapeaux, composed entirely of paille de riz, keep their vogue, but those of paille d’Italie are not so much seen since the weather has been warmer. Wide brims are still those that are decidedly preferred; the interiors are trimmed in the most tasteful manner with mancinis of flowers of the lightest kinds, or *follettes*, intermingled with fullnesses of blonde. Feathers continue their vogue for chapeaux, but we have nothing new to announce respecting them. We have a very great variety of flowers: we may cite, as the most in favour, the *gerbes* pastels, *gleaners’* garlands, and wreaths of natural flowers; also, branches and sprigs of fruits, and fruit-blossoms; in fact, all, or nearly all the flowers that are to be found in our country, or any other, may be occasionally seen.

The forms of *pardessus* are this season more than usually varied; silk ones appear even yet to predominate: for, though those of lace and muslin are a good deal seen, they are not in a majority. Those adopted for the public promenade are usually a dark shade of green, pearl-gray, black or *ecru*; several are nearly covered with embroidery in silk braiding. Some display the shape more, others less, but all are moderately wide at the bottom. The sleeves are demi-long, wide and floating; they are always finished with fringe. Some of these mantelets are open on the breast, and attached at the waist by two double buttons. Others that do not display the shape so much are loose on the bosom, and closed at the throat by a knot of ribbon, or a fancy ornament.

The mantelet *Parisien*, at present much in vogue, descends in a deep rounded point behind, and in points shallower and longer before. Barege shawls and scarfs are beginning to be a good deal seen; the patterns of the shawls are arabesques, of remarkable beauty: the scarfs are white, finished at the ends with very rich frange *moosouse*.

The muslin mantelets that have appeared, do not differ from the others in form; they are remarkable only for the exquisite beauty of their embroidery, and the richness of the lace that trims them. The same may be said of a few muslin *pardessus*. Muslin and *tarlatane* shawls, richly embroidered, are a good deal seen; some have a plain ground, with a rich border.

Bareges, and a variety of half-transparent materials, composed partly of silk and partly of the finest wool, are a good deal seen for promenade robes. White muslin is also coming very much into vogue. Bareges are very predominant, both in carriage and elegant promenade dress. The *redingotes* are generally worn with a petite *pardessus* of the same. All the forms that appear, and they are very numerous, are nearly fashionable. The garnitures of these *redingotes* are composed either of white ribbon quilled, or else of *ruban-dentelle*; there are always two rows. The petit *pardessus* is similarly trimmed.

Taffetas are as much in vogue as the lighter ma-

terials of which we have just spoken; they are of the various kinds mentioned in our last, and are equally in favour for robes and *redingotes*. A great number of the former are made without any trimming round the border; but if there is a garniture, it is most frequently of flounces, unless the material is plain; in that case the robe is frequently embroidered en *tablier* with black *sentache*, or else it is another shade of the colour of the dress. If these dresses are worn for the promenade, *mantelets*, embroidered to correspond, are nearly always adopted with them.

Early morning robes are now almost entirely composed of cambric or jaconot muslin. *Peignoirs* retain their vogue; some are composed of cambric; they are encircled with a *bouillonée*, and bordered with a double row of Valenciennes lace; others, composed of muslin, are lined with coloured taffeta, and embroidered in feather-stitch. The muslin *camisole* is now replaced by a *basquine* of jaconot muslin, ornamented with embroidery, disposed in volants. The petticoat, worn with it, is of the same material, trimmed with festooned flounces. A very small morning cap, also of jaconot muslin, completes the toilette. A good many home dinner dresses have appeared, both in cambric and muslin. We may cite, as one of the prettiest models of them, some robes of batiste de Valenciennes; the *corsage-pelissé* formed a series of bouillons that totally covered the bust; before and behind there was a small *decolleté en cœur*; the *cœur* was closed in the back by buttons and brides, concealed by the bouillons; the *corsage* was rounded at the bottom, but not actually formed a point: a *châtelaine*, commencing at the bottom of it, was formed by a wreath of feather-stitch, and descended to the bottom of the skirt between two rows of lace; they increased in breadth as they approached the bottom of the robe, and were set on with moderate fullness. A broad plaided taffeta ribbon formed the *ceinture*, descending in long ends, without bows, on the skirt; the sleeves, surmounted by an open jockey, bordered with lace, descend à la Louis XIV. to the middle of the forearm; they are terminated by large cuffs cleft on the inside, and bordered with lace.

White barege, as we have already said, is this year equally in favour for robes, both in elegant *négligé* and evening dress. The majority of dresses in the latter have *corsages à la Grecque*: the sleeves are half-long, floating partly, showing a very small under sleeve; the skirts are trimmed with twelve or fifteen narrow flounces, with three very narrow gold braids on each; they are so extremely fine and supple that they are scarcely more showy than those of silk: the sleeves, and *ceinture-eharpe*, are bordered to correspond.

Organdy is a good deal in request for evening robes. Several are made with two skirts, strewn with spots embroidered in silk, half straw colour, and half white; they are terminated by a double festoon cut in cockscombs; the upper one is much shorter, and raised on one side by a bouquet of field flowers, intermingled with oats and ornamental grass: the *corsage*, draped à la Grecque, had the draperies formed by cordons of oat-blossoms, daisies, and blue bells: the sleeves, embroidered and festooned like the skirts, were raised in *draperies* by similar cordons of these flowers.

Coiffures, in evening dress, are almost always of hair, adorned with flowers. Wreaths are preferred. Bouquets are smaller than they were in the beginning of the season.

Ribbon is a good deal employed to ornament the hair. Fashionable colours have not varied since the appearance of our last number.

PHILOSOPHY.—“A great philosopher may sit in his study, and deny the existence of matter; but if he take a walk in the streets he must take care to leave his theory behind him. Pyrrho said there was no such thing as pain; and he saw no proof that there were such things as carts and waggons; and he refused to get out of their way: but Pyrrho had, fortunately for him, three or four stout slaves, who followed their master without following his doctrine; and, whenever they saw one of these ideal machines approaching, took him up by the arms and legs, and, without attempting to controvert his arguments, put him down in a place of safety.

He that is wise in small matters, will not be foolish in large ones.

A BEEHIVE is a school of loyalty and filial love.

## THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

HER MAJESTY'S steam-sloop, *Medea*, has just arrived at Portsmouth, with a freight more precious, in nominal value, than was ever carried from Peru to Cadiz. Major Mackeson, one of her passengers, a meritorious and distinguished officer, brings with him that famous diamond of the East called, in the fondness of the Asiatic hyperbole, the *Koh-i-noor*, or *Mountain of Light*, which, after symbolizing the revolutions of ten generations by its passage from one conqueror to another, comes now, in the third century of its discovery, as the forfeit of Oriental faithlessness and the prize of Saxon valour, to the distant shores of England.

It was in the year 1550, before the Mogul dynasty had been established by the prowess of the great Akbar, that this marvellous stone was first brought to light in the celebrated mines of Golconda. The kingdom of this name constituted one of the five Mahometan States which towards the close of the fifteenth century had been formed in the Deccan. The diamond mines which have rendered it so famous in story were situated at some distance to the east of the capital city, near the present station of Condapilly, and are now in our possession, though they have long ceased to reward or invite the labours of treasure-seekers. When the Mogul Princes extended their pretensions to the sovereignty of the Deccan, Kootub Shah, then King of Golconda, was brought into collision with Shah Jehaan, the reigning Emperor, and the father of the great Aurungzebe. Kootub Shah's Prime Minister at this period was the famous Meer Jumla, a statesman who to political abilities of unusual excellence added a singular knowledge of precious stones. He had, in fact, been at one time a diamond merchant, and was, therefore, peculiarly competent to appreciate the treasures of Golconda. It happened, too, that Shah Jehaan himself was a connoisseur of scarcely less skill, inasmuch that when at a later period he had been dethroned and imprisoned by his father, and a doubt had been created respecting the value of a certain ruby in the Imperial treasury, the gem was actually transmitted to the deposed Prince for his inspection and decision. Two such characters were well fitted for the transaction which ensued. Shah Jehaan took up the cause of Meer Jumla against his sovereign, and the *Koh-i-noor* passed from Golconda to Delhi.

While the kingdoms of the Deccan were successively absorbed in the culminating dominion of the Moguls, the *Koh-i-noor* rested among the treasures of Imperial Delhi, where, on the 2nd of November, 1665, it was seen by the French traveller, Tavernier, who, by the extraordinary indulgence of Aurungzebe, was permitted to handle, examine and weigh it, being the first, and till now, probably, the last European who had ever enjoyed such a privilege. The Great Mogul sat on his throne of State, while the chief keeper of the jewels produced his treasures for inspection on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable, but conspicuous in lustre, esteem, and value was the *Koh-i-noor*. Sometimes worn on the persons of the Moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi until, in 1739, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassan, and which have been variously estimated as worth from thirty to ninety millions sterling, the *Koh-i-noor* was the most precious trophy, but it was destined to pass from Persia as quickly as that ephemeral supremacy in virtue of which it had been acquired. Nadir Shah had entertained in his service a body of Afghans of the Abdallee tribe under the leadership of Ahmed Shah, who also served his master in the capacity of treasurer, and when the Persian conqueror was assassinated by his subjects, the Afghans, after vainly endeavouring to rescue or avenge him, fought their way to their own frontiers, though only 4,000 strong, through the hosts of the Persian army. In conducting this intrepid retreat, Ahmed Shah carried off with him the treasures in his possession, and was probably aided by these means as well as by his own valour in consolidating the new State which, under the now familiar title of the Dooranee Empire, he speedily created in Cabul. It seemed as if the *Koh-i-noor* carried with it the sovereignty of Hindostan, for the conquests of Ahmed were as decisive as those of Nadir, and it was by his nomination and patron-

age that the last Emperor ascended the throne of the Moguls.

At the beginning of the present century the treasures and power of Ahmed were vested in the person of Zemaun Shah, subject to the incessant assaults of his kinsmen. One of these at length proved successful, and in the year 1800 Zemaun Shah found himself a prisoner at the disposal of his brother, Shah Shuja, the identical puppet, forty years later, of our famous Cabul expedition, so that we are now brought down to modern times and characters. Shah Shuja presently ascended the throne of his brother, but the treasury of Cabul was wanting in its most precious ornament, till at length, ingeniously secreted in the wall of Zemaun Shah's prison, was discovered the *Koh-i-noor*. It was eight years after this, while the Dooranee monarchy was still formidable enough to inspire the Powers of the East with uneasiness, that Mr. Elphinstone, accredited by Lord Minto to the Afghan Prince, betook himself to what was then the remote and unknown town of Peshawur, where, at his state reception, the *Koh-i-noor* again flashed, after an interval of so many years, upon the dazzled eyes of a European. Shah Shuja, afterwards the client and pensioner of the East India Company, was dressed on this occasion in a green velvet tunic, fitting closely to his body, and seamed with gold and precious stones. On his breast was a cuirass of diamonds, shaped like two flattened *fleurs-de-lis*, and in a bracelet on his right arm blazed the priceless jewel of Golconda. The Prince gave a gracious audience to the Ambassador, and Mr. Elphinstone retired, but the *Koh-i-noor* was not fated long to continue in the divided and tottering family of the once powerful Abdallees.

The embassy had scarcely recrossed the Indus when Shah Shuja was expelled from Cabul, though he contrived to make this far-famed diamond the companion of his flight. After many vicissitudes of exile and contest, he at length found an equivocal refuge under the protection of that powerful chieftain who had now consolidated the dominions of the Sikhs into a Royal inheritance for his own family. Runjeet Singh was fully competent either to the defence or the restoration of the fugitive, but he knew or suspected the treasure in his possession, and his mind was bent upon acquiring it. He put the Shah under strict surveillance, and made a formal demand for the jewel. The Dooranee Prince hesitated, prevaricated, temporised, and employed all the artifices of Oriental diplomacy, but in vain. Runjeet redoubled the stringency of his measures, and at length, the 1st of June, 1813, was fixed as the day when the great diamond of the Moguls should be surrendered by the Abdallee Chief to the ascendant dynasty of the Sikhs. The two Princes met in a room appointed for the purpose, and took their seats on the ground. A solemn silence then ensued, which continued unbroken for an hour. At length Runjeet's impatience overcame the suggestions of Asiatic decorum, and he whispered to an attendant to quicken the memory of the Shah. The exiled Prince spoke not a word in reply, but gave a signal with his eyes to a eunuch in attendance, who, retiring for a moment, returned with a small roll, which he set down upon the carpet midway between the two chiefs. Again a pause followed, when at a sign from Runjeet the roll was unfolded, and there in its matchless and unspeakable brilliancy glittered the *Koh-i-noor*.

In this way did the "Mountain of Light" pass in the train of conquest and as the emblem of dominion, from Golconda to Delhi, from Delhi to Mushed, from Mushed to Cabul, and from Cabul to Lahore, verifying by the esteem, which it everywhere commanded, the perspicacity and judgment of Meer Jumla (who is the Mirsimola of Tavernier's travels) and the Prince Shah Jehaan. Excepting the somewhat doubtful claims of the Brazilian stone among the Crown jewels of Portugal, the *Koh-i-noor* is the largest known diamond in the world. When first given to Shah Jehaan it was still uncut, weighing, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskillfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian, who, instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees for his wastefulness by the enraged Mogul. In form, it is "rose-cut"—that is to say, it is cut to a point in a series of small faces, or "facets," without any tabular surface. A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg, though it is said not to have risen more

than half an inch from the gold setting in which it was worn by Runjeet. Its value is scarcely computable, though two millions sterling has been mentioned as a justifiable price if calculated by the scale employed in the trade. The Pitt diamond brought over from Madras by the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and sold to the Regent Orleans in 1717 for one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, weighs scarcely 130 carats; nor does the great diamond which supports the Eagle on the summit of the Russian sceptre weigh as much as 200. Such is the extraordinary jewel which in virtue of conquest and sovereignty has passed into the possession of England. It was prudently secured among the few remaining valuables of the Lahore Treasury at the commencement of the last insurrection; and although even its nominal value would be an inadequate compensation for the cost of the Sikh wars, we may look upon its acquisition as a fitting symbol of that supremacy which we have so fairly won.

## MILTON AND ELLWOOD.

ONE Isaac Pennington undertakes to promote Ellwood's studies by getting him the situation of reader to the blind poet :

## MILTON'S DINING ROOM.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend, Isaac Pennington, with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favour I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, therefore, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in Jewin-street) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforth went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

At another time, in 1665, when the plague was in London, Milton desires to escape to the country, and consults his friend Ellwood, who writes :

## THE MS. OF PARADISE LOST.

"Wherefore, some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my quondam, Master Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his gray coat pocket across the dykes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look further: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly, but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought of *Paradise Lost*!" What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that cold year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the thin hair of the glorious old poet! Backslidden England, plaguesmitten, and accursed with her faithless church and libertine king, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his puritanic verse-making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, coming over that poem which he fondly hoped the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to *Paradise Found*, to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city was well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem called *Paradise Gained*; and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"—Whittier's *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*.

### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

You may talk of love in a cottage,  
And bowers of trellised vine,  
Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
And milkmaids half divine.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But give me a sly flirtation,  
By the light of a chandelier,  
With music to play in the pauses,  
And nobody very near.

Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
With a glass of pure old wine,  
And mamma too blind to discover  
The small white hand in mine.  
Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
Your vine is a nest for flies,  
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,  
And simplicity talks of pies.

\* \* \* \* \*  
True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease,  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,  
And shot from a silver string.

POWELL.

AN "OBSTROPOLOUS" VISITOR.—A very providential escape from death by lightning occurred during a heavy thunder storm which recently visited Wells. The electric fluid struck the residence of a journeyman brush-maker, named Thorn, in Lawpool Lane. It passed down the chimney, shattered a door and a looking-glass to pieces, and then knocked down the poor man's wife, burning her severely, and rendering her for some time insensible. It next struck the fire-irons, tearing a piece off the poker, after which it shattered the windows, and made its exit by throwing down the top of a wall.

### MISS MARTINEAU'S MOTIVES IN GOING TO AMBLESIDE.

THERE was no reason why I should not live where I pleased. Five years and more of illness had broken all bonds of business, and excluded me from all connection with affairs. I was free to choose how to begin life afresh. The choice lay between London, and pure country; for no one would prefer living in a provincial town for any reasons but such as did not exist for me. I love London; and I love the pure country. As for the choice between them now, I had some dread of a London literary life for both its moral and physical effects. I was old enough to look forward to old age, and to have already some wish for quiet, and command of my own time. Moreover, every woman requires for her happiness some domestic occupation and responsibility,—to have some one's daily happiness to cherish; and a London lodging is poorly supplied with such objects; whereas, in a country home, with one's maids, and one's neighbours, and a weary brother or sister, or nephew, or niece, or friend, coming to rest under one's trees, or bask on one's sunshiny terrace, there is prospect of abundance of domestic interest. If I choose the country, I might as well choose the best; and this very valley was, beyond all controversy, the best. Here, I could write in the serenest repose; here, I could rove at will; here I could rest. Here, accordingly, I took up my rest; and I have never repented it, while my family and friends regard it as the wisest step I could take. I was so far cautious, that I engaged a lodging for half a year, to allow myself scope for a change of mind; but I was so far from changing my mind, that before we were far into the summer, I was looking at any empty cottage I could hear of, which was at all likely to serve me as a permanent abode. In the midst of my search, my late host reminded me that the lowest rent would amount to as much as the interest of the sum which would build me a house of my own pleasing. I was struck with conviction; and immediately after, some land was offered for sale in the best possible situation. I could not get ready by the auction day, or I would have bid for the lot, which consisted of the green knoll I have mentioned before. I never doubted of its being bought up instantly. But, to my amusement and great satisfaction, this was the lot for which there were no bidders. I bought it, with two low lying lots below it, which I obtained by some critical negotiation and exchange; and before July was out, I was in possession of that knoll, and two acres of ground about it. The builder, John Newton, had received my plan of such a house as I should like, and had sent in his tender of a contract. In October the first sod was turned; and during the winter, the building went on.—*Critic*.

SHARK FISHING.—Recently, Mr. Radmore, of Plymouth, and a friend, while fishing on the whiting ground, about three miles inside the Eddystone, in a yacht, hooked a bottle-nosed shark, about thirty inches long, which he secured without much difficulty. In a short time afterwards, a tremendous pull on one of the lines indicated that another ugly customer had taken the hook; and after three-quarters of an hour's play, if it might be so called—but more correctly speaking it should be termed hard word—a monster shark, of the blue species, was brought, by the excellent management and extended patience of these gentlemen, to the edge of the water, almost in an exhausted state; a bight of a rope was then slung just within its tail, and it was safely got into the boat. It measured six feet two inches in length, and weighed about sixty pounds. What renders the fact of such a large fish being taken under such circumstances more extraordinary is, that the gear in use was of a fine description, simply adapted for whiting fishing.

A BENEFACTOR TO SOUTHAMPTON.—The *Hampshire Independent* says:—We understand that the will of the late Henry Robinson Hartley, Esq., was proved in Doctors' Commons, on Thursday, and the property sworn under ninety-nine thousand pounds, the interest of the greater part of which princely sum will eventually come into the hands of the corporation of Southampton, for the promotion of literary and scientific purposes.

THE *Nacional* of Cadiz has published a document specifying that on the 1st of January last the population of the Philippine islands amounted to 3,815,000 souls.

### PICKINGS FROM PUNCH.

EX-KING HUDSON AT SUNDERLAND.

His late Majesty took the chair at Sunderland on the opening of the Docks. His health was drunk, and—with much emotion—he returned thanks. As the late potentate slowly rose, it is said he looked very like Kean in *Sir Giles Overreach*, when he said—

"Some undone widow sits upon mine arm!  
My sword to th' scabbard's glued by orphans' tear's!"

Mr. Hudson, however, returned grateful acknowledgments. He said with overflowing heart, "when he forgot Sutherland, might his right hand forget its cunning!" If Mr. Hudson's right hand be the hand with which he signed railway cheques, "making things comfortable," the amount of cunning to be forgotten by that member must be prodigious.

A MISERABLE CHARACTER.—"I tell you, Sir, he is a mean man! I really believe, Sir, that man is capable of robbing the toll-box of Southwark Bridge!"

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—There never was such a thorough specimen of natural American independence, as was exhibited at the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park, by the celebrated American plants which were advertised to appear in full bloom, at least three week earlier than they condescended to show themselves. Everyone was asking a month ago, how it was that the American plants did not show according to promise, but they obstinately remained shut up in their buds, as if, when looked for to blossom, their reply had been, "If I do, I'm blowed."

A JOKE FROM MR. SPEAKER.—As the tellers on the Vote of Confidence division advanced to declare the numbers, the Speaker—with doubtless a prophetic sense of the majority of forty-six—said, with a benignant smile at Ministers—"Gentlemen will be pleased to keep their places."

### HYDE PARK IN JEOPARDY.

We live in an age of mutation,  
And a warehouse as big as an Ark,  
To exhibit the goods of each nation,  
Will illustrate that truthful remark,  
By the pleasant and nice alteration  
It's erection will make in Hyde Park.  
No more the superior classes  
Will parade their vain elegance there;  
But your blithe lads and frolicsome lasses  
Give the place quite a different air:  
'Twill be crowded, in fact, by the masses,  
And by Greenwich instead of May Fair.

No longer fine ladies shall amble,  
With their delicate airs, in the Ride;  
The soft Guardsman no longer will gambol  
At the frivolous horsewoman's side,  
But the holiday-mob push and scramble,  
Scorning all ostentation and pride.  
With tobacco the gale shall be loaded,  
Now so fragrant with bouquets and scents,  
And the Waterloo cracker exploded,  
Mid much noise like the tearing of rents:  
Whilst we're rather—not much—incommoded  
By our backs being rasped by the gents.  
The gentle and mild conversation,  
Softened down by Society's law,  
Will give place to the rough exclamation  
To the lively and boisterous jaw,  
To the loud, jolly, bold imprecation,  
And the roaring and hearty guffaw.

The flowers will no longer their sweetness  
In the Gardens of Kensington waste;  
They'll be plucked with surprising completeness,  
And the grounds will be somewhat defaced.  
Never care for their order and neatness—  
After all, that's a matter of taste.  
The great human tide will ebb nightly,  
And its scum in the park leave behind,  
There to harbour—nice characters, slightly,  
It may be, unto pillage inclined;  
If Belgravia and Piccadilly lightly  
Weigh this danger—why then, never mind.

CHANGES AT ST. PAUL'S.—Workmen have removed the massive iron gates at St. Paul's Cathedral, facing Ludgate-hill, not, however, it is stated, for the purpose of carrying out the projected improvements, but for repair, and new foundation-stones are being laid down.

## THE VETERAN KOLOMBESKI.

SEVERAL journals have spoken of the entry into the Hotel des Invalides of a soldier, stated to be 126 years of age. This is not quite correct. The following are some precise details respecting this extraordinary man, who arrived at the Hotel on the 21st inst.—Jean Kolombeski, born at Astrona (Poland) on the 1st of March, 1730, entered the service of France as a volunteer in the Bourbon Regiment of Infantry in 1774, at the age of forty-four. He was made corporal in 1790, at the age of sixty. He made all the campaigns of the Revolution and of the Empire in different regiments of infantry, and was incorporated, in 1808, in the 3rd Regiment of the Vistula. He was wounded in 1814, and entered the hospital at Poitiers, which he soon afterwards left to be placed *en subsistence* in the 2nd regiment of Light Infantry. On the 11th of October of the same year he was admitted into the 1st Company of *sous officiers sédentaires*, and, in 1846, into the 5th Company of Veteran Sub-officers. The last three of these companies having just been suppressed by the Minister of War, Kolombeski was placed *en subsistence* in the 61st Regiment of the Line, received a retiring pension by decree of May 17, 1850, and the Minister authorised his admission into the Invalides. Kolombeski is, therefore, more than 120 years of age; he reckons seventy five and a half years of service, and twenty nine campaigns. He enjoys good health, is strong and well made, and does not appear to be more than seventy or eighty. He performed every duty with his comrades of the 5th Company of Veterans. When King Louis Philippe visited Dreux, Kolombeski was presented to the King, who taking the decoration from his breast, presented it to the veteran soldier. This is the most astonishing instance of longevity that has, perhaps, been ever known in the army. The Marshal Governor of the Invalides ordered that Kolombeski should be brought to him on his arrival; but, as the old soldier was fatigued, he was taken to the infirmary, and the Governor, informed of it, went to his bedside with General Petit, the commandant of the hotel, and addressed the veteran in the kindest manner. The Governor has issued an order that, for the future, all centenarian soldiers admitted into the hospital shall mess with the officers, in order to show his respect for their age, and for the long services they have rendered to the state.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL.

THE most completely comfortless hours in a man's life (abstracted from all real calamity) are those which he spends alone at an inn, waiting for a chance in a stage-coach. Time thus spent is so thoroughly disagreeable, that the act of getting into the coach, and resigning yourself to be jumbled for four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours, like a mass of inert matter, becomes a positive pleasure. I always prepare myself for such occasions with some closely-printed pocket volume, of pregnant matter, for which I should not be likely to afford leisure at other times. Erasmus' Colloquies stood me in good stead for more than one journey; Sir Thomas More's Utopia for another. When I was a school-boy I loved travelling, and enjoyed it, indeed, as long as I could say *omnia mea mecum*; that is, as long as I could carry with me an undivided heart and mind, and had nothing to make me wish myself in any other place than where I was. The journey from London to Bristol at the holidays was one of the pleasures which I looked for at breaking up; and I used generally to travel by day rather than by night, that I might lose none of the expected enjoyment. I wish I had kept a journal of all those journeys; for some of the company into which I have fallen might have furnished matter worthy of preservation. Once I travelled with the keeper of a crimping-house at Charing-cross, who, meeting with an old acquaintance in the coach, told him his profession, while I was supposed to be asleep in the corner. Once I formed an acquaintance with a young deaf and dumb man, and learnt to converse with him. Once I fell in with a man of a race now nearly extinct,—a village mathematician; a self-taught, iron-headed man, who, if he had been lucky enough to have been well educated and entered at Trinity Hall, might have been first wrangler, and perhaps have gone as near towards doubling the cube as any of the votaries of Mathesis. (Pray write a sonnet to that said personage.) This man was pleased with me, and (perhaps because I was flattered by perceiving it) I have a distinct recollection of his remarkable countenance after an interval of nearly thirty years. He laboured very hard to give me a love of his own favourite pursuit; and it is my own fault that I cannot now take the altitude of a church tower by the help of a cocked hat, as he taught me, or would have taught, if I could have retained such lessons.—*Southey*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NOTICE.**—With this week's Number of this Journal is presented, at the trifling charge of **ONE PENNY**, the beautiful engraving, from the original painting, by Dawe, R.A., in the possession of Mr. E. Lloyd, of "THE MOTHER RESCUING HER CHILD FROM THE EAGLE'S NEST." Observe, the Subscribers are not compelled to take the Picture, but the Picture cannot be had without the MISCELLANY.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

**A WIFE** writes to say that she is very unhappy indeed, for her husband will not stay at home, but evidently finds more pleasure in going gadding about to other places. She don't know how he can persevere in such a line of conduct, for she is continually telling him of it, and the more she tells him the more he goes off. **A WIFE** would be much obliged to the Editor if he would say something very cutting to husbands who won't stay at home.—What can we say? Alas! **A WIFE** takes the very worst way of keeping the man at home, namely, by making it the only place in the world at which he meets with reproaches.

**SPELL.**—We regret that Sperril has not been particularly inspired when he wrote the verses. The measure is very defective, and the thoughts are very prosaic.

**V. J.**—No former letter from V. J. came to hand, or it would surely have been answered. The best way to get a good style of writing is to copy largely from good authors. Incessant practice alone will do it.

**A PARENT** complains that his son goes to a boarding-school at Hammersmith, and that all the little lad's pocket-money goes in two channels—First, in feeling the authorities of a religious establishment, who recommend the school, by constant contributions to the plate at the door; and, secondly, in forced subscriptions to present the master with, now a diamond ring—then a silver snuff-box, with the "affectionate regards" of his pupils, and so on. He thinks the system infamous, as the under-teachers are set upon the duty of gathering the subscriptions, and it is, to all intents and purposes, compulsory.—Why does **A Parent** continue his son at such a school? The remedy is in his own hands—take the boy away without notice, and don't pay what is owing. The master will not come into a County Court with such an exposure awaiting him.

**DENE DE.**—We cannot devote sufficient space to the subject, which our correspondent so truly calls an important one to all. With respect to the inquiry in a foot note—Saint Michael was an archangel who presided over the Jewish nation, and had an army of angels under his command and conduct; he fought also with the Dragon or Satan, and his angels; and, contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses. See Rev. xii, 7; Jude 9.

**A READER FROM THE FIRST.**—We regret that in answering your letter last week we forgot, owing to it slipping aside upon our table, to reply to your last query. We hope in a very short time to have an announcement to make to our readers upon the subject that will be highly satisfactory.

**RICHARD D. (Manchester).**—The publisher will attend to the business portion of your note. We highly approve of your scruples about engaging in a matrimonial alliance, until you are in a comfortable position to keep a wife. But do not wait too long. A prudent wife is a help to a young man in business. We wish you every happiness, and think that you will have it.

**JOE CATO.**—Art and Heart are certainly not very good rhymes, and should be avoided. You must cockney one word or the other.

**AN ASPIRANT.**—We must consider a little, to which we apprehend you will have no objection.

**AN INVALID.**—The Taraxacum, now so popular in complaints of the digestive organs, is a preparation of the root of the common dandelion, such as is found in the fields. We cannot give any opinion for or against its medicinal efficacy. The following are the particulars of the plant:—Dandelion (*leontodon taraxacum*) is eaten in salads early in the spring, while the leaves are hardly unfolded. The French eat the roots and leaves blanched with bread and butter. Our common name is well known to be a mere corruption of their *dent-de-lion*, Lion's tooth; it is a notorious weed, and common all over Europe. If taken from the roadsides, and planted in a garden, it may be blanched in the spring, and will become an agreeable herb to mix with other salads, which may be procured when lettuce and endive are not easily to be obtained.

**A LITTLE LOVE-SOXO.** by J. R.—We will print it, if no where else, in our Correspondence next week. We have not space this week for it.

**A SECRET.**—Certainly, your letter as well as all letters addressed to the Editor, are strictly confidential, and after once reaching him never meet the eyes of another person.

**A VERY YOUNG LADY** is acquainted with a very young gentleman, who has written her a very pretty offer of his hand and his heart, and enjoined her to the strictest secrecy. She has not yet returned him an answer, but she has kept the letter a secret. She is embarrassed to know what to do, as her friends are very kind and good to her, and she neither wants to slight them by keeping a secret from them, nor to hurt the feelings of the young gentleman; but she don't intend to marry for a year or two, yet.—We are much pleased with "A Very Young Lady's" letter. It shows a right spirit—a kind heart, and a clear head. Answer the young gentleman to the effect that you don't intend to marry yet, and that you decline his attentions, except with the cognisance of your friends.

**KATE D.**—We cannot say that we approve of the taste of Kate D. Young ladies should specially beware of anything that is not feminine, and we are not aware that sherry-cobblers are even gentlemanly. We cannot see what difference it makes that one of the gentlemen was studying for the church.

**MARIANNA L. L.** has engaged to be married to a young gentleman, who is going to Antigua, but she now finds that home ties are too strong for her to break. How should she proceed, in the most lady-like and delicate manner, to break to her intended who was to be the news of her changed mind?—A personal interview would, perhaps, be distressing. Do it by letter.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—We will procure the recipe, and print it for you in our next number, if possible. The Truffle is about the size of a walnut in its outer coat, the surface being irregularly tumid, harsh, and covered with sharp warts. It is found under ground just below the surface in light dry soils; and dogs are taught to discover it by the smell, and to scratch it out of the earth. It is brought to table, either simply boiled or stewed in various forms. The French and Italians introduce it into made dishes, sauces, and pies. They were highly esteemed by the Romans, who imported them from Africa; and the luxurious Athenians enfranchised the children of Cheripus, a person who had invented a ragout made of truffles.

**JULIET** is a younger sister, and not her mother's favourite, but her elder sister is, and Juliet is snubbed continually, and expected to be a drudge to the elder, who is dressed always in expensive and fashionable clothing, while anything, however fady or cheap, is thought good enough for Juliet. She is very, very unhappy, and would be glad of a kind word or two from the Editor.—A hundred are at your service, Juliet. We sympathise with you with all our heart. Favoritism in families amounts to a vice. Never mind, and perhaps your fate, in comparison with your sister's, may be like Cinderella's. Of one thing, be assured, that sooner or later your mother will awaken to a sense of her injustice; but still, if you see a respectable opportunity of leaving home, do so at once.

**D. S. R.**—We expect very shortly to be able to give our correspondent a very satisfactory answer upon the subject of his note, but we cannot do so just at present.

**A. Z.**—Declined with thanks.

**ANATO.**—Yes, to both questions. We have no doubt whatever upon the subject.

**INDIAN SUPERSTITION.**—"The Indians had a superstition that the genius who presided over the Falls of Niagara required the annual sacrifice at this his shrine, of at least two human victims. Ere the Red man lost this part of his once broad but now contracted possessions, the supposed merciless Spirit of the Cataract was scarcely ever disappointed or defrauded of his victims. At least two human beings have annually passed into eternity, by disappearing over the falls, for as far back as any annals of these cataracts exist. Since the white man succeeded to the proprietorship, the number of such victims has certainly not diminished. His habitual enterprise and daring have multiplied them greatly; and many are the harrowing accounts of such fearful accidents to be found in the guide-books, or to be heard from the narratives of the guides, who here, as in all such places of general resort, haunt and occasionally annoy you. \* \* Some years ago, a young lady lost her life by going too near, and falling over the precipice on the other side of the river; and the unfortunate event is chronicled on a board exhibited by one of those persons who earn a precarious livelihood in the vicinity of the falls, in lines strongly suggestive of the fact of how nearly, in this world, that which is ludicrous approaches, if it be not allied to, that which is sublime. The doggerel inscription sets out with a compliment to the whole race of womankind, and is in these words—

Woman, most beautiful of the human race,  
Be cautious of a dangerous place,  
For here Miss—at twenty-three  
Was launched into eternity."

**TIVERTON GAOL** is at this moment empty, for the first time these last seventeen years, so that out of a population of about 12,000 inhabitants, there is not now a single felon in custody.—*Exeter Gazette*.

**A LOVER OF HARMONY.**—We feel compelled to decline with thanks the lines to St. Cecilia. The subject is worn out both in poetry and in painting. Probably our correspondent has not read the following verses by A. A. Watts upon the same subject:—

## MUSIC.

"Mysterious keeper of the key  
That opens the gates of Memory,  
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,  
We live o'er years of bliss again!  
The sun-bright hopes of early youth,  
Love—in its first deep hour of truth,—  
And dreams of Life's delightful morn,  
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!  
To the Enthusiast's heart thy tone  
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;  
And calls back moments—brief as dear—  
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.  
The Exile listens to the song  
Once heard his native bowers among:  
And straightway on his visions rises  
Hope's sunny slopes and cloudless skies.  
The Warrior from the strife retired,  
By Music's stirring strains inspired,  
Turns him to deeds of glory done,  
To danger 'scaped and battles won.  
Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,  
Spell of the dreams of banished years,  
Mysterious keeper of the key  
That opens the gates of Memory!  
'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,  
Yet chase the smiles of Mirth away;  
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,  
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep.  
To gloom of sadness thou canst suit  
The chords of thy delicious lute;  
For every heart thou hast a tone  
Can make its pulses all thine own!"

**PUZZLES.**—We are much obliged to our correspondent for his humorous verses on the National Exhibition, but they are defective in rhythm so far as to prevent insertion. Our witty contemporary "Punch" gives the following as a list of subjects for exhibition:—"11 Knockers, of the admired Lion's Head pattern, taken from the doors of the nobility.—2 Gross of 'Fun of the Fairs,' or scratchers.—1 Portrait of Prince Albert and Victoria (2ft. by 6in.) in gilt gingerbread—reckoned very good—early impression.—23 Pincushions and Wooden Pears, won at Greenwich.—1 Handle of a Pump, and Iron Ladle, complete—very rare.—25 10 U's given at cards, with autographs of several distinguished young men about town.—368 Genuine Letters from a rich assortment of tradesmen, all having 'a little bill to take up next week.'—1 Painting in Oil, with inscription 'Milk sold here.'—1 Free Admission to Jullien's Concert for 1850, with Jullien's sign manual (written with the two I's) in the corner, and a private memorandum 'Not Transferable.'—1 Richly-coloured clay-pipe, not more than two inches long, intended to be worn in the waistcoat pocket, with bowl perfectly black—quite unique.—8 Tickets in various sweepstakes; which, if the respective horses had won, would have given the lucky holder prizes to the amount of £15,000.—25 Bad sixpences, taken from 'bus conductors on wet nights.—14 Hats of different sizes taken away in mistake from evening parties. (Names of makers inside).—14 Coats to match.—2 Shares in the Frankfurt Lottery, with prizes, payable at Frankfurt, of 2s. 2d. each.—7 Pewter pots, highly embossed, found late at night on area railings, and never reclaimed.—1 Garden Roller (once the property of a fashionable Square).—1 Mortgage-deed of a valuable stop-watch (duplicate movement).—52 Checks to the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, and Strand Theatres—all admissible at half-price.—Refreshment Vouchers for Cremorne Gardens, entitling the fortunate possessor to refreshments not exceeding the value of sixpence each ticket.—1 Return ticket from Rosherville, dated July 1850—the memorable night of Baron Nathani's benefit!"

**A YOUNG HISTORIAN.**—There is no doubt about the point of history at all, nor is it an important one. The following paragraph refers to George the Fourth:—"Some workmen who were employed to dig the foundation of a new church at St. Germain's, near Paris, having discovered the remains of James II., they were, at the desire of our present King, removed in great state, and deposited, on the above day, beneath the altar, until the new church is completed!"

**AN EFFUSION.**—Some pretty thoughts, married in the telling. We regret to decline, but encourage you to try again.

**E. W.**—We advise you to be explicit with your lover, and if he still will not speak candidly concerning his intentions, you had much better give him up at once. Forbid him the house firmly, and have nothing to say. The mere suspicion that a man is dangling after a girl with no real intention beyond amusing his leisure hours, is quite sufficient. Do not put up with such a state of things an hour longer.

**A MECHANIC.**—The daily prints have already given ample notices of the excursion or we would insert your notes upon the occasion. We are always gratified to hear of such very rational modes of enjoyment being placed within the popular reach. The following is the information you require regarding the seat of the Duke of Devonshire:—"Chatsworth, or the Palace of the Peak as it is called, is situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, and was erected on the site of a more ancient structure by the first Duke of Devonshire at the beginning of the last century. The original building was for

some years the place of confinement of Mary, Queen of Scots, and subsequent to that period it was the scene of many interesting events in the history of the country. The mansion which now exists has undergone various improvements since the time of its founder, and the present duke has, of late years, added a new wing, which greatly increases the regal character of the structure. His grace has also adorned the building with numerous works of modern art, and has, moreover, expended large sums of money in cultivating and ornamenting the grounds, and in the erection of a gigantic conservatory, which is said to be unsurpassed for magnificence in any quarter of the globe. The magnificent park of Chatsworth is about thirteen miles in circumference, and is beautifully diversified by hills and valleys, and by rich and varied plantations. To the south and south-east of the mansion are a succession of terraces, ornamented by water-works, such as are calculated to vie with those of St. Cloud or Versailles. The attractions, however, of the pleasure grounds are equalled by those of what is called the kitchen-garden, where the skill of Mr. Paxton has been displayed to the greatest advantage, and where some of the choicest fruits are produced which are to be seen upon the tables of the nobility. In this garden a new feature is now exhibited, viz., the Victoria Regia, the gigantic water lily, the culture of which has cost considerable time and labour. Workmen are at this moment busily occupied in constructing a new conservatory for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of this flower. The building is designed upon a new principle, having a square flat roof, supported by upright iron pillars, with glass between them. The effect is peculiarly light and graceful, and the idea of the plan, which emanates from Mr. Paxton, has suggested to him the notion of constructing the building for the proposed exhibition in Hyde Park upon the same principle. A plan of this building is now in progress at Chatsworth, under the direction of Mr. Paxton, who states that the entire cost of the erection would not exceed one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and in proof of the facility with which the structure may be completed, he adds that, in the course of a day's work, one boy is enabled to glaze 180 feet. The design is certainly both elegant and appropriate."

**A READER** requests that we will insert the following letter:—"Sir, In lamenting the late fearful accident to the passengers of the Orion, much has been said about future precautions. Now, it appears from all past experience that the ablest commanders are liable to such mishaps, and that in the large majority of such cases the boats have been in a less serviceable state than were those of the Orion. There is, however, one point that seems seldom to attract attention, and that is the ability of the crew to aid the passengers. Had all hands on board the Orion been experienced swimmers, is it not probable that every passenger would have been saved? The natural instinct of self-preservation, however, seemed to render the well-found boats almost useless. No hand was by to lower them, or even to stop the plug holes. No, instead of this, the crew were struggling with helpless women and children for the small means of escape afforded to so many persons. An exhausted invalid, who could swim a little, had the means of safety snatched from him by an able seaman. Is it not disgraceful that amongst British sailors the proportion of swimmers hardly exceeds that amongst other classes? The remedy is easy—let the owners of coasting steamers engage no servants but such as can give proof of proficiency in swimming, and one step will be gained towards the passengers' safety, when recklessness or other causes render the vessel untenable. The importance of the subject must be an apology for troubling you. I am, sir, &c., NAUTILUS."

"Manchester, June 24."

May our readers never witness the dreadful catastrophe so feelingly described by the Bard of Avon!—may they never be able to exclaim with this master-painter of Nature's scenes, and vivid delineator of all the passions that agitate the human breast—

"O, we have suffered

With those that we saw suffer!—a brave vessel  
Who had no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against our very heart! Poor souls! They perished!"

**S. C.**—Jealousy is generally considered a proof of very ardent love, and, as very violent love generally after marriage sobers down into a calmer feeling, then jealousy, we suppose, will sober down likewise. We would not advise you to discard your lover on account of jealousy of your speaking to any one but himself before marriage. He will not be so absurd afterwards.

**ANNE ELIZA F.**—"Evening" is in some parts pretty in idea, but as a poem, the execution is not quite the thing for publication. Writing is an art—thinking is nature. We regret to decline with thanks, but probably our correspondent may write again.

**AN ANXIOUS MOTHER** writes to say that her children are in a continual state of stomach disease, on account of trash that is sold to them at what are called sweet shops, and which they commonly denominate, from its adhesive character, sticky stuff. She cannot prevent people giving them halfpence, and away they all go to purchase the abominations that make them ill. She thinks the sale of such things to children ought to be "put down."—So do we. We are quite convinced that the foundation of most of the disturbed functions of the stomach that afflict us all as we advance in life, were laid in infancy, by the indiscriminate manner in which children are allowed to cram themselves with the horrible and disgusting compounds of the sweet shop

and the cheap confectioners. It is almost impossible, though, for the legislature to do anything with such a nuisance. The best way is to take any shopkeeper before a magistrate, in whose warehouse a deleterious drug is found. The following full particulars upon the subject of your note appeared the other day in one of the public prints:—"It is not generally known that the ornamental kinds of confectionery are frequently tinted with poisonous pigments—that the greens, for example, are commonly produced by means of arsenite of copper, (Scheele's green) verdigris, or a mixture of chrome and prussian blue; the yellows, by chromate of lead; the reds, by vermillion (bisulphuret of mercury) or oxide of iron; and the whites, by carbonate of lead, oxide or carbonate of zinc, chalk, or sulphate of baryta; and that frequently the fine frosting which covers the commoner kinds of twelfth-cakes, and the hard white sugar of comfits, contain from ten to thirty per cent. of plaster of Paris or of whiting. In the month of September, 1847, Mr. Hetley, who is the visiting surgeon of St. Marylebone Infirmary, reported in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal,' that he was requested, on the 14th of that month, to go as quickly as he could to the relief of some persons who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. He found three adults and eight children severely affected with vomiting and retching; the angles of their mouths and linen being coloured green by the ejections. On seeking into the cause of this, he was told that one of the children had bought two pennyworth of some coloured confectionary ornament, of which they had all partaken. Some of the offending article (a thin cake of sugar and Paris plaster, covered with a layer of bright green) was, however, found, and it at once made the case clear. In commenting on the above, Dr. Guy states, that 'an accident on a larger scale, but happily unattended by any fatal result, occurred in our own experience—one of the patients having been brought to the King's College Hospital, on the day after the accident. An ornamental green basket, after having been used at an evening party, was given to one of the attendants, who distributed the fragments among the inmates of a large workshop. Severe vomiting and purging was the result. On inquiry at several confectioners' we ascertained that arsenite of copper is commonly used to give a green colour to confectionary, and an analysis of a fragment of the basket confirmed this statement.' At the very time that the preceding article was going through the press, an inquiry was being instituted at Northampton before the county coroner, Mr. Hicks, respecting the death of Mr. William Cowfield, who, with twenty others, was poisoned at a public dinner given in that town, on the 7th of June, 1848, when it appeared that deceased had partaken of a blanc-mange, the top of which was coloured with emerald green (arsenite of copper), and of which he died. In the month of February, 1849, Dr. W. Ferguson published the case of three children, who were poisoned by eating the green-sugared ornaments from a twelfth-cake. And, in the month of June following, Professor Christison exhibited to the members of the Edinburgh Medico-Chirurgical Society a green powder, which he had purchased at a confectioner's in that city. It was a portion of the stock employed to colour jellies, &c.; and, on examination, he found that it consisted of sugar mixed with verdigris and arsenite of copper. His attention was drawn to it by the severe illness of two maid-servants who had partaken of some jelly coloured with it. Two years since Professor Louyet, of Brussels, wrote to inform and caution us concerning the fact, that bon-bons, coloured with an unusual quantity of chromate of lead, were being manufactured largely in London, and exported thence to Belgium. The bon-bons in question consisted of a species of aromatized sugar coloured yellow throughout its mass, exhibiting the scent and flavour of lemon, and encased with a species of transparent red-currant shell. Very recently some cheap almond and caraway comfits have been sold at the grocers and confectioners. In many parts of London, which are coloured yellow by colouring sweetmeats, &c., with poisonous substances is, unhappily, not peculiar to the English; for very recently some cases have been reported by M.M. Hogné and Jaubert, in which four persons were seriously attacked after having partaken of some bon-bons which were coloured with arsenite of copper. One of the patients (a child aged six years) died from the effects of the poison, after an illness of two days; and a second child was brought so near to the grave that she did not recover for two years after the accident. So, again, it is recorded by Chevallier, that at a breakfast given on a festive occasion by an eminent Parisian lawyer, a bon-bon was decorated in a very artistic manner with masses of fat, which were coloured of a lively red and green tint. One of the guests, who was well acquainted with chemistry, suspecting that the pigment might be poisonous, retained a portion of the fat for further examination, and he found that it contained about two per cent. of arsenite of copper. All these facts, and there are many others of a like character, which relate to the trade of the 'pickle-merchant,' are sufficient to show that, however difficult it may be for the Home Secretary to give a correct definition of a poison, or even a complete list of poisonous substances, it is high time that the government should take some steps to protect the lives of the community from danger, by imposing a sufficient check upon the present unrestricted sale and use of these, and such as these, the commoner poisons."

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[HORTON HAS JUST RETURNED TO GORE HOUSE, TO MISREPRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES TO THE DUKE.]

## THE DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER L.

THEODORE VISITS PANGBOURNE HOUSE, AND IS DISAPPOINTED.

Poor Joseph seemed hardly able to support himself up the steps of Pangbourne House. The recollections of the past were too much for him, and he was compelled to hold by the railings for a moment or two while he spoke to his young master. "Oh, sir," he said, "why did we ever come here again, now? We ought never to have looked at the house again, sir."

"Why not, Joseph?"

"Because, sir, it stops you short when you are nearly forgetting the past. I had almost, sir, begun to think that there was no such place; and the little cottage, with all its flowers, was slowly—very slowly, but yet surely, filling up my mind—I was beginning to feel interested in other and simpler things; but now I recollect the drawing-rooms of Pangbourne House, and I know, sir, what you ought to be."

"Never mind all that, Joseph," said Theodore, with a sigh. "Who shall say that, after all, we are not happier in the little cottage with its clustering vines and flowers, than we could be in Pangbourne House?"

"Oh, no—no, sir; what is right, is right."

"A tolerably obvious truism, Joseph; but come one step nearer, and we are at the door. Now the act is done: I have knocked, Joseph."

"I—I heard it. The old knock!"

This period at which Theodore and Joseph made

their call at Pangbourne House, was that quiet one which preceded the stormy hour or so which ensued when the Duke found the Earl of Carlton in the chamber of the Duchess. It will be remembered that the Duke was in the house, but that he had not retired to rest, although Clara had done so. Had Theodore only been a little later, he might have heard something of the rather riotous proceedings contingent upon the expulsion of the Earl from the mansion. As it was, no one had a suspicion that the night would be disturbed in any way, except, perhaps, the traitorous servant who was privy to the fact of the concealment of the Earl of Carlton in the balcony.

The door was opened in the ostentatious manner that the servants of the great open doors, and which is a decided improvement upon the style of sneaking it open with an air of suspicion, as though the person demanding admission had an intention of stealing the floor-cloth.

Theodore stepped into the hall, closely followed by Joseph, who, with his hands clasped, stood a few paces from the door, looking with emotion at the scene he so well remembered, but which yet to him had now the charm of novelty.

The light from the magnificent lamp that hung in the centre of the hall fell full upon the face of Theodore. The old porter knew him. Instinctively, he acknowledged him as what he had been, rather than what he was.

"Is it, indeed, your Grace," he said, "that I see, or am I dreaming?"

"It is no dream," said Theodore. "You were an old servant of my father's. I hope you are well and happy?"

Joseph, at this moment, sidled forward into the line of light, and the porter exclaimed—

"Why, it's Joseph."

"Yes, yes. Oh, yes—it's Joseph," gasped the old man, and he fell into a seat, and burst into tears.

"Hush!" said Theodore. "Joseph, I did think and hope you had more firmness of character about you than thus to sink under a little unwonted emotion. Be calm, old friend. I pray you be calm."

Still Joseph wept.

"It's the old place," he said; "the old place I know so well. There's the lamp. There's the great easy-chair. There's the plants—the statue with the name I never could learn properly—and there's Wilks, the porter—and here am I! Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

Taking advantage, then, of a pause in Joseph's lamentations, Theodore spoke to the porter.

"Tell me," he said, "is the Duke very ill?"

"Oh, no, your Grace."

"You ought not to give me that title—but it does not matter, perhaps. Has any one been here with a young girl in a cab?"

"Here, your Grace? Oh dear, no—no one."

"It is, then, as I suspected, and my errand is over. I am glad to see that the old servants are still in the house. Is the new Duke a kind master?"

"Yes, your Grace, he is, though we don't somehow feel to him as we should to you. How is it likely we should? The new Duchess is as kind and as good as a summer's day is long; but, poor thing, she ain't happy. Indeed, and I tell your Grace that—"

"No, no. Tell me nothing. I would rather not, indeed, hear anything. My object in calling here is sadly answered, and I must not subject the Duke or myself to the pain of an interview, which can lead to no good result. Farewell!"

The hall-porter bowed, and shook a little. That

melancholy visit of the son of his former master had touched him.

"Come, Joseph," said Theodore. "We know the worst, now. Come away. This is no place for us."

"Yes, yes," said Joseph, rising, and tottering to the door. "Yes, we ought not to be here. Good-by, Mr. Wilks—good-by."

The hall-porter and Joseph shook hands, and lingered for a few moments, looking at each other as though they would very much have enjoyed a long—long gossip together. And no doubt they would; but they saw that it was not to be had just then, and Joseph followed his master down the steps of the lordly mansion. The door was held open respectfully by the porter as long as they were within sight; and crossing Park Lane, Theodore vaulted over the railings of the park, and was on the green sward in a moment. Joseph, less agile, dived under the paling, and joined his master.

"Well, sir," he said, "I will say that I did not think to see the house again in this world. But what are we to do now, sir?"

"I have bethought me of one person who will aid me," said Theodore.

"Thank Heaven for that, sir. Who is it?"

"Do you remember a Mr. Oliver, Joseph?"

"Oh, yes. He was what they call the man of business to the late Duke, your noble father. I remember him quite well, sir."

"Ah, Joseph, you call the late Duke of Pangbourne my noble father, and I often catch myself saying the same thing; but the world will have it that the Duchess was my noble mother, but that the Duke was no noble father of mine."

"The world is wrong, sir."

"I wish it were. But come, Joseph; I have faith in the honesty and in the kindness of this Mr. Oliver that I mention to you, and whom you recollect so well. He knows me, and I think will not hesitate to befriend me in this juncture of my affairs; for, after all, those who are not largely interested in any circumstance of a painful nature and not those who are, bringing the best and calmest judgment to bear upon it."

At a pace that was tolerably quick, but yet that did not materially put Joseph's locomotive powers to a very severe test, the young man proceeded now to the house of Mr. Oliver, which, the reader is aware, was in the immediate vicinity of the fashionable quarter of Park Lane.

Now, there were few circumstances that could have been more gratifying to Mr. Oliver, than a visit from Theodore. He not only from personal friendship and attachment wished to see him, and to better his evil fortune, but he had been, as we know, very specially commissioned by the Duke of Pangbourne to find him out, if possible, and again urge upon him the acceptance of the handsome provision which he (the Duke) was so anxious he should have.

The announcement, therefore, of Theodore's name, was quite sufficient to arouse in Mr. Oliver pleasant thoughts. He hoped that now he should find the young man a little better aware of the value of money, and that the experience of the world, slight as it must necessarily be, that he had had since they last met, had calmed down the first bitterness of his feelings, and induced in him better and more practical thoughts than had then possessed him.

"Believe me," said Mr. Oliver, as he shook hands with Theodore, "that I am very glad to see you. Ah, Joseph, are you here?"

"Yes, sir. You really recollect me?"

"Well, Joseph. Sit down Mr.—a—a—" The lawyer hesitated as to what to name Theodore without offence.

"Heed not what you name me, Mr. Oliver."

"Nay, sir, but I do heed very much what I name you. I am particularly anxious to say nothing to you that can, in the remotest degree, jar upon your feelings."

"You are very kind, sir. Call me Mr. Theodore. That is a name, I apprehend, no one will dispute my right to."

"Certainly not, Mr. Theodore; and, believe me, that I am much better pleased to call you by that old familiar name, than by any other. Let me hope, now, that you have honoured me by this visit, that I may be of some use to you."

"I hope you can, sir."

"In that hope, believe me, I fully share. Pray speak freely to me, and remember that I am, for many reasons, desirous of being your friend."

"I will tell you all, Mr. Oliver. I well know that the late Duke of Pangbourne confided wholly

in you. I do not know if the present one does so. If he does, what I am about to say, will coincide with other knowledge that you possess. Do you know of any one named Marianna?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"Ah! then the Duke of Pangbourne, I see, does not blaze abroad his good deeds. I must, then, tell you, more at length than would have been otherwise necessary, my story."

Mr. Oliver lent an attentive ear to the revelation of the young man; and Theodore, as concisely as it was possible to do, told him everything that had occurred since they had last met, concluding with his visit to Pangbourne, to ascertain if Marianna had been really taken there.

"Now, sir," he said, "in conclusion, what would you advise me to do in this emergency? You find that I speak with apparent calmness, but my heart is racked with a thousand dismal apprehensions. Do not fancy that because I am able to subdue the extravagance of grief and despair, that I feel in reality less. Oh, sir, advise me. You know the world better than I do, and are better able to come to a conclusion regarding the affair."

"I am better able, Mr. Theodore. In the first place, this story is all new to me; and in the second, there is no such person as the one named to you by Miss Juke, who took the young girl from the school."

"No such person?"

"Nay, do not mistake me. I mean that he who so represented himself was an impostor, and he has only done so for the purpose of getting possession of the young girl. My course is quite obvious in this affair."

"Ah, you see a mode of restoring her to me?"

"Alas, I do not; but I see what I ought to do to attempt it."

Theodore looked sad.

"Be of good cheer," added Mr. Oliver. "I will, the first thing in the morning, see the Duke, and then he and I will concert such measures with the authorities as must have the effect, in a very short time, of discovering where the young lady has been taken to."

"I will pray for your success, sir."

"Go home now, Mr. Theodore, and leave the matter to me. You must feel that this affair is now in abler hands than your own."

"Sir, I thank you; but I cannot rest—my eyes are hot and fevered; but I feel that I could not rest."

"You must, or you will be incapable of some exertion that, for all we know, you may be called upon to undertake. Let me beg of you to go home now, and rest yourself for a few hours, at all events."

"I will try, sir."

"And now there is only one question that I wish to ask of you, and that is—can you give a good description of the person whom you saw in the cabriolet with the young lady, so that the police might identify him?"

"Alas, no! Except that he was a dark man, I can say nothing."

"Well, that is something; and—and I suppose you do not know if the young girl is any relation to the Duke?"

"She may be so, but if she be, it is a fact unknown to herself, for she is truth and candour itself, and she believes that, merely out of pity for her orphan state he took compassion upon her, and placed her at Miss Juke's school."

"Well, probably, now, the Duke will be explicit to me concerning who she is. Ah, Mr. Theodore, you are happier than the Duke of Pangbourne."

"What mean you, Mr. Oliver?"

"Simply what I say. The Duke, from the day that he became a Duke, seems to have changed his nature. At least, so the Duchess says, for she represents that he was everything that was kind, and noble, and serene, even amidst the greatest privations; but now, with his dukedom, he is quite the reverse."

"Oh, dear," said Joseph, who up to this point had been an attentive listener, "that shows, you see, Mr. Oliver, that people who ought not to be Dukes are not comfortable when they are."

The attorney smiled, and Theodore then holding out his hand to him, bade him good-night, promising to call upon him at twelve o'clock in the morning to hear the result of his conversation with the Duke of Pangbourne.

Neither Theodore nor Mr. Oliver, nor even old Joseph, with all his belief that things could not go right at Pangbourne House, ever anticipated the confusion that a very few short hours would produce

in that household, or that Mr. Oliver would be sent for at an earlier hour than he had purposed calling, not to consult with the Duke, but as professional adviser to the Duchess in the midst of her affliction.

"Now," said Joseph, when they left the house of Mr. Oliver, "you go home and go to bed; you are not used to being up all night, and it won't do you any good."

"Joseph, it would be useless for me to go to bed; I could not sleep. Only look to the eastern sky! Why, there is a faint tinge of light."

"Oh dear, no, sir, it is only the gas-lamps. There is no morning yet, sir. Do come home, I pray of you. Only think what an alarm Miss Finch will be in."

"Come, then."

Theodore walked rapidly, and Joseph managed to follow him until they reached the lane leading to the school, and then Theodore paused.

"Now, Joseph," he said, "it is not often that I lay upon you positive orders, so you must excuse me for doing so now."

"What is it, sir? Oh, what is it?"

"Nothing of much importance. I am going to try if I can trace the course that the vehicle took that conveyed Marianna from me in this lane. I shall be able to do so much better alone; therefore, it is my wish that you go home and retire to rest."

"But, sir—"

"Joseph, it is my positive order."

The old man bowed, and without another word turned upon his path, and hobbled away. Poor Joseph was very tired. He had not gone many paces, when Theodore rapidly overtook him.

"Joseph!"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"Good-night, old friend. We may not meet until the morning again. Good-night. Do not think me harsh, Joseph."

"Oh, no, no, sir—indeed I do not. God bless you, and assist you, sir, in what you are about. Alas! alas! I thought we had enough to contend with; but I find that our battles have hardly begun, after all."

The faithful old servant did not dream of disputing the mandate of his master, now that it was firmly given, and he repaired at once to the cottage, while Theodore stood in the lane contending with feelings that every now and then would strive to gain the mastery over the strong outward show of calmness that he endeavoured to exhibit.

"Lost! lost!" he cried. "She is lost. My own—my own beautiful! No—no. I must not talk thus, or else I shall go mad. It is not by weakly repining at your fate that I can aid you, Marianna. It is by bold action, and unrelenting perseverance. Others may do much; but who will strive to do as much as I will?"

Again, by a vigorous exertion of his will, he calmed himself, and walked up the lane, in the direction that the cabriolet had taken.

Ordinarily, no one was more adverse to addressing strangers than Theodore; but now he had an object in view that overcame all scruples, or petty considerations, and he resolved to make what inquiries he could concerning the route that the cab had taken. The first person he saw of whom he thought proper to ask, was a man working in a little garden, near the commencement of the lane, where it led into the high road.

There was that air and manner about Theodore which gave the world assurance of a gentleman; and the man, when he saw that he was about to be spoken to, was as respectful as possible.

"Some time ago," said Theodore, "a cabriolet passed here at a rapid pace. Did you chance to see it, or to hear it?"

"Yes, sir, both."

"Ah! then, perhaps, you can tell me if it went to the right or the left upon reaching this point of the lane by the high road?"

"I can, sir. I was up, and looking at the weather—for the clouds, you see, sir, were going over the face of the moon—when the cab came tearing along, and I heard some one say, in an angry tone of voice, 'She is mad!' Then the cab went round the corner to the right, and was out of sight and sound both in a moment."

"To the right? I thank you."

"You are quite welcome, sir. It was to the right, I could take my oath any day, and therein was the words as was said, sir."

Theodore had just managed to reply to the man, but that was all his strength of heart would let him do at that moment. Those words—"She is mad!" seemed to choke him; and yet, upon further con-

sideration, he did not feel so much alarmed at them, but began to think that they must have been uttered by the man who was driving the cab to account for some cry of help that Marianna must have uttered, or tried to utter as they passed the house at the corner of the lane.

It was a relief to think that, in preference to believing that fear and despair had really had the effect of inducing a temporary madness in Marianna.

The road to the right after leaving the lane, was really that which Horton had taken with his fair captive, for it was a direct route to Kensington, and we know that in the full confidence of not being followed, he had gone direct to Gore House with Marianna. If poor Theodore could only have got further accurate information, he would soon have been with Marianna; but, although he reached Kensington, he could find no one else who could give him any information that could be relied upon.

The thoroughfare by Gore House, was much too public for any single vehicle to be particularly noticed; and he found himself baffled in his inquiries, although he was within sight of the very mansion in which Marianna was.

The morning was now fairly arriving, and those startling events which we have described, had some of them taken place at Pangbourne House.

Just as Theodore, exhausted by the night's proceedings, and despairing of doing any more good just then, had gone into an hotel, in order to get some refreshment, Horton and the Duke of Pangbourne reached Gore House.

## CHAPTER LI.

HORTON HAS RATHER A QUARREL WITH THE  
COUNTESS OF ALPINE.

AFTER Horton had so snugly left the Duke of Pangbourne at Gore House, he went direct to Lady Alpine's lodgings. To be sure, the hour did not seem to be the most seasonable one for a visit to a lady of rank; but Horton felt that with her indulging Ladyship, he might dispense with such considerations.

The fact was, that Lady Alpine had been just a little disturbed at what Horton had said at their last meeting; and, although in his presence she had affected to think but lightly of the fear he had expressed of something serious happening at the mansion of the Duke of Pangbourne, yet when he was gone she felt a little uncomfortable.

You may be sure that everything that had a tendency to spoil the rest of the Countess of Alpine, must be out of the common way of events; and as this had that tendency, her ladyship's maid was duly solicitous to know what it was.

After a good deal of fencing, the Countess was compelled to tell, for the "own maid" was a very confidential personage, indeed. The abigail, however, did not wholly share in her mistress's fears; but, on the contrary, tried all she could to talk her out of them, and finally offered to go to Pangbourne House, and ascertain if anything very serious had happened.

Lady Alpine thought that the best place to go for the news would be to the town house of Lord Carlton; but she was averse to sending her "own maid" at all, and it was while the matter was still under discussion that Horton arrived.

Lady Alpine had nearly made up her mind to be "Not at home" when Horton should call again; but at the present juncture of affairs she was too anxious to hear what news he might bring to persevere in such a determination.

He was admitted, and the maid retired to the adjoining apartment.

There was quite a bland sort of smile upon the face of Horton.

"Well, my lady," he said, "I did not exactly anticipate the pleasure of calling upon you so soon. I hope these late hours agree with you?"

"I thought the hour was early, Mr. Horton."

"Oh, what can it matter, madam? We won't dispute about hours. We are better up when other people sleep, and that shows that our minds are more active, and that—"

"Mr. Horton, it is not quite usual, I believe, to make a visit at this hour to a casual acquaintance, without having something rather particular to announce."

"How very true, madam."

"May I trouble you to be explicit?"

"It is a pleasure," said Horton, as he affected to

look up to the ceiling for a few moments in a state of abstraction.

"Well, sir?"

"Quite well, thank you, madam."

"I will not be provoked," thought Lady Alpine.

"Are you accustomed, Mr. Horton, to these little mental aberrations?"

"Perhaps I shall get used to them if I have the pleasure of seeing your Ladyship often; but as I am perfectly aware that you are behind the scenes in the Political Theatre, can you tell me if Peel has any serious idea of taking office, if the choice were offered to him upon an emergency?"

Lady Alpine changed colour very slightly, and her lips quivered a little. Was she beginning to get doubtful of her other moiety of the one thousand pounds that my Lord Carlton meant to pay for her good services?

"I really," she said, in as indifferent a voice as she could assume, "never trouble myself about politics; and it is not likely I can know much of such a mere parvenue as Peel. One would have thought that you would be better acquainted with the habits of thought of such a man."

"No. But it don't matter."

"In plain language, Mr. Horton, you have some news?"

"I have."

"Of Earl Carlton?"

"Of Earl Carlton."

Lady Alpine half rose from the couch and looked at him, but she preserved a profound silence.

"Well, sir," she said, "if you came here merely to say that you have news, and then refuse to communicate it, your further stay can be neither advantageous to you or to me."

Horton bowed slightly.

"I rather shrink, madam, from agitating your nerves needlessly; but since I find that will not be the case, I can inform you that a little accident has happened to the Earl of Carlton in Pangbourne House."

"An accident? What—speak! Is he—"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Very dead, indeed, I believe, if the Duke of Pangbourne is to be trusted."

Lady Alpine fell back on the couch with something that sounded very like a groan, if it were not one. She lay perfectly still for several minutes, and then rising, she approached Horton a few steps, and looking at him steadily, she said—

"Sir, you spoke of my nerves; is this said to try them?"

"Not at all."

"Then upon your honour—your word—No—no! That is useless. You have neither honour nor a word that is worth the invoking."

For once in a way, even Horton was touched by the scorn of that woman. Perhaps, if as much had been said by one whose virtue he had a high opinion of, it might not have touched him so much; but to be spoken so by such a person as Lady Alpine, seemed to be rather too bad.

"Lady Alpine," he said, while his face turned white with rage, "if you were not the most infamous of your sex, it might matter what opinion you had, or pretended to have, of any one; but as it is, it matters not. Say what you please."

"Mr. Horton, when a gentleman, a reprobate, and a thief—"

"A thief, madam?"

"Yes, a thief!" screamed the Countess, "intrudes himself upon the society of a lady, he must expect that, sooner or later, to rid herself of him and his hateful visits, she will tell him what she thinks and knows."

Horton recovered his serenity as if by magic, and putting on his hat, he said—

"Oh, that is it, my lady? Now I understand you. You think, the game is over, do you, by this little malapropos accident to the Earl of Carlton? Ha! ha!—You should always, when you play the part you play for him, have the money down. Ha! ha!"

"Infamous slanderer!"

"Ha! ha!—good. Her Ladyship of Alpine is deceived at last. Oh, but it is good, indeed! Well, I must spread this story. It is too good a one to be lost. It will tell well at the Clubs. Her Ladyship of Alpine, for a certain sum, to play pander to the Earl of Carlton, in the matter of the young Duchess of Pangbourne; but failing utterly, and not having the money down, and the Duke shooting the Earl, the Lady is minus her fee. Ha! ha!"

It would be impossible for any person to picture the rage of the Countess. One moment she seemed intent upon making a rush at Horton, and endeavouring to take vengeance upon the spot; but she, perhaps, had a fear that such a man might not be domestic enough to submit to even a Countess's nails, so, with a howl and a scream of rage, she fled into the adjoining chamber, from which the "own maid" had had the singular advantage of hearing all that passed.

"That will do," said Horton, and he turned and left the house at once. "Lady Alpine and I have parted company; but, if I live, I will make her Ladyship yet remember the association. Let her beware."

The next object, now, that Horton had, was to ascertain exactly what had been the amount of the injuries that the Earl of Carlton had received, for from the first he had had his doubts about his death; and, by a series of skillful inquiries, he soon found exactly, or pretty nearly so, how the case stood.

The fact was, that Horton did not care one straw as to whether the Duke of Pangbourne had killed the Earl of Carlton or not. He had the Duke in his power, and darker thoughts than any connected with the intrigues of Carlton and Lady Alpine, or even the reputation of the Duchess, were beginning to find a home in his bosom.

The securing to himself the High Knoll Estate as a climax to his connection with the Duke of Pangbourne, was to him a great thing; and having taken already so much trouble for that object, and succeeded so far, it was not likely that he would now pause in his career.

"If the Duke were dead," he said to himself "what then?"

This was an inquiry full of prolific results. Of course, the child, Harry, would, without seeming difficulty, succeed to the Dukedom; but he, Horton, along with that change, would gently step into possession of the High Knoll Estate. Who would there be to gainsay the evidence of Mr. Trapp? It was impossible to conceive a clearer case of a fair gift than that had, to all appearance, been; and if Mr. Trapp only spoke what seemed to him the truth, the case of Horton's claim, admitting for a moment that it might be disputed, would be carried at once.

"Yes," he said, "upon that I feel easy. There is but one potential voice that could say, 'It is not so,' and that voice is the Duke's; but, then, a Duke is mortal the same as any other man, and why should this one of Pangbourne count upon a long life more than the poorest wretch who begs his living in the public streets? We shall see. I must think."

Horton had thought already. When a man comes to that pass, that he has only to think a little as to whether he shall commit a murder or not, it is all but decided.

It was with such thoughts, then, that this fiend-like personage—for, surely, there must have been in his disposition something more than the possible amount of villany that can be incidental to human nature—made his way to Gore House again.

That he should find the Duke rather impatient at the time he had been absent, he expected; but he was not prepared to find him in a sound sleep, and yet such was the case.

Horton let himself into the house in his usual quiet, unobtrusive manner with the master-key that he had; and then proceeding directly to the room in which he had left the Duke of Pangbourne, he spoke, while he unlocked the door, in order that the Duke should know who it was; but as no answer was returned to him, he entered the room in some trepidation, and there lay the Duke upon a sofa, in the most profound repose.

Horton was fatigued, and he dropped into a chair that was near at hand. The light of early morning streamed into the apartment; and as the villain and his victim breathed the still atmosphere of that apartment, they presented the most striking contrast to each other.

It seemed as if all the hopes and fears, the jealousies and the despair, that for so long had been tugging at poor Herbert's heart, had fled, and that he had sunk into a soft, dreamless slumber, such as he had not known since that awful night, when, upon the bridge, Horton had tempted him to the madness of crime. The cloud that for so long had obscured the frank beauty of Herbert's features appeared to have passed away. Better than he now slept he could not have slept, after life's fitful fever had passed away.

And there, regarding him, was Horton, whose face

was a map of evil passions. Pale, sallow, and emaciated he now looked, from want of rest and perpetual excitement—his very lips were bloodless; and yet he was the man who was generally successful; and there, before him, lay the only obstacle to wealth. If the Duke were dead, the estate he had panted for was his.

"Yes," he said, in a hollow whisper, "if the Duke were only dead! Why, I could do it now."

The Duke moved slightly.

"No—no!" cried Horton. "I—I—nothing—hush! hush!"

It was very seldom that Horton so far committed himself as to utter a word that had not its thoughtful signification, and that was not intended to answer some purpose; but he had at that moment certainly been betrayed into a momentary incaution.

The Duke of Pangbourne did not awaken. He was sleeping too soundly for even the voice of Horton to rouse him; but the sound of that voice appeared to have made its way to the imagination, and to have disturbed the serenity of the repose, for a painful expression, mingled with great grief, came over the face of the sleeper.

"Ah, he feels now something of the past," said Horton.

The Duke spoke.

"No—no! Innocent! Oh, God! Clara!"

"He will soon now awaken," said Horton, "and I might do it now; but poison—yes, poison will be better for my purpose, and it is easy—oh! so easy. He shall die, but it shall be by something more occult and subtle than the poniard or the pistol. He will drink wine, and in that wine he will find his death. Yes, I am decided. If he live I shall lose all, for I am now the prey of circumstances. It would require but little to blow all my finely-woven plot to the winds; but the Duke dead, and all is safe—quite safe."

At this moment, with a sudden cry, the Duke awakened, and sprang to his feet.

"No—no!" he said. "Keep them off! I did not do it! Help! Where am I now?"

"In safety," said Horton. "Do you not know me?"

"Yes, I—I—have been dreaming, I suppose; but how—" he looked about him with surprise, that gradually wore away. "Oh, yes, I know all now. I recollect now. It is true I came here, because—because the Earl of Carlton would have it so."

"You are dreaming still, surely," said Horton.

"Do not say so; for, in other words, that is to tell me that I am mad."

"Pardon me, your Grace—" Horton put on a look of hypocritical respect—"pardon me, your Grace, I appended no such meaning to my words, and I beg that you will not do so."

"Let it pass, then—let it pass, Horton. Remembrance has come fully back to me, and the past is clear to my apprehension. But you were to bring me news, were you not?"

"I was, your Grace. The Earl is dead."

"Ah, dead!"

"Yes. You do not, I presume, for one moment, expect that it would be otherwise with him?"

"No—no! Oh, no! It is but another. And what does the world say to it all, Horton?"

"The world is scarcely awake to the fact; but in four-and-twenty hours more it will ring with the news that the Prime Minister of England is no more."

"As for me—What shall I do?"

"Remain in peace and security where you are, and no one can molest you. It would not be well to stand the brunt of legal questioning with regard to that man's death."

"Yes, Horton, it will."

"What! has your Grace forgotten that we have already had some conversation upon that head, and that it was settled between us that it would not be the death of the Earl of Carlton of which the Duchess would accuse you?"

"Oh, Heaven! yes, I recollect now."

"Tis well that you do. I admit most freely that were there nothing to answer for but Carlton's death, you might brave the world upon that score, and not the most inveterate of your foes could harm you much, but—"

"No more—no more. I know what you would say, Horton—I know precisely what you would say."

Horton bowed slightly; and then suddenly assuming a gaiety of manner, he said—

"Come, your Grace will breakfast with me. I have been so long a bachelor, that I have all the easy habits of one; and so averse am I to being

pestered with either the offices or the lazy attendance of servants, that I prefer attending upon myself. Suppose we indulge ourselves with such a breakfast as the place will afford to us?"

"As you please, Horton. But during the time that you have been away, I have heard strange noises in the house."

Horton changed colour.

"At times I heard, or I fancied I heard, footsteps and a voice, or voices. You told me that no one but yourself and one other, who could not leave his chamber, were here; but surely that other did leave his chamber."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I kept my word with you, and did not attempt to leave this apartment; but I tell you, for your own quiet, what I heard."

"And I thank you, Grace. It matters not, though, and I will at once proceed to procure for you the breakfast I spoke of."

It was evident that Horton was now struggling with a strange fear that was creeping over his heart. He rose as soon as he well could, and left the room; but he did not dare, while the Duke was listening, and while the daylight was streaming into the apartment, to lock the door of it.

With the most hasty strides, he took his way to that room in which there was some mysterious personage. The deep breathing of some one within showed that whoever was there slept. He opened the door a short distance, and peeped in. All was still, and upon the couch at the farther end of the apartment lay a slumbering form.

Horton closed the door again cautiously.

"It may be he," he muttered; "and yet I hardly think it. I wonder if Marianna endures her imprisonment with patience?"

With a wonderfully minute knowledge of the intricacies of the house, Horton now sought the room into which he had led Marianna. He abruptly opened the door, and stood upon the threshold.

She was not there.

A pang of alarm shot across the guilty soul of Horton, and it was a moment or two before he could summon courage enough to go into the room. Nothing seemed to be displaced, but certainly it was empty.

"Oh, how weak and foolish," he said, with a sickly smile, "I have been of late. Could I forget that in the room above she was much more likely to fly for security, or what looked like security, than in this?"

To ascend the little staircase was the work of a moment; and Horton pushed open the tall, narrow door that led into the apartment immediately above the one that might be considered more specially to be the prison of Marianna. So confident was he that he should find her there, that as he pushed open the door he had her name upon his lips.

"Marianna," he said, "have you slept well?"

The room was empty!

"Gone!" exclaimed Horton. "Escaped! Then I am lost!"

He staggered to a seat, and turning as pale as death itself, he sat down, and for a few moments was incapable of thought. His eyes however, rapidly traversed the room, and he could perceive nothing to elucidate the mystery. Everything was in its usual place and position. The window was closed, and no one could have supposed it possible that a delicate young girl could have escaped from such a place.

"Not from here," cried Horton, suddenly, "not from here has she eluded me, but from below. There I shall find the abundant means, no doubt, by which she succeeded in leaving the place. Oh, fool, fool, that I was, not to secure her more effectually, or else I should have left her at the school in the obscurity she was in, and chanced the improbability of her and the Duchess ever meeting, for it was an improbability."

With a full conviction, now, that in the hasty glance he had taken of the room below, he must have omitted to notice the means by which Marianna had left, he hurriedly descended the narrow spiral staircase, and stood once more in the elegant little apartment, which to the young girl, when first she was left in it, felt like a gilded cage. He tried the ornamental brass work of the window. He examined the lock of the door; all was right. He dashed aside the curtains, in the faint hope that she was, after all, only hiding; and he wheeled along the sofa upon its casters, until it dashed against the rich panelling of the room.

"No—no!" he gasped. "She is not here!"

With a feeling of desperation, he rushed again to

the room above, where he did not consider that he had examined the hiding-places sufficiently—for the idea, and it was the last one that could give him any consolation, came across him, that yet she must be only hiding from him; but all was in vain. In three minutes more, Horton was not only thoroughly satisfied that Marianna was in neither of the rooms, but he was likewise satisfied that the mode of her leaving them was to him a mystery.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he said. "Am I mad? Did I bring her here at all, or did I dream it?"

He covered his eyes for a moment or two from the observation of external objects, and then starting up he said—

"She must be in the house. I do not think that she could leave the house. I will search it. Yes, she must be in the house. Without my keys, and I have them with me, she could not leave it, and yet, how dare I say she could not leave the house, when, as if by magic, she has left these rooms where I thought that she was so secure? I must resolve these doubts."

With a look of greater anxiety than his face had worn for many a long year, Horton now proceeded to make a hasty and galloping kind of searching of his house. It was by no means a very easy thing to go over that house in so short a space of time; but, although he knew that the Duke was waiting for him, he resolved to do so roughly, if afterwards he had to do so more efficiently.

A quarter of an hour sufficed to convince him, that if she were in the house it would require some more active search to find her than he could just then devote to the subject. By one of those efforts that men of obstinate and active intellects are capable at times of making, he succeeded in calming himself down; and muttering, "I must attend to the Duke!" he repaired again to the room occupied by his Grace of Pangbourne.

When Horton entered that room, no one by the look of his face would have conjectured that there was anything amiss with him, and that his spirit was in the state of perturbation that it really was in. He had the faculty of concealing his emotions even from the most curious of eyes, and in a tone of affected gaiety, he said—

"Come, your Grace; if you will be so good as to follow me, I will initiate you into the mysteries of a bachelor's breakfast. The apparatus has cost me some little money and trouble to get together, but, as far as it goes, it is perfect."

"I will follow you, Horton."

"By-the-by, how is the little girl you placed at school? I mean the daughter of Clint."

Horton had turned very sharply upon the Duke as he propounded this question, and looked him keenly in the face.

"Alas!" said the Duke, without the least change of colour or confusion of aspect, "I feel that I have much neglected her; but I hope that she is happy at the school. My own affairs have so filled up my mind and my time, that I have not visited her."

"They have not met!" thought Horton. "Where can she be?"

(To be continued in our next.)

THREE SUNS IN THE HEAVENS.—A celestial phenomenon of a rather remarkable nature was observed here on Monday evening, June 11th. Between half-past five and half-past seven o'clock there were three suns shining in the firmament, the true sun in the centre, and a mock sun on each side of him; all the three were in a line parallel to the horizon. The suns were surmounted with a circular halo, like a faint rainbow, and to a spectator in Perth a slightly arched and very remarkable cloud stretched from Moncreiffe-hill to Birnam-hill, and seemed to rest on each of these elevations. The far background of the suns seemed to be composed of dark silver, from which grotesque clouds towered aloft in bold relief, their edges burnished with radiance from the triple luminaries. At one time the most northerly of the false suns appeared brighter and better defined than the true one. The beautiful but substantial vision had passed quite away before eight o'clock, leaving not a wreck behind.—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

An impudent man is one whose want of money and want of wit have engaged him beyond his abilities.

KNOWLEDGE, if not accompanied with justice, is craft; if not regulated by reason, is rashness.

## THEATRICALS IN CALIFORNIA.

At the time of which I am writing, Sacramento City boasted the only theatre in California. Its performances, three times a week, were attended by crowds of the miners, and the owners realized a very handsome profit. The canvas building used for this purpose fronted on the levee, within a door or two of the City Hotel; it would have been taken for an ordinary drinking-house, but for the sign, "Eagle Theatre," which was nailed to the top of the canvas frame. Passing through the bar-room we arrived at the entrance; the prices of admission are: Box, three dollars; Pit, two dollars. The spectators are dressed in heavy overcoats and felt hats, with boots reaching to the knees. The box-tier is a single rough gallery at one end, capable of containing about a hundred persons; the pit will probably hold three hundred more, so that the receipts of a full house amount to nine hundred dollars. The sides and roof of the theatre are canvas, which, when wet, effectually prevents ventilation, and renders the atmosphere hot and stifling. The drop-curtain, which is down at present, exhibits a glaring landscape, with dark-brown trees in the foreground, and lilac-coloured mountains against a yellow sky. The overture commences; the orchestra is composed of only five members, under the direction of an Italian, and performs with tolerable correctness. The piece for the night is "The Spectre of the Forest," in which the celebrated actress, Mrs. Ray, "of the Royal Theatre, New Zealand," will appear. The bell rings: the curtain rolls up; and we look upon a forest scene, in the midst of which appears Hildebrand, the robber, in a sky-blue mantle. The foliage of the forest is of a dark-red colour, which makes a great impression on the spectators, and prepares them for the bloody scenes that are to follow. The other characters are a brave knight in a purple dress, with his servant in scarlet; they are about to storm the robber's hold and carry off a captive maiden. Several acts are filled with the usual amount of fighting and terrible speeches; but the interest of the play is carried to an awful height by the appearance of two spectres, clad in mutilated tent-covers, and holding spermaceti candles in their hands. At this juncture Mrs. Ray rushes in and throws herself into an attitude in the middle of the stage: why she does it no one can tell. This movement, which she repeats several times in the course of the first three acts, has no connexion with the tragedy; it is evidently introduced for the purpose of showing the audience that there is, actually, a female performer. The miners, to whom the sight of a woman is not a frequent occurrence, are delighted with these passages, and applaud vehemently. In the closing scenes, where Hildebrand entreats the heroine to become his bride, Mrs. Ray shone in all her glory. "No!" said she, "I'd rather take a basilisk and wrap its cold fangs around me, than be clasped in the embraces of an artless robber." Then, changing her tone to that of entreaty, she calls upon the knight in purple, whom she declares to be "me 'ope—me only 'ope!" We will not stay to hear the songs and duets which follow; the tragedy has been a sufficient infliction. For her "art-rendering" personations, Mrs. Ray received two hundred dollars a week, and the wages of the other actors were in the same proportion. A musical gentleman was paid ninety-six dollars for singing "The Sea! the Sea!" in a deep bass voice. The usual sum paid musicians was sixteen dollars a night. A Swiss organ-girl, by playing in the various hells, accumulated four thousand dollars in the course of about five or six months.—*Taylor's California*.

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

It has been said that reality frequently exceeds romance, and nothing can better exemplify the axiom than a notice of the providential and almost miraculous escape which Captain G. W. Andrews, of the Caroline whaler, which ship touched here on Saturday, has lately experienced. It has long been known that the sperm whale frequents the offing in considerable numbers, some of them having been actually captured within sight of the lighthouse: indeed, on one occasion, we saw one within a few hundred yards of the outer breakers, in a depth of water which could barely have exceeded his length. It is well known that, preparatory to attacking a whale, the rope attached to the harpoon is coiled carefully in a kind of tub at the bows of the boat, in order that, on the whale receiving his fatal blow,

it may run freely; as, the instant the weapon enters his body, the monster runs with the most inconceivable velocity, generally perpendicularly downwards; and instances have been known in which the wounded creature has actually killed himself by striking the bottom with his head. The rope, in order that as much friction as possible may be given to fatigue the whale (to insure his easier capture), is turned round a chunk of wood fixed in the bows of the boat, and a man is stationed with a bucket of water to extinguish any fire which the rope may create whilst revolving at so immense a velocity round the wooden chunk; he also has an axe or a heavy knife ready at hand to sever the rope in an instant, should any entanglement take place through accident, for, in that case, the boat would be dragged under water in an instant, to the destruction of all on board. Captain Andrews, in this instance, whilst in pursuit of a whale a few days since, took the place of the harpooner at the bows of the boat. On closing with the whale, he struck home, and the monster flew immediately downwards like lightning; but by some means the bight of the rope caught the ankle of Captain Andrews, and whirled him overboard. His sensations at this moment may be imagined, but cannot be described. Descending rapidly into the depths below, he yet had sufficient presence of mind to retain his hold of the knife; but the pressure of the water was so great that both his arms were drawn over his head, and he found it impossible to get them down to release himself. Happily the whale, from some cause or other, ceased to run, and Captain Andrews was enabled to sever the rope below his ankle, and ascended to the surface totally exhausted. The depth to which he descended must have been from fifteen to twenty fathoms, from the time it took to bring himself to the surface again. He found his ankle cut to the bone, and otherwise severely injured. Probably an accident like the one here noticed has never occurred before, in which the sufferer has escaped with life; and had not Captain Andrews happily retained his hold of the knife, he most certainly would have perished.—*Ceylon Times*, August 3.

STATISTICS OF RUSSIA.—The cultivation of the vine in the southern provinces of Russia has been much encouraged by the Government, but the quantity of wine produced is still very insignificant compared with what is imported from foreign countries, and especially from France. In St. Petersburg alone the consumption of champagne amounts to 690,500 bottles annually, although it is an expensive article. There is a kind of sparkling wine imported from Austria, partly over Radziwillow, partly through Odessa, to the extent of 17,000 bottles yearly. The consumption of beer is small; there is but one brewery in St. Petersburg which produces English ale and Bavarian beer, the last of inferior quality, as there is a want of the principal thing necessary to its preservation—good cellars. The importation of foreign beer is prohibited, with the exception of porter, on which a high duty is levied; it is paid on about 90,000 bottles annually. The quantity of spirits consumed is enormous. Although much of the brandy drunk in Russia is distilled from the potato, still the quantity of corn required for the distilleries during the past year was 18,000,000 bushels; yet the withdrawal of this quantity from the food market has had no sensible effect on the price of grain. The export of horses from Russia has greatly decreased in the last two years. The number of horses in all Russia, is estimated at 15,000,000.

POISONING WHALES.—An English gentleman, named Ackermann, recently called on the Academy of Sciences to pronounce on the merits of a harpoon which he has invented for killing whales by means of poison—the poison flowing from the harpoon as the weapon enters the animal. But the learned conclave has just declined to express any opinion, on the ground that the question is one which can only be decided practically, and that there are no means of practical demonstration on whales at Paris. It was observed by one *savant*, that the inventor would do well to find out what peculiar kind of poison will kill whales, it being by no means certain that the most formidable poisons with which we are acquainted will have any effect on the monsters of the deep; and in proof of this, he called to mind that an elephant once swallowed two large bottles of prussic acid without being in the slightest degree affected.

## DISCOVERY OF A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

A PARTY of emigrants by way of the Salt Lake, arrived at Los Angeles, give an account of the existence of gold on that route, east of the principal mountain range, when a company then fitting out for a spot about sixty miles from the Pueblo changed its determination and proceeded in search of this other. The route lay in a north-east direction from the place of departure, and was full of difficulties. Striking the Mahahye river, they followed its course some distance, crossing and recrossing as necessity compelled, some days as often as fifteen times, leaving it where it makes its head to the south-east, towards the Colorado, into which it empties. Obstacles were encountered at various points of the journey almost insurmountable, in the shape of mountains of rock, which they had to climb, and mountains of snow which they could not avoid, narrow gorges through which they had to pass, and still narrower eliffs, along whose crests nothing but a mule could pass with a prospect of safety, and where the slightest misstep would land rider and all hundreds of feet below; but they pushed on about 230 miles from the Pueblo, the point for which they started. Here among the eastern spurs of the Sierra Nevada they found the object of their search—gold and silver too; and in such quantities as they had not dreamt of—a perfect mountain of rocks with silver and gold mingled and commingled in solid masses, weighing from one to many tons. The quartz proved to be exceedingly hard, to such a degree that during their short stay all the implements made for this particular purpose before starting were completely worn out in the operation of drilling and blasting. The strangest part of the whole discovery is yet to be told. These large boulders of gold, silver, and quartz have the gold in the south end and the silver in the north end. No exceptions were found in their examinations, the silver being the more abundant of the two. In the words of the person who was on the spot, "there is enough silver there to sink every ship in this harbour." Possibly, some may look on this account as a jest, and, so far as the practicability of putting the discovery to any use at present is concerned, it is so. All the water to be found for miles and miles around is highly impregnated with salt, or saleratus, or both. Not a single drop of water free from one or other of these properties did one of the party obtain during the ten days of their stay. The whole region is a perfect waste, and disease and death must inevitably follow any prolonged stay. On their return they met a large company going to the same spot. A true statement of the difficulties and dangers of a further prosecution of the expedition induced about 200 to turn back—fifty went on. The gentleman named, from whom these facts have been obtained, is now in this city, with specimens in his possession brought from the mother mountain. They are the most singular and beautiful we have ever seen, and one need only see them and hear him to be convinced that nothing has been told but the truth. The facts are communicated by the gentleman who headed the party of exploration—a gentleman formerly connected with the New York press, Mr. Riell of the *New Era*. The specimens we have seen.—*The Pacific News*.

MERIT AND MODESTY.—There are some sayings in our language about merit being always united with modesty, &c. (I suppose because they both begin with an *m*, for alliteration has a great power over proverbs, and proverbs over public opinion); but I fancy that in the majority of instances, the fact is directly the reverse,—that talents and arrogance are commonly united, and that most clever young men of eighteen or nineteen believe themselves to be about the level of Demosthenes, or Virgil, or the Admirable Crichton, or John Duke of Marlborough.—*Sydney Smith*.

LOBSTER FISHING.—The lobster fishing (says *John o' Groat's Journal*) has been prosecuted with great activity and most successfully on the shores of this county during the last two or three months. At Dunnet and Scafskerry stations, where there are from sixteen to eighteen boats employed, the takes have averaged about 1,000 a week.

WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.—In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs. Trimmer; both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one.

ANTITUITIES OF ST. MARGARET'S,  
WESTMINSTER.

MANY illustrious men are buried within St. Margaret's. Caxton lies here, and in the church books we find:—

"(1491.) 'Item, atte bureyng of William Caxton for iij torches, vis. viijd.'

"'Item, for the belle atte same bureyng, vijd.'

"Here, then, before the era of parochial registers, we have a record of the funeral of the ever-memorable Caxton. His will is not extant; but, from the entries in some subsequent accounts, it appears that he bequeathed a certain portion of his stock of printed books to the 'beho've' of the parish of St. Margaret's. (His executors, between the years 1505 and 1508, gave to the Parish Guild of the Assumption 'iij prynted bokes; ij of theym of the Lyfe of Seynt Kateryne, and other ij of the birth of our Lady, of the gift of the 'xecutors of Caxton.') There is no account remaining for the two years 1492-1494; and in that for the years 1494-6 there are no entries of the sale of books: but in the next account we first hear something of the produce of the printer's bequest in the following entries:—

"1496-8. John Denys, John Fanne.

"'Item, receyved by the handes of William Ryolle for oone of thoo prynted bokes that were bequothed to the church beho've by William Caxton, vjs. vijd.'

"'Item, receyved by the handes of the said William for another of the same prynted bokes called a legend, vjs. iijjd.'

"'Item, by the handes of the parisshe prest for another of the same legendes, vjs. viijjd.'

"There then remained in store—

"'Item, in bokes called Legendes, of the bequest of William Caxton, xijjd.'

"Of these thirteen copies of 'The Golden Legend' (printed in 1483), nine copies were disposed of at various prices during the two following years."

These "legendes" were a book that was actually passing through the press at the time of Caxton's death; and it appears to have been sold at prices varying from 5s. to 6s. 11d.—rather a high price for that period. The registers are full of entries respecting the plague, from which—doubtless in consequence of its lowness and bad drainage—Westminster seems to have suffered far more fearfully than London. There are notices of payments to painters for painting blue crosses to be affixed to the infected houses, and gratuities at the rate of a penny per head, to authorized dog-killers, the poor animals being believed to carry the infection about in their skins. In 1563—81—94 and 1603 plague occurred in Westminster. The last made fearful ravages.

"The following entries refer to it in the Records. In August, 182 persons had died; in September, 353; in October, 206.

"To Robert Welles, for serving visited people with water, 4s."

"To the bearer, for burying of 36 corpses, 18s. Oct. Laid out for the bearers, searchers, water-bearers, and grave-digger, who attended on the visited people, for that they were allways endangered, to dwell in by themselves, and other necessities, &c., 30l. 18s. 6d. For pitch and tarre for the visited houses, 12d. For papers with Lord have mercy upon us, 12d. For several watchmen for a week, each 4s."

"Robert Wells, in June and July and August, massacred the amazing number of 500 dogs! and in 1605, 83 other canine victims."

"1603. Payd for the graves of COOGLI poore folks, xxxvijs. vijd."—*Walcott's Memorials of Westminster.*

## A MAN AND A BROTHER.

VOLTAIRE, or somebody else, wrote, I think, in the *Encyclopædia*, that the Mosaic account of the creation could not be true, it being impossible that negroes, with skins black as ink and wool instead of hair, could have descended from a white or red skinned man and woman with long flowing hair. Buffon, and a host of other eminent men, maintained the contrary; and their view has just received striking confirmation in the opinion of the majority of the members of the Academy of Sciences, by a recent paper of M. de Froberville, on the negro races of Southern Africa. In this communication, the enterprising and learned traveller states a multitude of facts, illustrated by casts of the skulls of a great many negroes, tending to prove that all mankind really are descended from one common stock; and also, that to this day, as stated

by Humboldt, there are certain affinities in their multitudinous and varied languages. Thus, for example, it is perfectly clear that some of the negro races of the African continent are exactly the same as those in certain islands of Oceania, thousands of miles distant, and that they speak nearly the same dialect; yet there is not the slightest tradition of any emigration having been effected: then, again, among the blacks of the continent are found numerous specimens which might be compared with the best types of the famous Caucasian stock; finally, there are physical and historical traces of a mixture of the blood of the ancient Phœnicians with the stocks of existing negro races. In short, M. de Froberville has very considerably advanced the investigation of the very grave question to which he has devoted himself, and serious hopes are now entertained that it will be possible before long to arrive at a clear, practical, scientific demonstration, that all men of the human race are, as the Bible teaches, "brothers," in so far as regards their descent. And we shall then, perhaps, learn how it was that the blacks became black: perhaps, also, why some of them manifest such an unfortunate propensity to cook and eat their brothers.—*Literary Gazette.*

## THE BAGGAGE-CAMEL AND THE DROMEDARY.—

Here are some anecdotes about the baggage-camel and the dromedary:—The load for the latter is variously stated; some make it six, some seven, and others eight hundred pounds; nay, Sandys says that he will carry a thousand. The swiftness of the dromedary may be compared with that of the high mettled racer, with more endurance. "When thou shalt meet a heirie, and say to the rider Salem Aleik, ere he shall have answered thee Aleik, he will be afar off, and nearly out of sight, for his fleetness is like the wind." *A Sabaye*, said to be the swiftest of this breed, is good for six hundred and thirty miles (thirty-five days of caravan travelling in five days. Seven or eight miles an hour, for nine or ten hours a day, is stated to be a common performance. . . . It is on record that a young man was passionately fond of a young girl—lovely, of course,—and who on her part had a devouring passion for oranges. None were to be had for love or money at Mogadore, and no fruit worthy of the damsel could be procured nearer than Morocco. The lover mounted his heirie at dawning, sped him away to Morocco, a hundred miles from Mogadore, bagged the desired oranges, and returned that very night. Who'll talk of railway travelling after this? Why, if there be heaven on earth, it must be, for a man of strong keen nerves, and hot blood, such a ride as this on his dromedary's back over the vast sweep of the desert. Oh! what glorious delights must these children of nature's wilds enjoy, of which we, in our town-mewed civilization, have not the faintest idea.

ANECDOTE OF THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN.—In descending, we followed the path to St. Michael's Cave, which had recently been honoured with a visit from the Infanta and her husband. We went on till we got into inner darkness, with the mud oozing over our ankles, and the drops pattering frequently on our hats; then we held a conclave, voted it possibly romantic, but decidedly uncomfortable; and so retreated and emerged into the sunlight. The visit of the Infanta had taken place about a month before, and the rock was still echoing with the fame thereof. She was received by the governor with genuine courtesy and kindness. At first, she appeared constrained and reserved; but when at dinner Sir Robert proposed Queen Isabelle's health in a hearty Anglo-Spanish speech, she thawed at once into geniality. When the Queen heard of the reception given to her sister, she immediately sat down, and with her own hand wrote to Narvaez, requesting that the Grand Cross of Carlos Tercero should be sent to the Governor of Gibraltar. This susceptibility of generous impulses is a noble trait in the Queen's character, and is a brighter ornament to her crown than any diamond there. She has been known, in default of money, to throw a costly bracelet to a beggar. That monarch is twice a monarch who ceases to be slave to a master of ceremonies. So the Grand Cross was sent forthwith; but the powers that move men like puppets with red tapes forbade its acceptance. Truly, etiquette and courtesy are not always synonymous; rather shall we say, etiquette is courtesy in a strait-waistcoat.—*Gaspacho.*

## LITERARY ROBBERY IN FRANCE.

The literary and scientific circles of Paris have, for a long time past, been greatly interested with respect to a charge made against M. Libri, a well-known *savant*, a member of the Institute, and a professor of the College of France, of having committed extensive thefts of valuable manuscripts and books in the public libraries of France. Ever since the charge was first made, M. Libri has strenuously protested his innocence, and has been warmly defended by different journals, and in various pamphlets and periodicals. Shortly after the revolution of February he deemed it necessary to seek refuge in England. The investigation of the charges against him was, however, proceeded with, and sufficient proof of his guilt having, in the opinion of the law officers, been obtained, an indictment was preferred. M. Libri not having surrendered on this indictment, the Court of Assizes on Saturday proceeded to try him *par contumace*. The indictment charged him with having, in 1842, taken away several precious books and manuscripts from the public library of Carpentras, with having sent them to Italy to be bound and prepared in Italian style, and with having sold them in London—one for as much as six thousand francs. One of these manuscripts was that of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. The indictment further charged him with having taken away one hundred and fifty valuable manuscripts and autographs from the Bibliothèque Mazarine. At Troyes, nineteen Italian works of the middle ages disappeared after he had visited the library. At Grenoble, six works of a similar character were taken by him. At Montpellier he also committed thefts of books, and he attempted to prevent them from being discovered by placing worthless books or inferior editions in the room of those he took away. From the same library he also took a good many of the letters of Queen Christina. From the Institute of Paris a great number of letters of Charles VII., Charles VIII., Francis I., and the whole correspondence of Henry IV. with his wife, were, it was alleged, taken away by the accused, together with a number of letters of other distinguished historical personages. The manuscripts of Leonard de Vinci, which are of such great value as to be only shown to persons specially authorized, were placed in his hands; and sixty-six sheets of them were subsequently ascertained to be missing. The indictment further alleged that many of the books and manuscripts stolen from the different libraries were sold by M. Libri; and that the others were preserved in his library. This library is estimated to be worth the vast sum of six hundred thousand francs (twenty-four thousand pounds); and the indictment showed that M. Libri's regular pecuniary resources (the principal of which was his professorship of four thousand francs a year at the College de France) were totally insufficient to enable him to purchase such a collection, especially at the rate at which he lived. When he came to France in 1830, he was, added the indictment, in such distress, that his mother wrote to him that he did right to be economical, even of his sons. In his house, it was further said that he had a number of instruments for scratching out marks, stamping, binding, &c., manuscripts and books. After the reading of the indictment, the Advocate-General demanded the application of articles 254 and 255 of the Penal Code, and the Court condemned M. Libri by default to ten years' imprisonment (*reclusion*). This sentence is what the French law calls a *peine afflictive et infamante*, and consists in strict confinement with hard labour in a house of correction; it also carries with it deprivation of civic rights.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

\* WIT.—"Wit," says Johnson, "may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discors*—a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;" but if this be true, then the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal, between acidification and combustion, are pure pieces of wit, and full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantries."

ALPHABETICAL FLAVOURS.—I should not be surprised if the alphabet could be taught by a series of well contrived flavours; and we may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting day shall be (which it certainly is not at present) considered as a day peculiarly favourable to study.—*Sydney Smith.*

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

**NEW POSTAL TARIFF IN FRANCE.**—The following has just been issued:—"The director of the post-office has the honour to inform the public that in conformity with the law on finance of the 18th May last the postage on simple letters will be raised from twenty to twenty-five centimes from the 1st of July next. Simple letters are those which do not weigh more than  $\frac{7}{8}$  grammes (about a quarter of an ounce). The letters weighing more than  $\frac{7}{8}$  grammes, but not exceeding fifteen grammes, will pay fifty centimes. The decree of the 24th August, 1848, is maintained with respect to the postage on letters exceeding fifteen grammes in weight. The prepayment of registered letters (*lettres recommandées*) will be optional. These letters will pay, besides the ordinary postage for weight, an additional and invariable postage of twenty-five centimes. They must continue to be deposited in the post-office in envelopes, and closed with at least two seals in wax, with an impression on the seals. The tariff of twenty centimes is maintained for letters addressed to sub-officers and soldiers of the army, and to sub-officers and sailors of the navy in active service. The postage stamps or figure heads sold by the post-office for the prepayment of letters, will be of five different sort: 1st, at ten centimes, of a bistre colour; 2nd, at fifteen centimes, of a green colour; 3rd, at twenty-five centimes, colour blue; 4th, at forty centimes, colour orange; 5th, at one franc, colour red. The public will be at liberty to combine as it may please the use of the postage stamps. The pre-payment will be valid whenever the postage stamps employed shall represent an amount at least equal to the postage due. No reimbursement can be exacted, in the event of the stamps exceeding this amount. If the letter destined for a French post-office, shall bear postage stamps insufficient to cover the postage, the surplus of the legal postage must be paid by the receiver. The pre-payment with double postage remains obligatory for what are called *lettres chargées*. Persons who, after the 1st July, may have in their possession postage stamps at twenty centimes, may receive money for them in the post-offices, provided the stamps be intact."

**COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HOLYHEAD AND DUBLIN.**—A new mode of expediting the passage across the Irish sea has lately been proposed, of which the following is an outline. An immensely powerful vessel, of at least 1,200 horse power, and from 12,000 to 15,000 tons measurement, drawing only twelve feet of water, is to be constructed. It is calculated that such a vessel would make the voyage at a uniform rate of three hours, possess accommodation for hundreds of passengers, and go so smoothly through the water that sea-sickness would be almost unknown. The expenses are calculated as follow:—Cost of vessel, twenty-six thousand pounds; engines, seventy-two thousand pounds; total, ninety-eight thousand pounds. It is proposed to make only one passage each way every day, except Sunday. It is considered that the number of passengers which would avail themselves of this mode of communication might safely be calculated at 500 per day, which, at two shillings and sixpence per head, or less than halfpenny per mile, would produce thirty-nine thousand one hundred and twenty-five pounds yearly. Never has there been such a plan proposed for the regeneration of Ireland, and for infusing vitality into all the railways, both of England and Ireland. It is worthy of consideration for those companies whom it would so much benefit to complete it among them. If any loss (which we do not anticipate) should arise in the direct water traffic, it would be completely swallowed up in the indirect advantages which would accrue to all.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

**FOREIGN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.**—The following numerous and large arrivals of fruits and vegetables have taken place in one day from the Continent for the metropolitan markets:—The steamer, *Rainbow*, from Rotterdam, brought 1,101 bags of new potatoes; the *Sir Robert Peel*, from Dunkirk, 809 basket and forty-nine cases of new potatoes, 253 dozens of cauliflowers, and 1,124 baskets of cherries; the *Apollo*, from Rotterdam, 3,783 baskets of new potatoes, four baskets of melons, and nineteen sieves and twelve baskets of cucumbers; the *Stadt Dordrecht*, from Dordt, twenty-eight hampers and twenty baskets of new potatoes, twenty hampers of cherries, eight hampers of cabbages, and twenty-nine hampers of carrots; the *Fyenvord*, from Rotterdam, 603 baskets and

200 bags of new potatoes, and 197 baskets of cherries; the *Venezuela*, from Havre, 1,576 baskets of various kinds of fruits; and the *Soho*, from Antwerp, twenty-six baskets of green peas, and 1,384 baskets of various sorts of fruits—the produce of France, Holland, and Belgium.

The *Railroad Journal* states that at least ten thousand miles of road will be built in the United States within the next ten years. Besides the iron required for the new structures, a considerable amount will be needed for re-laying worn-out tracks and repairs. Over 100,000 tons will be purchased annually, which, at the present prices, will cost five million dollars per annum.

The approaching harvest in the Banat and Servia promises to yield most abundantly. The wheat, barley, and rye are in very full ear; the appearance of oats and maize is that of exuberance. The wine season in Sirmia and Fruska Gora will be very good.—*Vienna Official Gazette*.

## LOVE'S QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

"I send a question to my dear  
Each morning by the lark,  
And every night the nightingale  
Brings answer ere the dark.  
The question needs no other words,  
And this is the reply—  
'I'll love thee, dearest, while I live,  
And bless thee if I die.'"

"I send a message by the rose;  
It says, 'Thou breathing grace,  
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,  
Spreads fragrance round thy place.'  
The lily brings the answer meet:  
'O thou whom I adore,  
My heart is spotless as these leaves,  
And loves thee evermore.'"

C. Mackay.

## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

THE following extract amusingly shows how slowly and deliberately the march of improvement proceeded among our forefathers:—

"In 1661 the streets were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns, by every householder or occupier fronting the main road, from nightfall to nine p.m., the hour of retiring to bed. In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign, one Edward Heming obtained the right of lighting the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door, from six on moonless evenings until midnight, between Michaelmas and Lady-day. During the reign of Queen Anne, in July, 1708, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners, instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an Act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from six to eleven o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each new moon, and the third after it reached the full. In a few years a company was formed to light the street from six o'clock until midnight, each householder who paid poor-rates being required to contribute for this purpose six shillings a year. Gas at its introduction, in the beginning of the present century, (now paled by Bude and Electric Lights), presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of the Foreign Ambassadors, that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were only a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival. In 1722 the Chelsea Waterworks were established,—the ponds of which are now converted into the Grosvenor Canal, with a basin and wharves. In 1842 separate works were formed to supply the Serpentine, the basin in Kensington Gardens, and the lake in St. James's Park: thus, through what might otherwise have been little better than stagnant and unhealthy pools, a constant circulation of fresh water is maintained. In 1762, by Act of Parliament, all sign-boards of trades and water-spouts were to be removed, and the names of streets to be written up on the corners; the footpaths were widened, and paved with broad flat stones to distinguish them from the roads used by vehicles. Six years afterwards Commissioners were appointed by Parliament for paving, cleansing, lighting and watching the streets, and regulating coach-stands. In 1774, by another Act, fire-cocks were placed in

the water-pipes, with conspicuous notices of their distances and situations, and orders were made for keeping fire-engines and ladders in every parish."—*Walcott's London*.

## DOCTOR GUTHRIE AT THE SIEGE OF BADAJOS.

WHEN Sir Lowry Cole raised the siege of Badajos, by withdrawing the force under his command, he left the pickets in the trenches, in order to deceive the French Governor as long as possible, with orders to a staff officer to withdraw them soon after daylight; and before he thought the garrison could have time, on observing the smallness of their numbers, to come out and attack them. This gentleman—a worthy old Scotchman of the Celtic breed, and, like most of his countrymen, as brave as his sword,—having other duties to perform, soon forgot the pickets: and in his anxiety to be in for what was supposed to be an impending fight, followed the troops. When nearly on the field of Albuhera, he recollected he was to have brought off the pickets. The old gentleman—Randy Dandy, as he was affectionately called, for everybody liked him, who was rather bald, with reddish hair, a clear, florid complexion,—suddenly turned pale, big drops of sweat broke out on his forehead, when the recollection of the deserted pickets suddenly flashed across his mind. What was to be done? He rode up to Sir Lowry Cole, and manfully stated his forgetfulness. "Go back, sir," said the general, "and do not let me see you again without the pickets." Randy Dandy went off at a gallop, and slackened not his pace until he entered the trenches, where he found the pickets as quiet and as comfortable as possible. He withdrew them without molestation, although the distant firing could be distinctly heard. The French General would not believe in the absence of the rest of the besieging force; he did not suspect staff officers could be so forgetful, and remained perfectly quiet, the day being now well advanced, instead of marching out, as in all probability he would have done, if the trenches had been abandoned in the morning. He had in Badajos a strong force of infantry, as well as of cavalry, whose sabres, as the Portuguese had found to their cost the day before, were sharp; and if he had appeared on the field of Albuhera at even two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, with 1500 infantry and 500 cavalry, few if any of the British army would have again seen Portugal!—*Lancet*.

**THE ASSYRIAN RESEARCHES.**—Col. Williams, Her Majesty's Boundary Commissioner, who has lost no opportunity of supporting Mr. Layard in his operations, occupies his spare time at present at Workah, an immense ruin south of Babylon. He had previously despatched Mr. Loftus, the naturalist attached to his diplomatic mission, accompanied by a young man (son of the late Mr. Churchill, acting as interpreter), with the caravan of mules and horses by the way of the Mesopotamian deserts; and these explorers have been fortunate enough to discover an entire mine of antiquities, consisting of bricks with very perfect inscriptions, which cannot fail to throw considerable light on the period of history to which the city to whose previous existence they bear testimony belongs. In addition to this, they discovered coffins of glazed earthenware, out of which they took armlets and anklets, furnished with inscriptions in a very perfect state. From these, it is probable that information as to the burial ceremonies of the dead may be collected,—in illustration not only of their domestic life, but also of their religious ceremonies connected with the final destination of both body and soul. In the short space of three days, Mr. Loftus (by the assistance of Arab excavators) has collected from these mounds sixty very curious relics,—the most important of which consisted in armlets, anklets, arrow-heads, bronze and clay statuettes, bracelets, and a sword: and, in addition to them, innumerable inscriptions. On his return to head-quarters, whether Mr. Loftus considered himself bound to proceed to obtain an extension of leave, in order to revisit the scene of his successful labours, he laded his mules with some fine fragments of a statue in black basalt, all of which will be transcribed to England with Mr. Layard's third exportation of Assyrian marbles.—*Architect*.

## LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

JULY.

JULY! The very name is soft, liquid, and suggestive of hot airs. Midsummer has made its bow to us, and fair sister sits down to keep us company with a warmth of friendship that will not be gainsaid. It has come upon its chariot of south west winds, just with a little flash of moisture to make it look full of sensibility; and while it fringes the eye-lashes of one sparkling orb with moisture, it scorches us with the fire of its sunny inclemency upon the other cheek. Yes, July has come to us, soft and tender, and it is welcome, fickle though it be, and fond of coquetting a little with rough breezes, and of throwing fine dust in the eyes of its admirers, and now and then of sprinkling, with rather too unniggard a hand, the green earth. But yet, again, we say, is July welcome; for the breezes that it keeps fond company with, are round and comely, and buxom breezes—none of your lank, shrewish blasts—from the cunning east. The breath of the July gale lets you feel that it—

"Knows a bank whereon the wild Thyme grows," for it carries soft odours upon its noiseless wings, and fans even the cheek of beauty with a gentle violence. It might have visited the face of Hamlet's mother, even, and the good King of Denmark would scarce have blamed it. And then, again, the rain of July is like the tear of wilful beauty—it comes but to conquer us with more loveliness—a weapon is it of the sunny south; for does it not fill the thin air with a luscious humidity, grateful to all? And what a world of fresh beauties it evolves from tree and bud and flower. Yes, July, we love thee! let thy niggardness in the little spot of the great globe that we call our home, be what it may. Come, gentle month, with sunshine, with puffing breezes, or with soft showers, still art thou welcome! and thy reign is one of beauty and promise. Let us take a peep at thee at day dawn, when the lazy world is awaking again, to wink at thy sunny lustre, or to wonder at the tears and sighs that, in the shape of gusty showers and whirling breezes, break over the land.

Now the midnight time is no more, and its gloom is a fable, for scarcely have the stars peeped out from behind some long shadowy vapour to see if the young flowers are asleep, than up starts, from the eastern sky, a line of light, that makes them hide their diminished heads, and "pale their ineffectual fires;" and then, along the clear horizon, you will see such changing tints, that you may fancy yon cloud that has elaborated its bright colouring from gold to purple—from purple to a hazy green—and from the hazy green again to a silvery tissue, to be some huge chameleon, disporting itself in the early dawn, and trying to put a false colour upon facts. But look you, now, how softly yon golden beam of fresh young light, full of virgin worth and beauty, shoots like a meteor across the leaden sky—it falls upon hill, and tree, and tower; and while yet the valleys are in a shrouding mist of cloudy dew, the topmost things upon the green and glorious earth, are awakened up by the first beam of the summer's day. Now, from the tuneful throats of a million feathered songsters, comes upon the air the troll of music; and up—up soars the lark, until, floating in the golden light, it hangs, a brilliant atom, beneath the arch of Heaven, and with a fluttering song of pure delight, vasks in the sunbeams of another day. Another beam of light, and lo! the gentlest buds of nodding plants brighten up, and such a flutter is there in the

trim-kept bed, as the little beauties shake out their flimsy splendours to the day, that one might fancy them a seraglio of young divinities, caught napping by some great Eastern Potentate. The gaudy tulip spreads its flaring banners to the air, and the young rose opens its fair bosom to exhale the one drop of pearly dew that has crept into that nest of sweets in the still dim hour of the night. The flaunting poppy and the stately hollyhock, the mild verbena and the heliotrope, in its half-mourning suit of blossoms, together with a thousand others of more or less note and likelihood, shake off the dull vapours of the night, and with a pranking pride, nod to the young air of a July morn.

And now wait while, and from the dim valleys that face this hillock where we stand, ankle-deep in sparkling dew, while the silver moth, and the long-legged skipper of the grass-tops play at leap-frog by us, you will see how the dim hovering mist is in a commotion, for the sunny air above has given it the touch of vitality, and it feels that it must roll up like a shrivelled scroll, and into nothingness resolve itself beneath the sunbeams. It comes—the vapoury vestment moves; and now, with a whirl up yonder grassy slope, 'tis gone, and the green valley is awake.

Now the little streamlet dances in music and in glittering joy, with a seeming Californian sparkle upon its surface, so daintily do the sunbeams tip with gold the tiny waves. Now the cattle wander forth into the cool inviting woods, and dash aside the clustering dew-drops to crop the crisp grass and the modest clover heads, that there are full of gushing sweets. Now the fathers and mothers of little woolly-looking families, perched in the clefts of tall trees, sally forth to see what breakfast beautiful nature has provided for their tender little ones; and, returning, laden with the stray crumb, or the seed of some plant, are met by half a dozen little screaming throats, and the fluttering of the like pair of rudimental wings, until each clamorous appetite is satisfied. Now the bee commences its daily labour, and has a harder destiny than man, for not only does he earn his honey by the sweat of his brow—a fact, if we could only see it—but for his providence in laying up for the dreary winter, gets smothered in the autumn—*secundum artem*. The fast ripening corn dashes to and fro like the ocean's ripple, and amid the tall spars you may see the scarlet poppy, like a flaunting banner borne by some small Ensign, as a rallying post to a host of bearded warriors. And as the day advances, if the eastern wind but make a gentle coalition with a light air from the north, there will be no clouds to stop between the world and the blaze of the sun's broad disc, and like a ball of fire, the earth will then seem to roll beneath a sky of blazing brass. The little streamlet will be stilled; the languid flowers will hang their heads; the cattle will stand fetlock-deep in the ponds, and lash their sleek sides with their tails to dislodge the busy rout of flies—even gnats will get on the shady side of the wall. The wild bee will creep into the cool heart of a rose, and idle away an hour—fish will leap out of the stream to get an airing, and enjoy the cool splash back again—the frog is too hot to croak in the ditch. The sun-beetle gets under a stone, and the sun blazes on over its meridian, and you may almost see the green tint of the earth changing to the mellow hue of a premature autumn.

And now, in London, people dread the heat of the day and the fetid suffocation of the night, and, by way of pleasure, they throng into river steamers, where, in addition to no shade, they have the miasma of the Thames as an atmosphere; and at a time when to come into contact with any other hot in-

dividual is a horror, a mania for "excursions" takes possession of the multitude, and they go in crowds everywhere.

Now the balconies of the metropolis certainly do present a show of thriving floral beauties, for Flora will come out in spite of anything. The trees in the square gardens look almost green, and people take hot, dusty, choking walks to the suburbs, and sit down in dingy tea-gardens, and fancy that they are in something nearly approaching to Arcadia, if it were not for the scent of tobacco slightly overpowering the gentle odour of the rose, and the frothy, sweet tea-garden ale, with its usual quantum of flies, speedily recalling them to earthly considerations, by inflicting a head-ache of twenty-four hours' duration. Now the theatres are almost things of tradition; for how can folks sit in a temperature of Heaven, and the thermometer only knows what, to be amused. And now occasionally the dust and the wind will wait for you at the corner of the streets, and dashing into your face and eyes, let you know that all is not sunshine that glitters. The domestic cat fancies now that the Millennium has come, and just feels a little warm and comfortable, basking in a sunshine of ninety-five degrees. Dogs have sinister ideas of insanity, which induces many people to keep a cur forthwith at home; and, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, people are glad of something to look cool upon, and so have chosen Prince Albert's Peep-show for 1851, while the commissioners, not at all nice to a shade or two, will not "spare that tree." Young ladies find that a flirtation is a warm affair, and give up all ideas of the same till the autumnal evening parties and the London season is over; and people who can leave hot, dusty, sultry London if they like, cannot do so, because the fashionable time for doing so has not arrived; and rational people who would go far away to hill and dale, and pebbly beech, generally can't do so, but have to endure the summer's flaw as best they may; but lo! even as we write, the weather vane on the spire of yonder church squeaks round to the west, and the rain patters upon our casement. Oh! grateful shower—cooling, refreshing to earth, to air, and to all that therein live! It is gentle and gracious of sunny July to stop yon cloud, with its dark fringe of aqueous particles, over the huge city. Puff! there comes the wind, too, and the oven-like vapours of a week, are gone. This is grateful! We can now afford again, in a little time, to let July blaze upon us with an unwinking eye.

FLORIST'S FLOWERS, FOR JULY.—PINKS.—These may be pipped, or struck from cuttings, as soon as possible. Some florists layer the larger shoots, but these make by no means so handsome plants as by the former method. We know some people who are unsuccessful in what is really a very simple operation. The best plan is to make an excavation a foot deep, in a shady situation; in this place a bass mat, which should be larger than the bed, that it may turn up at the ends and sides; this will prevent the worms getting amongst the compost, and loosening the cuttings. The excavation may then be filled up, level with the surrounding surface, with some well-prepared vegetable soil and river sand; it will then be advisable to give it a soak of water, when it will be ready for the pipings. TULIPS.—The sooner these bulbs are out of the ground the better; when the foliage has assumed a yellow tint, the skin of the bulb will be brighter, and we have often found that bulbs, which had been left in the ground till the skin was black, were the succeeding season coarse and out of character. AURICULAS.—Do not lose sight of these favourites; take care that they are properly watered and kept free from green-fly. It ought not to be "out of sight out of mind." RANUNCULUSES.—Get them up as the foliage withers. DAHLIAS.—Thin, disbud, tie out, and entrap earwigs.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

## COUSIN CECIL;

OR,  
THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.  
A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

## CHAPTER XV.

## COUSIN CECIL CONTRACTS MATRIMONY RATHER IN A HURRY.

THE great misfortune of your very clever and lucky people is, that after a time reasoning from their own standard of morals, they get so suspicious of human nature, that they can trust nobody.

If ever any human being was in such a state of mind as that, Cousin Cecil was that unhappy person.

It is related of Bonaparte, that he had two men whose duty it was to watch Fouché, the Chief of the Secret Police, and that there was a very clever intriguing woman in Paris, who was paid very handsomely to keep an eye on the two men. History does not tell us who watched the clever woman.

Cousin Cecil proceeded to something in this way. She had a very high opinion of Mr. Greene, but she did not depend wholly upon him; and when she told Mr. Jarvis that she had sent some one to London to get a legal opinion upon her case, in all its complications, she told the truth. That person, so sent, was the Vicar.

Perhaps Miss Cecil, Spinster, had her own reasons for being alarmingly trustful as far as the Vicar was concerned. We shall soon see, however, that a community of interests was established between that worthy pair that promised great things.

It will be remembered that Vicar Anson had forced his way into the house, notwithstanding his summary ejection therefrom; and that, by some means or another, he continued to hold continual sultans with Miss Cecil. Evil be to those who evil think. These little interviews between the spinster and the worthy scion of the church, as by law established, might be quite innocent. It is a beautiful thing to think that human nature may, after all, be better than it looks, like some homely face that hides a world of excellence in the heart beneath it. It is our duty, however, to make the reader acquainted with the mode in which the charming Cousin Cecil managed affairs after night-fall at Larchins.

The house was very old, and it was not every one who lived and slept under its roof who knew all its intricacies. Miss Cecil did, however, for upon the occasion of her first coming to live there, she had, by her hypocritical arts, so won upon the honest, frank, unsuspecting nature of the Colonel, that he had answered all her questions regarding the place, and shown her all its secrets with a freedom that he ought not to have given himself or her.

Among those secrets of Larchins were several small staircases let into the solid-looking walls, and leading, by circuitous and dreary routes, to different parts of the building. One of these staircases conducted from a small greenhouse in the garden to an apartment called the Strangers' Chamber, in which was lodged any chance guest that might be at Larchins.

It was a handsome panelled room, this Strangers' Chamber; and one of the panels, to those who knew how to touch it, would open at a touch, disclosing the little winding flight of stairs that led to the small greenhouse, and there again opened in such a manner by the side of an inlet in the wall where there was a statue of some obscure heathen divinity, that the most curious eyes might look upon it in vain.

Cousin Cecil's apartment was nearly directly opposite to the Strangers' Room, so that the doors of the two chambers were only separated by about twelve feet of corridor.

Any one at all acquainted with Larchins, could find no sort of difficulty in making their way to the greenhouse, which was one seldom visited, as it was devoted to the purpose merely of laying by plants that were in store for the next season. It was always kept locked; but one lock may have many keys, and nothing was easier than for Cousin Cecil to accommodate the Vicar with one, after which he could visit Larchins as often as she pleased to unbolt the little secret door that led from the greenhouse to the staircase in the wall.

Such, then, were the means by which, in defiance of all prohibitions, and in defiance of Solomon and

Sir William Watson and the pump, the Vicar found entrance to the house in which he was an unwelcome guest to all but one.

That one, though, was the one that he came to visit, so he cared little for the connivance of any other.

We will now beg the reader to pass over the remainder of the day upon which Cousin Cecil found it so convenient to be very ill, and so handy to have a medical man who would vouch for the fact, at the price of a couple of guineas a-day, and to suppose that the sun has set upon Larchins.

It was a very sweet sunset that, although there was about it something rather peculiar as to colour, from which the weather-wise would, no doubt, have predicted something in the shape of storm and tumult. A dull metallic kind of tint appeared to pervade the whole sky, and to be reflected on the earth. The trees had a strange aspect, with that glistening light upon their leaves, and the forest birds flew low and uttered notes of fear as they sought darksome recesses into which that preternatural light did not penetrate.

For about ten minutes this lasted, and then, as though at the fiat of the great Lord of all, the twilight went out, and a gloomy darkness, accompanied by a creeping, sighing, wind, swept over the land.

Cousin Cecil is in her chamber.

More than once that bold, bad, imperious, sinful woman had stepped into the corridor, and stooped to listen to what sounds might be manifest in the house. Larchins was unusually still. The servants had been regarding the strange aspect of the evening, and had, with a superstitious kind of dread, betaken themselves to their own portion of the mansion, in full expectation of some convulsion of the elements. Lionel and Minna were in the library conversing of the past, and picturing to themselves sather a gloomy future, if they should not be able to sustain themselves at Larchins.

"How very still," said Cecil, after she had listened for a few moments. "One would think even that this house was a house of the dead—no—no—not dead."

The mere pronunciation of that word had a tendency to terrify her; for, although she had reasoned herself into a belief that it was some one playing a trick upon her, who had seemed so like the Colonel, at her bedside, yet, the incident had had its effect upon the nervous system of Cousin Cecil, and, despite all her arguments to the contrary, clung to her with a shuddering doubt, that it might be supernatural after all.

But the mind of the spinster had other things to occupy it just then. She was on the watch for her worthy messenger from London. She expected the Vicar.

The sudden departure of daylight, and the extraordinary gloom that spread itself over the face of nature, were arguments for the speedy arrival of the Vicar, who, under such circumstances, could easily make his way through the garden to the green house, in which was the secret door.

"He will be sure to come," said Cousin Cecil. "Oh, yes, he will be sure to come. Alas! alas! But for a culpable carelessness of my own, I would not have received him here like a thief in the night; but he could have come boldly to the house, as any visitor; but all that will be altered soon. Oh, why did I not secure those papers that, by such a wretched chance, have got into the hands of those who are my foes!"

Cousin Cecil rightly enough, so far as Lionel was concerned, attributed the whole of the change in his determination, concerning the will of his father, to the discovery of the forged documents which had been the means of influencing the Colonel's mind against him. Up to that period, it was quite clear that Lionel, from a strong feeling of respect for his father's wishes and commands, was disposed to put up with the loss of his patrimony; and a very little would have induced both him and Minna to leave the house.

But that was not to be. To be sure, Cousin Cecil could not have taken upon herself to say exactly where the papers were, that she now found were so important in their effect upon the mind of Lionel; but then, if he found them by searching, so might she, and again and again she censured the folly that had, in fancied security, neglected them.

That, notwithstanding all that, however, she should be able to thoroughly substantiate the will as a legal document, which must be given effect to, she had hardly a doubt; but it would have been

much more pleasant to become the mistress of Larchins without a contest than with one.

After waiting in the corridor for some time, and feeling quite satisfied that no one was stirring in the house, although she could hear the murmur of voices from the servants' hall, she stepped back to her own room-door, and locked it, taking the key in her pocket. Crossing the corridor, then, again, she entered the Strangers' Chamber, and approached the panel in the door. Cousin Cecil had too often amused herself by reaching the garden of Larchins by that route, not to be quite familiar with the mode of opening the panel, and the little staircase was soon before her.

How dark and dreary it looked!

If she closed the panel, after going down a few of the steps, she felt that the place would be almost like a sepulchre, and she shook at the imaginative fears that such a thought engendered. After a moment's thought, she secured the door of the Strangers' Chamber on the inside, and then descended the secret staircase, leaving the panel in the wall wide open.

A very few moments now sufficed to take Cousin Cecil to the door opening to the greenhouse, behind the statue of the heathen divinity; and it was no small relief to her to emerge into that somewhat lighter place, and to feel that she breathed a purer air than the house afforded to her.

Rapidly passing through the green-house, she opened its door that led to the open garden, and was in the act of stepping out, when a hand was laid upon her arm so suddenly, that the blood paused in its current in her veins, and she very nearly lapsed into insensibility. She had not at that moment power to scream.

"It is I," said a voice.

That voice belonged to Vicar Anson.

"Idiot!" gasped Cousin Cecil.

"What!" said the Vicar—"what do I hear? Can you be so hard-hearted as to speak to me in such a way?"

"How dared you attempt to terrify me as you have done? It was infamous of you. If, in the surprise of the moment, I had uttered a cry, where would then have been the secret character of your visit here? Must one's nerves be of iron to cope with you?"

"Pardon me," said the Vicar. "It was thoughtless, I admit; but I have been sufficiently long in the open air to see tolerably well, and I thought that in a moment you would recognise me. Pray let it pass."

"It must pass. I came here to look for you. You are early."

"Yes, I have made good speed; but if the night had not suddenly dropped down so darkly over the country, I should not have ventured across the gardens so soon as this. I am anything but well."

"What is the matter, now?" said Cousin Cecil, in anything but an affectionate tone of voice.

"A frightful cold."

"Oh, from the pump?"

The Vicar made a wry face, which, however, Cousin Cecil in the dark could not see; and then, in a low bitter tone, he said—

"I hope that the time will soon come when I shall no longer be in a position to feel that it is policy to put up with such insults from the menials of Larchins. To you, Miss Cecil, I look for that aid and protection which will save me from a repetition of such proceedings."

"Revenge will come," said Cousin Cecil, "after power is obtained. Tell me, now, if you have got the legal opinion you went for?"

"I have, and it is highly favourable. There is nothing in all the circumstances, even putting our own share in them, hypothetically, which I did, that can shake the will."

"That is good news."

"It is. And now let me tell you that I have accomplished the other object, and that I have in my pocket a special licence for our marriage, and I hope you will not delay to give me the right to protect you, as well as the will to do so."

"Yes, yes," said Cousin Cecil, speaking in rather a disturbed manner. "Oh, yes; there is no obstacle, now, surely. So long ago."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing. I was only thinking. That was all. I do not mean to throw any unreasonable obstacles in the way of our union, Mr. Anson. When I gave you leave to get a special licence, I had made up my mind fully. I do believe that you will be able, very materially, to

assist me in holding my property in this place; and the deed of settlement which Mr. Greene drew up, I presume, you will have no objection to sign."

"None in the least. It settles the whole of your property upon yourself, and establishes your control over it."

"It does."

"Very well; my consent to signing such a deed is a sufficient proof that I am not actuated by mercenary motives in seeking your hand."

"I am quite satisfied upon that head," said Cousin Cecil, rather dryly. "Larchins will be yours if you outlive me, according to a provision in the deed."

"Then I sincerely hope that it will never be mine."

Cousin Cecil looked "frowningly," but it was too dark for the Vicar to see that she did so. She recovered her temper in a moment. It had been a little ruffled by the flattery contained in the last speech of the Vicar. With quite a calm, placid tone, she said—

"We shall be useful to each other. I feel that in the contest I may have with Lionel, upon the subject of his father's will, I require the aid of some one whose interests are identical with my own. Follow me. The panel in the room above is open."

"Rather let me hope," said the Vicar, "that you will follow me. I have had time, before this pitchy darkness set in, to call at the parsonage, and the Reverend Mr. Williams, the Curate, is quite ready to perform the ceremony which will make our interests identical. The special licence smoothes all difficulty. Why, therefore, should there be any delay?"

Cousin Cecil was silent for a few moments. Perhaps the silence arose from maidenly reserve. Who shall say? When she did speak, however, it was rather to the purpose.

"Wait for me here," she said. "I will get a bonnet and shawl, and be with you in a few minutes. As you say, there is no occasion for delay, and I will bring the deed with me, which can be witnessed at the Curate's. Be careful while I am gone."

"Of myself?"

"No. Not to make a noise, that's all."

"Oh!"

The Vicar was labouring hard to be a little gallant upon the occasion, but Cousin Cecil evidently did not think it at all necessary; and by her style of reply, convinced him that she looked upon the affair in a very business-like light, and that any attempt to impart to it another character was an utter failure.

"Don't be long gone," said the Vicar.

"I will not."

He listened to her retreating footsteps, and when she was entirely quite out of hearing, he muttered between his clenched teeth—

"So be it. At the death of my wife, that is to be, I am to have Larchins and all its dependances, so runs the deed. Well, life is, at best, but an uncertain possession. We are born to-day, and gone to-morrow, and are cut down like the lilies of the field. Ha! I think I shall outlive Cousin Cecil."

The manner in which Vicar Anson uttered these words was so truly suggestive and diabolical, that if Cousin Cecil had heard them, the effect, even then, might have been very materially to alter her views regarding the marriage with the reverend gentleman. But she did not hear them; therefore, to her, they were the same as though not spoken, and in less time than could have been expected, she returned, shawled and equipped for the expedition across the gardens and grounds of Larchins to the Curate's house, where the ceremony was to take place that was to identify the Vicar's interest with hers.

"Now," she said, "I am ready."

"Oh, how charming!" began the Vicar.

"Silence!" said Cousin Cecil. "Once for all, Anson, let me have no more of this. I do not want to go through the delusion of pretending that this is anything but a marriage of convenience. I think that by our union we shall benefit each other. Let it be, then, upon that principle that we contract it."

"You are a very wonderful woman," said the Vicar. "I took to the church as a profession, fully expecting that my family would push me on; but they have failed to do so, and I cannot live upon a beggarly six hundred a-year, which is all that my preferment brings me in."

"You never told me," said Cousin Cecil, "by-the-by, by what back-stairs' influence your family became so great at Court."

"Why, it is rather a secret; but at a future time

I shall feel, no doubt, that you are entitled to the confidence. You may be sure that it was not their merits."

"Oh, upon that point I never had a doubt. Whenever I find a family much patronised by royalty or nobility, I, of course, conclude that some dirty intrigue is at the bottom of the affair; and I have no doubt but that your case is no exception."

"Not my case, if you please, for somehow or another, I got but very little of the court patronage."

Cousin Cecil laughed slightly, and rejecting, then, the proffered arm of her husband who was to be, she walked rapidly through the gardens of Larchins by his side.

The route which the Vicar and Cousin Cecil took after leaving the cultivated grounds of the estate, was a very picturesque and romantic one indeed, in the day-time, when the points of the landscape could be distinctly seen. There was a considerable rise of ground to the left, upon the summit of which were several very oriental looking trees; and a belt of firs of great size and beauty skirted the edge of a deep pit, from which, from time immemorial, sand and gravel had been dug, until it assumed the appearance of a very deep excavation, indeed.

At different parts of that huge pit, vegetation had commenced again, so that to look down into it, it more resembled, in the summer-time, a little forest, deep in a cavity of the earth, than what it really was.

The seeds of many wild, and many cultivated plants, likewise, had there drifted, and finding shelter upon the different plateaus up the sides, had generated and covered the place with floral beauties, so that when a smart summer shower had freshened up leaf and flower, and left a little glistening pool at the bottom of the pit, it was quite a glorious and beautiful place to look into; and any chance passenger might well imagine that the whole arrangement must be one of art, and would wander along the verge of the descent, looking for some easy, but picturesque mode of creeping down to the bottom of it.

There were rough, zig-zag paths to be sure; but it required a firm step and a steady eye to go down them; and as the pit had now got so deep that the labour of working it any further was about too great to be profitable, it was nearly deserted, and wild vegetation was permitted to reclaim it again, as a spot upon which it could exert its floral beauties, and disport with bud, and tendrils, and flower at its own wayward will.

It was close by that excavation that Cousin Cecil and the Vicar had to make their way; but there was no danger unless a wilful deviation from the path was made. It was too well known to both of them, for them to make an accidental one.

"Have you brought the deed?" said Anson.

"Yes—I was not likely to forget it. But tell me, now—do you still think that the best way will be to have Lionel and his sister out of the house by force, or wait the course of law?"

"Wait, decidedly! I am told there will be no difficulty in getting probate of the will; and then, if they will not go, there will be plenty of legal means to make them; but, remember, if we are to live at Larchins, it will be just as well to avoid scandal in the neighbourhood, and to manage everything as quietly as possible."

"Certainly; but I only intend to live at Larchins occasionally."

"As you please. But here we are at the gate of the parsonage. I expect that Mr. Williams is waiting for us."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### TAKES THE READER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GRAVEL PIT.

NEITHER the Vicar nor Cousin Cecil had the least idea that, so near them as the bottom of the gravel pit, there were two persons in whose future proceedings they were both to be largely interested. Those two persons were the man Migsley, who had conceived the design of robbing the house at Larchins, and the deserter, with whom he had concocted the scheme of spoliation and villany.

The very favourable appearance of the night for the carrying out of any such plan, had induced Migsley to bring affairs to a crisis, and to determine upon, at once, setting about the business. The little adventure which the deserter had had close to the garden of the mansion, had not had the effect of, in any way, ameliorating his feelings regarding

Larchins or its inhabitants; and when Migsley met him, he was still smarting from the hurts he had received from Dick, who had got so much the better of him, by the aid of the flint stones that he had brought into the contest.

The result of the meeting was, that Migsley had made an appointment with the deserter to meet him by the side of the old gravel pit, as soon after sunset as there should be sufficient darkness to cloak their proceedings.

Migsley had been in the neighbourhood before, and he, in common with the gipsy tribe, into whose society we have heard that he all but forced himself, knew perfectly how with safety to descend at any time to the bottom of the excavation.

The path by which this could be accomplished, was the only very carefully elaborated piece of art connected with the pit. It was so obscured by plants and wild flowers, that any one unacquainted with it, would never dream of looking for it amid the maze of vegetation in which it was shaded.

By following Migsley, the deserter, however, had without difficulty made his way to the bottom of the pit; and then, at the very time that Cousin Cecil and the Vicar passed in the immediate vicinity, those two worthies, Migsley and the deserter, were conferring together upon the best mode of effecting the robbery at Larchins.

"Well," said Migsley, when they had reached a firm spot at the bottom of the pit, "I have not asked you how you are by this time, after your riot with the boy? Is all right now?"

"No—and all I have to say is, that I won't leave this part of the country, without being revenged upon him."

"Pho, pho! It's fair fight enough. Besides, consider that you gave all the offence. He hid you from the red coats, and you made love to his little sweetheart, that's the long and the short of it."

"But am I to be crossed continually by that boy? Are all the pretty girls in the parish sweethearts of his?"

"Why, I should think not. It's quite clear that the girl you met, close to the plantation, was Miss Danvers herself, and she is not likely to be a sweetheart to poor Dick the coffin-maker's apprentice. But forget the boy: we have something else to think of."

"I have no objection to think and to talk of something else, but I won't forget him. I mean to have his blood, I tell you."

"No! I say—no!"

"But I say, yes. What can it matter to you?"

"Everything. I tell you, I won't have it. I know I am no great things, but I won't have the boy murdered. It would be a deed that would speak against you when all others had no voice. It shan't be. Banish the thought. I tell you, you shall not do it."

"You are mighty fond of the boy."

"No, I am fond of nobody; but it would be a coward's trick, and nothing to be got by it. Don't think of it, or if you will, let us part here at once, and there's an end of everything between us."

"Well, well," said the deserter doggedly, "let him hide, then—I don't care much about it. We will speak of our own affairs."

"Good! Now, you don't suppose that I have brought you into this place for nothing, do you?"

"Why, no! Not exactly."

"I have shown you the path. It is a secret—a gipsy's secret; but you ought not to forget it. It is easy enough at night, and ten times easier by day, and so I may as well tell you at once, that when we have cracked yonder crib, and filled a couple of good bags with swag, this is the place we must hide them in till the racket and hue-and-cry, if there should be any, is over."

"I understand that."

"That's right, then. The only way to make a safe job of it is to manage it in that way. Of course the gips will be suspected, and the gips will suspect me, and you with me, perhaps; but if nothing is found, and we have no more show of means than before, we are quite safe."

"Oh, quite."

"Well, then, all you have got to do is to stand by me, and go here and there as I tell you, for I have some experience in these affairs, and you have not. Do you agree to that?"

"To be sure I do. And we are to go shares—equal shares?"

"Yes. Be it so. I don't mind. You think that it's quite the fair thing for a green hand

like you to ask for a clear half; but I will let it be so."

"I run half the risk."

"More than half."

"More?"

"Yes, to be sure. I'm an old hand at these affairs. I don't mind telling you as much, and I know better how to take care of myself, I take it, than you do."

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"So, you see, you run more risk than I; but that's no matter. I don't think that there are any chances but very ordinary ones against us in the affair at all. And now we must wait awhile; and it don't much matter whether we wait here or somewhere else. What say you? There is a snug enough lodging here, if you like it."

"Lodging?" said the deserter, trying to pierce the darkness around him with his eyes. "Did you say lodging?"

"Yes, I did; and as we understand each other pretty well, I'll show you another secret of the old pit. Lay hold of my coat, and follow me as close as you can lay your foot to the ground."

"I will—I will."

Migsley led the way across some uneven ground at the bottom of the quarry, until he came to a part of it that seemed to be densely filled up by bushes and trees; but he boldly pushed his way through them, and got into a kind of cavern in the side of the excavation.

"Are you here?" he said to the deserter.

"Yes. Where are we now?"

"In a hole in the wall. Stop a bit, and I will get a light. We are under cover now, and no one will see it; but I will not let it burn beyond a moment or two, in case of accidents. Stand where you are."

There was not much occasion to tell the deserter to stand where he was, for in the intense darkness of that place he was too fearful of making a wrong step, and achieving a fall, to think of moving about much. Migsley in a moment ignited a phosphorus match; and as the little flame lit up the cavernous place they were in, the deserter saw that it was nothing more nor less than a little hollow scraped out of the side of the pit, and that the only articles in it were two small barrels.

The match died out.

"There," said Migsley. "Did you see where you were?"

"Yes. What are the two barrels for?"

"Nothing but seats. There is a plank of wood in the far corner, too, that can be laid across them, so as to make a couch to sleep on. It's enough to keep a fellow off the cold, damp earth, that is all. And now, as we are here, you can take a seat on one of the barrels, while I appropriate the t'other one; for it ain't high time yet for us to go on the crib-cracking lay to Larchins."

After some tumbling about, the deserter got one of the little barrels, and seated himself upon it. There was an ominous kind of silence, when it was broken by Migsley saying—

"What's the day of the month?"

"The eighteenth," said the deserter.

"The deuce it is! You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. It's the eighteenth, and no mistake."

Migsley uttered a groan.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said the deserter. "Is there anything so particular in its being the eighteenth of the month, that you should set up a groaning at it? What's amiss now—eh?"

"Everything, boy—everything. I have been going on all this month, because I wouldn't know the date, avoiding any newspaper I saw, and purposely losing count of the days; I wouldn't know how the time went; I got out of the way the moment anybody began to talk of the date; I wanted to get the eighteenth over, and me not to know it. A long month it has seemed to me, and I made sure now that it was past that date. Alas—alas! this is a blow to me—quite a blow. Are you really sure, boy?"

"Yes, I am. But how can it be a blow to you?"

Migsley was silent for a few minutes, and then he spoke in a voice of emotion that was very unusual with him.

"I don't know how it is, but I feel as if I should like to tell you why the eighteenth of this month is a date that I dread. I never so much as dreamt of telling any one else."

"I should like to know."

"You shall know. Perhaps I'm getting a little mad; but the desire to tell you grows upon me more and more, and I feel as if I couldn't help

it. We have lots of time. Listen to me, and you shall know more of me than any one else in the world knows, except myself."

"I have told you all I know of my history," said the deserter, "and that you will say is not much."

"True—true. I can tell you a stranger tale than that."

"Hush!" said the deserter. "I heard something."

They both preserved silence for several moments, and then Migsley said—

"It is an owl."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. They are fond of this place. There, do you hear it now? It is nothing in the world but an owl."

"Oh, yes; go on with your story; I long to hear about this mysterious eighteenth, and why it should be to you so important a date."

"You shall know. This day nineteen years ago, I married. I don't know whether it was for love exactly, but it was a sort of a kind of infatuation as they call it, and I think now it was more for the sake of rivalry than anything else in carrying off a fine young woman in the face of half a dozen rivals. She was not above eighteen years of age, if quite so much; but she was a sizeable piece of goods, with rather high action, and plenty of colour, and a good voice. Oh, my eye, couldn't she get through the money."

"Rather difficult to manage, I suppose?" said the deserter.

"Rather. I soon found that nothing would satisfy her but lots of money. I tell you that up to that time, my lad, I was an honest man; but she was not the sort of person to let me be so long. She told me she would leave me if I did not bring her as much money as she wanted; and if I could not get it by fair means, she told me to get it by foul. I was really attached to her in my way, and at last—she—she taunted me into robbery."

"Murder!"

"No—no. Not murder!"

"But somebody struck me on the back. It was that that made me cry murder."

"Oh, pho! pho! That was me. How very timid you are, to be sure. Well, she made me a thief. Yes, that was the beginning of it, and then a child was born, and it was hardly a couple of months or so old, when I was found out. Yes, on the eighteenth of that day twelve months after my marriage, I was found out, and a prisoner in Newgate, waiting my trial for highway robbery."

"But you got off?"

"No; they transported me for seven years."

The deserter gave a long whistle.

"My wife never came near me; she sent word just as I was going off, that the child was dead, and that was all I have heard of her. I went away across the herring pond, and served my time out in full. I did think of not coming back; but I at last felt that I should like to do so, and yet, not to come across my old pals, and, besides, to give me an opportunity of finding out what my wife was about, I sent a letter to England in a feigned name, stating my own death. I sent it to some friends of hers, where I knew she would get it, and then I worked my passage back to England. I landed on the eighteenth of the same month, having been away eight years or more, as might be, from England."

"And did you find out your wife?"

"Oh, no, I should have had to have dug for her. I found she had been dead three years or more, so I needn't have troubled about her. They told me she died on the eighteenth of the same month as this."

"It was odd."

"It was; but from that time to now, and it is more than ten years, as I tell you, I have always remarked, that something odd is sure to happen to me on the eighteenth of this month. I can't help it; but I have a dread of the date."

"I don't wonder at it. There's that owl again. Don't you hear it?"

"I do. Wait a bit—I will find a stone and dislodge him. He has got into a tree or a bush close at hand here. I don't expect to hit him; but I dare say I shall frighten him a little."

There was no lack of stones on the gravelly floor of the little cave, and Migsley cast one in the direction that the sound of the owl's peculiar noise had come. The stone went crashing through a bush, and then all was still.

"He will be off now," said Migsley.

"I shouldn't wonder. But how have you lived since you came back to England?"

"How have I lived? Why, how is a man to

live without a character, and who can do nothing if he had ever such a good one, but work with his hands? I lived by taking what I could. The world calls it stealing. I lived by expending more ingenuity, and going through more hardships to take one pound that did not belong to me, than would have honourably earned two; but then they wouldn't let me earn it, and, after all, I don't blame people. How could they know that it was *she* who drove me to be what I was?"

"Well, certainly not; they couldn't know that, but I hope we shall get enough at Larchins to last us some time. If we do, it will be a comfort; for, do you know, there's nothing in the world I dislike so much as working."

"Ah!" said Migsley, "that's just it; and yet, what a fuss would be made if any poor devils of working men were obliged, for their living, to sit on an old barrel in a damp quarry at this time of night, and after that to run the risk of their lives, perhaps, in earning enough to last 'em a month at the outside! Ha! ha!"

"What an uncomfortable idea."

"Yes, it is."

"But I didn't look upon it in that light, Migsley."

"No, I know you didn't. It's work, though, only you fancy it isn't. But it is work, and harder work, too, to be dishonest, than ever a man did, who wouldn't wrong another, knowingly, of a shilling."

"It don't look like it."

"No, it don't; I grant you that it don't. It seems like play, and scamping, and all that sort of thing, and there's an independent feel about it; but did you ever hear of a man who ever made anything by it that did him a bit of good, beyond putting that in his mouth that stole away his brains? But what am I about? I am mad to talk in this way. It ain't often that such thoughts came over me. I can't help them when they do, and, I suppose, it's all on account of its being the eighteenth. Yes, that's it—that's it!"

In moody silence, now, Migsley rested his head upon his hands for several minutes. Suddenly there came the faint chiming of a clock upon their ears, and Migsley cried out—

"Hush! Listen to that."

The clock, then, after chiming the four quarters, struck twelve.

"That will do," said Migsley; "who would have thought, now, that you and I had been here more than three hours? Come, I have some brandy here, you can find the way to your mouth in the dark, I daresay."

"Yes; but I can't see the bottle."

"It ain't a bottle, man. It's a flask. Wave your hand to and fro, till you touch mine, and then you will get it. That's right. Have you got it all safe?"

"Yes—yes. All's right, and good stuff it is, too. We shall get on all the better after this."

"Yes; but don't take too much of it, my lad, or it will unsteady you. Come on, now, and we will creep our way out of the pit. What a dark night it is, to be sure."

"I never knew its equal in the country," said the deserter, as, not without some degree of apprehension, he held by the coat of Migsley, to be guided out of the gravel pit in safety.

Migsley knew his route too well to take a false step; and in the course of ten minutes' cautious creeping along, they reached the top of the excavation, and then they found that it was not quite so dark as it had been; for a brisk air was in motion, which they could not be sensible of, until they had emerged from the pit.

"This way," said Migsley. "Tread lightly, and do not speak again till I tell you, for we have to pass rather close to the stables of Larchins, and at times, the grooms are late about the place. This way—this way!"

In profound silence, and not even with their tread making noise enough to be heard at a couple of yards' distance, Migsley and the deserter approached each moment nearer and nearer to Larchins.

(To be continued.)

THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.—Mr. Slight (clerk to the Commissioners) has negotiated a loan of sixty thousand pounds for the purchase of the Pavilion estate. The lenders are the Bank of England, and the rate of interest four per cent. As soon as the necessary legal steps for completing the loan have been taken, the Palace ground will be thrown open to the public.

## THE MINE AND THE POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A QUEEN'S MESSENGER."

WHAT I am now about to relate I do upon the authority of another person; but yet there is a *véraisemblance* about the narration that induces me to fully believe in it. Moreover, my knowledge of the scenes in which the strange adventure occurred, enables me to say that there is nothing exaggerated in that particular; and I think, if my readers had had the opportunity of hearing the singular statement from the lips of the man who told it to me, they would be of my opinion concerning it.

I had been compelled to perform a fatiguing journey from Vienna to Breslau, and a glance at the map will show that the breadth of country I had to traverse was no trifle in actual extent, and that it was situated in a region where not the most exquisite accommodation was to be found.

At the close of a day of alternate storm and sunshine, I arrived at the foot of the mountain range, which still lay between me and Breslau. My horse, by two or three stumbles during the last few miles, had convinced me that he was in no condition to proceed further upon the rugged road that we were approaching, and I was greatly fatigued myself; so that, with some anxiety, I looked about for some place of rest and shelter for the night.

To my right was a forest, the blackening trees of which, as the evening shadows crept over them, looked dim and threatening—to my left stretched, as far as the eye could see, an arid region of heath, and before me were the mountains. I dismounted, and led my horse.

After proceeding about a quarter of a mile further, I came suddenly, at a turn in the road, upon a peasant, who was kneeling before a rude cross, set up in the very centre of the road. At my approach, or because his orisons were over, he rose, and taking the cross from the ground, into which he had thrust its iron-shod end, he flung it over his shoulder, and looked at me inquiringly.

"My friend," I said, "here we are—a tired man and a tired horse. Is there any place of shelter near?"

"Yes," he said, as he pointed upwards, "there is Heaven."

"Thank you," I said; "but as, no doubt, Heaven sent us all here to do something, I for the present would fulfil its behests, and perform my duty upon earth; so if you can direct me to where I can find food and fire, I shall be gratified."

Making a gesture with his hand, he said—

"Further on there is a house." It is the house of the traveller, whom they relieve with smiles. But listen first to me. You see before you God's providence—yet in life. I am not mad; but if one may keep one's senses, and dive through the vast earth, and yet live in the bubble of a torrent, I am he who has done so."

I at once concluded my chance companion to be one of those religious enthusiasts who are to be found in all nations, and under all circumstances; and I replied to him gently, that if he would be so good as to show me to the house of entertainment he spoke of, it would give me then great pleasure to listen to whatever he had to say.

"Come," he said, and stalking before me, he at once struck out of the high road into an obscure path, that wound round a ledge of rock. I heard the splash and foam of water, and in a few moments he paused upon the brink of a pool, the waters of which were in the greatest agitation, apparently boiling up from the centre; in fact, this piece of water was, in its action, the converse of a whirlpool, and for a moment or two I wondered what became of the large supply of water that came bubbling up, but I soon saw that, connected with the pool, there was a narrow but rapid stream, along which the superabundant water danced and foamed, until I lost sight of it in the far-off valley.

"Behold!" said my mysterious friend. "There is one part of my story. In the mountains is the other."

"Very likely," said I; "and now——"

"Hold! You must hear me now. They will mock me else, and will not let you listen. Oh, I pray to you listen to me now."

"Go on, then," I said. "I will listen."

There was so much pathos in his tones as he prayed me to hear him, that, fully believing in the insanity of the poor creature, I could not find it in

my heart to deny his request; and with the bride of my tired steed resting upon my arm, and the setting sun glaring upon us and upon the bubbling waters of the pool, I listened. There was something wildly majestic in the attitude and appearance of the stranger, as he now stuck his cross upright in the ground, and with one arm resting upon it, he stretched the other towards the mountains, and began his narration. He reminded me of what St. John must have looked like in the Wilderness before he met with "one greater than he."

"In yonder mountains," said the strange being, "you may find the mines of quicksilver, that consign many to death and to disease, while the sun is making up its annual round, and ripening the fruits and fading the leaves of the forest trees, and closing its gentle eye, while the winter's wind and the deep snow run riot upon the earth. I was a miner, and worked there for my daily bread. The lord of the mines was a man of some policy, and he decreed that the miner who should find a new lode of the rich ore, and declare it, should be independent of further labour, and upon the fertile plain inherit a garden home, and sit by the clustering fig leaves at his cottage door, and only dream of the pick and the miner's javelin, and be happy. So all my thoughts were fixed on the discovery of a new lode."

"There's method, at all events, in this madness," thought I.

"By night, when all others had left the mines, I would be there, with my lamp strung around my neck, tapping the walls with my javelin, and penetrating into old workings and deep recesses, such as none ventured into but myself; and once it happened that I struck away a piece of rock, and it showed me an opening, through which I crept into a vast and glittering cavern. My senses reeled with the sight that I beheld. The glittering ore of every colour—gold, azure, brilliant yellow, and deep red, as it was tinged by earths and salt—met my enraptured gaze; and as the light from my lamp was reflected from a million glittering surfaces, the place seemed to be lit up for some high festival. I looked and I trembled."

"A beautiful sight," said I.

"It was, but as I looked, I heard a noise like thunder, and the rocks rolled over each other with a crashing sound. The opening through which I had crept had closed. The small piece of rock I had dislodged, had made a mountain totter; and when the movement ceased, I was a prisoner, with many tons of rocks between me and the outer world. I raised one shriek, and fell insensible to the rocky ground of the huge cavern."

"But you are here?" said I.

"Hush! I knew not how long I lay, but when I rose, my light still faintly gleamed. The miner's lamp will burn for twenty-four hours. I thought that I was in another world, and, as I staggered to my feet, I shrieked to God to have pity upon me. The echoes of the cavern only answered me, and then all was still again. I knelt and prayed, and the prayer gave me strength of heart. I took my javelin in my hand, and I trimmed my lamp, and so I began an exploring march through the cavern. Oh, God! how the walls glistened, and how the tall columns of many beams shone in my dim light. It was strange, too; but I trod upon rare shells, the like of which were never seen in all the land, and the ground of the cavern, at places, was like fine sea sand, and presently I heard the dash of water, and the sound refreshed my fainting spirit, for I was devoured by a raging thirst."

I began to get irresistibly attracted by the narration, and he seemed pleased with my evident attention, and got more animated as he proceeded.

"Yes, the trickle and the gush of water came upon my ears, and I followed the sound, until, passing from the cavern over a mass of rock, and through a natural arch formed of sulphur, mingled with copper, that was exquisitely beautiful in its combination, I saw a cataract rushing down the rocky steep before me, and boiling and bubbling in a natural basin it had scooped for itself, far down below. But I could see no outlet for the waste of water. Deep—deep down into the bowels of the earth it all seemed to go, whirling and foaming, there to be lost for ever. The dashing spray from the cataract revived me a little; but, yet, I was getting faint and weak for want of food, and my lamp was like my life, slowly fading away. The descent was perilous: but I got right down to the edge of the basin in the rocks into which the water fell, and then a faintness crept over me, and I knew, or seemed to know, that I should lie there, and die of starvation

in the mine, and I cried out to Heaven, in a wailing voice—

"Oh, may I not shorten this agony by one plunge into yon boiling waters?—may I not evade some of this sickness of the soul by taking a step forward to meet eternity? Oh, Heaven, may I do so?"

"A voice, in a faint whisper, seemed to say—

"Do so!"

"And on the moment, I plunged into the whirlpool at my feet!"

"Are you sure?" said I.

"Hear me yet. There was a noise in my ears, as though the whole world had been grasped in the hand of the Omnipotent and crushed to fragments, and then all was a blank until I opened my eyes and found sunlight dancing in them, and around me there was a crowd of my friends and neighbours, and one said—

"He breathes!"

"And another said—

"He will live yet!"

"Again I lapsed into insensibility; but when I revived once more, I had a better hold of life, and then they told me that as they were passing this pool upon which the last rays of the sun are dancing in such rare beauty, they suddenly saw the form of a man start up from its central depths, and that by the action of the waters, the form would soon have been carried along the little stream yonder; but they dragged it to the shore upon this spot, and then they found that it was I."

"In fact, then," said I, "there is a direct communication between the whirlpool in the mine, and this strange eddying pool here?"

"I know not; but I cut this cross, and I pray in the wilderness for the souls of men; for there comes, at times, to my memory strange things that I saw and heard between the time that I plunged into the roaring waters of the mine and saw the bright sunlight again."

I could well imagine that the poor miner's intellect was touched by his fearful adventure, and I tried to reason with him: but I found it only excited him; so I gave up the attempt, and begged him to lead me to the house of entertainment; he spoke of, which he did calmly; and then, with a sudden wild scream, he darted off at great speed, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness of the night.

**GUARD OF TRAINS IN TRANSIT.**—A lady was burnt to death on the Lyons line of railway lately, while the train was in transit, and her husband in vain shouting to the "guards" for help. The writer of a letter to the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, while pointing attention to this fact, recommends that "a cord should be attached to an alarm bell, as in Germany, or some other means should be established to enable passengers to have the train stopped in case of accident." How such a system works in Germany we do not know, but the American mode of free access to guards through or along the carriages is certainly far preferable, and the perpetual occurrence of accidents of a very varied description, in this country as well as abroad, most urgently demands the adoption of some such mode of guarding against them. The office of a "guard" attached to trains in transit, is a complete mockery. An accident of frequent occurrence happened near Montrose last week, in the fall of a child from a carriage door while the train was running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. "The guard being far back among the carriages, the cry of the passengers was not heard for some minutes, during which the train had proceeded to the Colinton station." So it is in hundreds of cases. The guard is one of the most useless appendages to a train, and is almost sure to fail at a pinch; whereas, were it his duty to traverse the train as a watchman, on a proper footboard, or other means of passing to and fro, provided for the purpose, he would really merit the name of a guard, and be of constant use as such, in ways innumerable, for the palliation and prevention of serious accidents. The Railway Commissioners recommended the adoption of such a precaution in preference to the objectionable system of the signals without any freedom of movement for the guards.—*The Builder*.

**ROYAL SCULPTURE.**—Mr. Gibson, of Rome, now in England, has received an order for a colossal group in marble, of figures of Her Majesty, supported on either side by Justice and Clemency. The figure of the Queen will be, we believe, ten feet in height, the side figures eight feet. This group will occupy a place in the new Houses of Parliament.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CALCULATOR.

In a report of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the members of the Institute of Actuaries, given in the *Post Magazine*, the following account is furnished of a German, at present resident in London, whose calculating powers seem to outbid those of the celebrated George Bidder.—The remainder of the evening was occupied by the appearance of a German gentleman, named Daze, whose extraordinary talents for calculation, and the facility with which he performs the most tedious arithmetical operations, and answers the questions with equal ease, either verbally or in writing, are so remarkable, as to elicit the wonder and admiration of every one who hears or sees him. His answers are given with almost the same rapidity that the listener can write down the result, allowing nothing for the time spent in computing. The first question asked him was the product of a number, consisting of five figures, by another number of five figures, and the correct answer was given almost instantaneously. His friend, who acted as interpreter for him, stated that he had the most singular power of telling at a glance a great number of objects thrown upon the table—as, for instance, the total number of marks on dominoes, even to 100 or more. To test this quality, the balloting balls, which had just been used for the admission of new members, were thrown from the box loose upon the table, and Herr Daze, after taking a single glance, and then turning away, declared the total number to be sixty-eight; which proved to be correct, when the balls were counted and returned to the box. It should be remarked in this case that some were lying much nearer together than others, and that they would appear to an ordinary spectator to be so confused as to puzzle even an experienced calculator how to avoid reckoning some of them twice. He then gave the product of two numbers to twelve figures, multiplied it by seven, and repeated the latter product backwards without an error in any figure. He was then asked the cube 457, which was correctly given, 95,443,993, almost instantaneously. He will divide a number by another, consisting of two or three figures, and will write down the answer at once, in one line, without any apparent intermediate process. In as rapid a manner he gave the factors to 7,421, namely 41,181; but it would take up too much time to state all the surprising proofs of this singular gift of calculation. We may merely mention, as one instance, that he multiplied a number, consisting of twelve figures, by another number of twelve figures, and gave the product correct in one minute and three quarters.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

**ANCIENT MARBLES AT ROME.**—Some highly interesting discoveries in the way of the fine arts have lately taken place at Roma Vecchia, an estate in the Campagna, belonging to Prince Torlonia, a few miles beyond the Porta Sebastiano. The excavations going on there, under the superintendence of Dr. Guidi, brought to light, some months ago, several fine columns, a consular statue, and other fragments; but the latest and most valuable prize has been a beautiful statue of Diana in a high style of art. Search is being made for the head, which unfortunately is missing. Another statue of great merit has been recently dug up in the territory of Monteleone, in the province of Sabina, by a peasant occupied in planting a tree. A boy working in a vineyard in the environs of Rome has just met with a rare piece of good fortune; whilst digging round the vines, he saw something sparkle, which he picked up and showed to his master. It turned out to be a fine antique gem, and the boy got a hundred dollars for his share of its price. His suddenly-acquired riches did not deter him from continuing his daily work, and he was soon after again rewarded for his industry by the discovery of a rare gold coin, bearing on the obverse a female portrait, with the superscription *Livia Augusta*, and on the reverse a peacock, and the words, *Titi Filia*. This coin, which was about the size of a Napoleon, and apparently fresh from the mint, was immediately purchased by the antiquarian Bassegi, for four hundred francs. Prince Doria has ordered the excavations to be discontinued at his villa at Albano, although he had already discovered a splendid marble centaur and the remnants of a theatre. The same apathetic feeling has prevented any further search being made in Trastevere, where

so many interesting objects were found heaped together in the *Vicolo delle Palme*.

**FRENCH AEROSTATION.**—M. Barral, Professor of Chemistry, and M. Bixio, determining to pursue in the highest regions of the air to which they could attain the series of observations to which M. Gay Lussac has attached his name, ascended in a balloon recently, in presence of several members of the Academy of Sciences and other scientific men. They seem, however, to have been better qualified for making the observations which tempted them skyward than for steering their vehicle across the impalpable plains of space. Ascending with great rapidity, the rapid expansion of the gas threatened them with destruction,—when M. Barral seized a knife and made an opening in the balloon. The rent was so large that the unmanageable machine commenced a descent of a rapidity as dangerous as the alternative from which they had escaped. By dint of assiduously throwing over their ballast, they came to the ground with a shock which, though violent, was not fatal. The projected experiments, of course, have not been made; and it is probable that if the *savans* in question have nerve to repeat the voyage, they will take with them an experienced pilot.

**PROVISION AGAINST SHIPWRECKS.**—Mr. George Catlin has written a letter to a Scotch paper in which he details a plan conceived by him for saving the lives of all persons on board a perishing ship. Mr. Catlin was stopped in proceeding to take out a patent by finding that his invention was essentially the same as that which had already been some years before made the subject of a patent by Capt. Oldmixon. But the plan seems at once so simple and efficient—and in view of the recent terrible calamity, presses so strongly for public notice—that we are tempted to state here the principle of the invention in Mr. Catlin's words.—“My design,” he says, “was to construct disengaging and floating quarter-decks to ocean steamers and other vessels, answering all the purposes of ordinary decks, and which, in case of vessels sinking at sea, could in a few moments be disengaged, and prepared with all the passengers and crew upon them, to float away, as strong and efficient rafts, when vessels go down. These I considered equally available in case of vessels burning at sea; the vessel scuttled might be sent down, and all on board (at least with a ray of hope) might launch themselves upon the middle of the ocean. These quarter-decks or rafts I proposed to be built chiefly of solid timbers which could not sink—they could not be capsized by a wave, nor would they stove or founder like a boat upon a reef, but would float in safety over it, and land their passengers on the beach. Tin or sheet-iron safes, water tight, might be sunk into them, containing provisions, liquors, &c. for twenty or thirty days at sea, and also rockets and other means of making signals of distress.”

**TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN POLICY.**—The accounts from the Levant are filled with details of the Sultan's visit to his Asiatic dominions. After leaving Constantinople, his Majesty went to Crete; on the 4th he arrived at Canea; from thence he went to Suda, where he was enthusiastically received, the Governor-general, Mustafa Pacha, having made great preparations for his reception. After seeing Candia, the Sultan went to Rhodes, when the Viceroy of Egypt, Abbas Pacha, went to pay his respects to his Majesty, who presented the Viceroy with a decoration, and the latter made over to him the fine screw steamer, *Sharkeyeh*, which was so much admired in England, with all her appointments complete, every description of stores and provisions, a valuable horse and richly embroidered saddle, and fifty thousand pounds sterling in hard dollars. Abbas Pacha could not induce his Majesty to visit Egypt, and after leaving Rhodes, the Sultan proceeded to Cos, and Scio, and thence to Smyrna. His Majesty has been everywhere received most cordially, and this visit will no doubt be of immense advantage to the Ottoman government. The rebellion in Bosnia is quelled, and many of the chief leaders are on their way to Constantinople to ask for pardon. One of the Sultanas, Mahi Faban, died, after a short illness, and was buried with great pomp.

**GUANO FRAUDS.**—The *Gardeners' Chronicle* states, the loss sustained by the agricultural interest in consequence of the fraudulent practices of the “rogues in guano,” to amount to upwards of a million of money.

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

**A GIGANTIC BLACK OAK.**—Some time ago, while some men were draining a field on the Grenich farm, Strathmummel, at present occupied by Mr. John Stewart, they came in contact with the branches of an old black oak, which they cleared away to make room for the drain, and thought no more of the matter; but a few days ago some of the farm servants, knowing the value of the forest king, went at midday, while they had respite from their other labours, and began to dig. They cleared away the earth from about twenty-four feet, and still there was no appearance of an end, but, on the contrary, the oak was assuming a gigantic appearance. The operation was resumed by one party after another until its enormous trunk was exposed to sun and air. It was covered, at an average, with more than five feet of earth. It was more than fifty feet in length, and about three in diameter. The wood is of the best quality.—*Perth Courier*.

**A SCAPE GOAT.**—A person in Largo, who had heard it affirmed that rats would disinhabit premises where a goat was kept, had the curiosity to try the experiment, though but with little faith in the recommended antidote. Accordingly one of these long-bearded mountaineers was procured, and lodged in the premises, when, unexpectedly, the long-tailed, ugly, devouring vermin suddenly decamped. The goat has been kept for many months, and nothing in the shape of a rat is now seen near the premises. Some may be apt to class this affair among the ridiculous, but we have been told it is a reality; and surely this mode of making rats fit is as simple as it is singular; but the goat must be well fed.—*Scotch Paper*.

**CHAPEL RESTORATION.**—The beautiful Chapel of the Blessed Virgin eastward of the old Priory Church of Tynemouth, has long fallen to uses which obscured its beauties and threatened them with final destruction. Latterly, it has been employed by the Ordnance authorities as a magazine for gunpowder. Some time since the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle memorialised the Lords of the Treasury for its restoration to the officers of the parish church,—and were seconded by the Architectural Society of Durham, and supported by the Bishop of the diocese. This application has, we learn, been successful—possession of the interesting little edifice having been yielded as required. Our Correspondent on the subject informs us that there is some hope of its now undergoing architectural restoration also.

**VORACITY OF THE PIKE.**—The voracity of the pike is proverbial, but perhaps never has this been more forcibly exemplified than in an instance which has fallen under my immediate notice. A son of Mr. Longhurst, baker, Ascot-heath, while bathing in Inglesmoor Pond, in the neighbourhood, was attacked by a pike of very large dimensions. The lad, who is about twelve years of age, had entered the water till it reached his breast, and while in the act of moving his arms, in the attitude of swimming, the right hand and arm were severely bitten by the monster fish, and on the lad extricating the limb it was again seized. Foiled in the second attempt, it then attacked the other hand, which was also severely bitten. The youth, after a considerable struggle, beat the fish off, and retreated. I have seen the lad; on the right hand and arm are seven wounds, on the other several. One of the little fingers was completely divided at the point, so much so as to disfigure it much, now the wound is healed. The lad and his companion described the fish as being two yards in length, and of proportionate bulk. As the water in the pond is of no greater depth than six feet, this enormous fish might easily be caught. The pond is on the royal property. P.S.—Since writing the above, I have heard it asserted, as being the intention of some of the authorities, to endeavour to capture the fish.—*George Lovell*.

**REMEDY FOR THE STING OF A BEE.**—Spirits of wine are stated to be a remedy for the sting of a bee. A handful of common garden earth, rather moist, applied immediately over the sting, like a poultice, and kept in its position by a handkerchief tied round the part, is an equally efficacious cure. If necessary, the earth may be renewed, when it becomes dry, but the first application generally removes all pain. This remedy I have frequently tried with my own children, and always with entire success. O. C. S., Norfolk.

## HEROES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We extract the following from an article in *Tait's Magazine* for July:—

The "Revolutionary Revelations," are of a most startling character; and many of the worthies who were prominent in the events of February, 1848, cut but strange and repulsive figures. From what is to be gathered from these revelations, it is evident, without doubt, that the republican party were not prepared for a struggle on the eve of the revolution; and even when affairs had assumed a rather serious aspect, both Caussidiere and Albert expressed an opinion that they would lead to no more important result than an imposing manifestation. Some curious particulars are given respecting the conduct of Caussidiere, whilst prefect of police, which, if true, are of a most scandalous character. Of the vice-prefect, Pornin, a very eccentric personage, with a wooden leg, and of his connection with the disastrous destruction of the Chateau de Neuilly, Chenu gives the following account. We must premise that the errand of Pornin to the chateau, was the arrest of the "she-wolf and her young," as they designated the Duchess of Orleans and her children.

News was brought one day to Pornin that they were at the Chateau de Neuilly, whence they were preparing to make their escape. The Vice-prefect started off at once, with a party of ten men armed to the teeth, though it was late at night, and the weather was detestable. But it seems another party, consisting of all the male and female riff-raff of Paris, had got the start of them, and had proceeded to the chateau in the hopes of plunder, and especially with the view of draining the cellars of the ex-king. The distribution of the bottles was carried on upon a very methodical plan. The French have decidedly the advantage of us in all matters connected with the organization of crowds. Witness their arrangement at steam-boats and railways, and the *queues* at their theatres. On this occasion, instead of the whole mob rushing pell-mell into the cellars, a chain was formed, as at a fire, and thousands of bottles were thus passed from hand to hand, and in very few minutes were apportioned in the different chambers of the mansion. It reminds one of Schiller's description, in the "Song of the Bell"—

(Through the long and emulous band  
Of many a hand  
Flies the bucket)

As corkscrews were scarce, the ready expedient of knocking off the necks of the bottles was resorted to, and the wine flowed in streams over the rich carpets and furniture. The whole party devoted themselves to the bacchanalian festival with classical enthusiasm. Pornin and his troop arrived about this period, and were considerably astonished at finding the chateau, instead of being sombre and silent, blazing with light and boisterous with revelry. The leader halted his men, in that state of mind in which Sir Fitzroy Kelly lately described himself, when he had detected the Lord Chief Justice in an inaccuracy as to the precise year in which an ancient statue had been passed, scarcely trusting the evidence of his own senses. He then turned round to the individual who had lured him there in the hope of pouncing upon the royal stragglers, and angrily demanded of him an explanation of what they saw and heard. His informant suggested it might be a *ruse*. Pornin thought it probable, and the party resumed their march. As no obstacle presented itself, they easily gained the first saloon, where they found about fifty couples, some lying about in all directions—

"Half-naked, loving, natural, and—drunk,"

while others were singing and shouting patriotic songs and curses upon tyrants. Pornin, who was exceedingly wroth at losing his prey, and perhaps somewhat scandalised at the scene before him, as he had no share in preparing it, was about to take strong measures for the expulsion of the rabble rout, who were disposed to treat the intruders with anything but respect, when, as luck would have it, this most unfriendly schism was prevented by the recognition of the Vice by one of the company. The deities of the infernal symposium hastened to press their nectar upon the newly-arrived hero. The scent and flavour of the divine juice, of a superior order to any that it had ever before been his lot to taste, soon tempered his mortal clay, and he speedily forgot his anger, and the object of his visit to the chateau. For a time the orgie that was on the point of dying out flared up with fresh vigour under his superintendence. But, besides that the

enduring powers of the man were more than ordinary, the greater part of the guests had already drawn rather largely upon theirs. The lights by degrees burnt out, the drunkards fell off asleep, and Pornin was left almost alone in his glory. The wine began to seem insipid and *fade*; he longed for his favourite beverage, rum, and naturally concluded that the deposed tyrant must have had a considerable store of that excellent liquor in his cellars. Thither he hastened. At the top of a flight of steps that led down to them he had the misadventure to trip over the prostrate body of a dead-drunk patriot. He lost his equilibrium, and rolled down to the bottom of the stairs. His fall alarmed a party of five or six of his own friends, who had just succeeded in staving in the head of a barrel of choice Cognac. Not being very clear in their perceptions, they perhaps took their leader for the fallen angel. They fled, in fear and haste; and one of them dropped a lighted torch in the liquor, which caught fire, and the whole barrel was instantly in flames. Pornin was sobered at the sight, and comprehended the full peril of his situation. He endeavoured to rise to his legs, but found he had broken one—the wooden one. It was evident that might easily be repaired; but it rendered his position at that moment eminently disagreeable. His efforts to gain the foot of the stairs were unavailing. The flames gained upon him; the vault was filled with them, as with floating lava. Another barrel of spirits caught fire, and burst with a tremendous explosion; the fiery flood swept on towards him—he was nearly choked with the spirituous vapour—he felt his senses failing. Another moment, and he was lost. With a convulsive bound he gained the foot of the stairs, and managed to scramble up them, pursued by the flames. Once at the top, overcome by the united effects of terror, fatigue, and liquor, he sunk on the ground, half swooning. He was roused from his torpor by loud repeated explosions from the cellar. The floor was on fire beneath him. With a scream of agony he endeavoured to awaken the wretches around him, without whose assistance he saw no chance of escape. They awoke, some of them; and some of them who did wake, only swore an oath or two and slept again, never to wake more. Those who were more completely aroused rushed to the windows, regardless of Pornin's cries for assistance, and flung themselves upon the grass. Meanwhile the flames were spreading in every direction. Screams, and yells, and execrations resounded from every part of the building. Loudest in his outcries, Pornin succeeded in battling his way over the prostrate bodies of those who were too fast bound in the chains of slumber to do more than curse him as he disturbed them. He gained at length a window, and threw himself from it. He lay for some time senseless. The neighbourhood had been alarmed, and the inhabitants poured out to the scene of the conflagration, in the hopes of staying its course. It was too late. The flames had gained the mastery, and were not to be conquered by ordinary means. The building was destroyed, and in it some hundreds of the wretched beings who, probably, were ignorant of their fate. Their carbonised remains were, for several days afterwards, dug out of the ruins. Pornin had been recognised by some of his band of mountaineers. He was less hurt than frightened. His friends contrived to rig him out with a sort of jury leg, manufactured for the nonce from a young tree. An express having been, in the meantime, sent off to Paris for aid, Chenu was despatched with assistance to the spot, in order to see what could be done, and to inquire into the cause of the disaster. Pornin took the command of the detachment; and several of the persons who were escaping from the fire were arrested, and taken prisoners to Paris, charged with pillage and incendiarism; and the Vice-prefect made a special report to his principal, in which he attributed to himself all the honours of the night, omitting all mention of his share in causing its horrors.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—The China papers of the last month state that the pirate chief Shapigtsai (whose fleet was recently destroyed by the English men-of-war in the Gulf of Tonquin) had given in his submission to the Chinese Government on terms which secured office to himself and his lieutenants, and amnesty for his followers. He is now a mandarin of the fifth grade. His followers are pardoned, and "affectionately admonished to return to their homes, and endeavour to become good subjects."

## THE GOLD FEVER.

ROMOUR is flying about the world in the character of Midas, turning everything she touches on to gold. It is very curious that, whereas a few years ago gold was hardly anywhere to be found, we may now find it wherever we please to turn. What a weary waste of time, and toil, and watching, and aspiration, the alchemists expended on that which it would seem they might have had in abundance if they had only turned up the floors of their cells! The axis of the earth and all her cogs are visibly of gold. The worship of the Golden Calf is about to cease throughout the world. The veriest Chelsea pensioner may soon rival Miss Kilmansegg in the possession of a golden leg. Mother Goose's bird is disenchanting:—the poetry is gone from Pactolus. We should like to see it laid down on our maps which is not the Gold Coast. The fairies—if there be any left since the steam-whistle rang through valleys, and the iron horse plunged into the hearts of hills—must find some other mode of tempting man than the false coin with which of old they lured him to perdition. The entrance into the land of happy dreams will be no longer through the Golden Gate. The poetical, like the material, currency will have to undergo a change. We have been led to these anticipations by the turning up of a new gold district—or rather, of an ancient one. The discovery of a second El Dorado seems to have set the old one on re-asserting itself. A gold region has been detected on a spot supposed to be identical with the dream-land of Sir Walter Raleigh. The *Port of Spain Gazette* publishes a circular, copies of which had just reached Trinidad, headed, says the *Times*, "*El Oro del Yururay*," and announcing the discovery of such a region in the republic of Venezuela. "It sets forth that one Senor Pedro Monasterio, an inhabitant of the province of Barquesimeto, had just arrived from Upata, bringing with him intelligence that rich auriferous grounds existed in the vicinity of the Yururay rivers, and producing visible tokens of the authenticity of the fact in the shape of samples of the precious mineral to the amount of 150 ounces. These are stated to be composed of grains of various sizes, some of which are as large as lentils or grains of coffee, and some so large as to exceed half an ounce in weight. The standard of the ore is represented as being of the highest purity, being of twenty-four carats." A postscript appended to this document makes the further announcement, that since the departure of Senor Monasterio, the discovery has been successfully followed up. There is hope, then, that all the cupidity of the world need not gravitate towards California.—*Athenaeum*.

## SYDNEY SMITH ON SARCASM.

A SARCASM (which is another species of wit) generally consists in the obliquity of the invective. It must not be direct assertion, but something established by inference and analogy;—something which the mind does not at first perceive, but in the discovery of which it experiences the pleasure of surprise. A true sarcasm is like a sword-stick,—it appears, at first sight, to be much more innocent than it really is, till, all of a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp, and deadly, and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil. \* \* \*

As you increase incongruity, you increase the humour; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and decorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here, every incident heightens the humour of the scene:—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling, and the incongruity so slight.

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH].

## THE BLACK PRINCE.

The Nepalese Ambassador and his suite are being dragged round the town, and lionised at every place of entertainment to such an extent, that their names are beginning to be looked for as part of the attraction in the bill of every suburban tea-garden. They are to be found enjoying the Bagpipes playing the Highland *stomach-each* at the Scottish Fete, the balloon at Vauxhall, and the terrific ascent of the inrepid Madame Somebody at Cremorne. They have been advertised as a strong half-price to the Surrey, and we may shortly expect them to be seen sympathising with the recognised victim of everything unmerited at the Victoria. Such are their ideas of magnificence, that they offer to purchase everything they see, from the services of the crossing-sweeper at St. Paul's Church Yard, to those of the dancing Lords and Ladies at a *fete* given in honour of the strangers by a distinguished member of the aristocracy. So delighted were the Nepalese Princes with the specimen of the fashionable *bullet* of private life which was set before them, that they looked upon the dancing Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, as a *troupe of corymbes*, and inquired of the noble host, the terms on which the *corps* could be transplanted entire to Nepal, for the amusement of the native Prince in his own palace.

Though the illustrious strangers are easily amused, it is very difficult to provide them with an entertainment in the truly English sense of the term, which includes the celebrated knife and fork exercise, without which we fancy we can never do the civil thing to a foreigner. The Nepalese Ambassadors will share in our amusements readily enough; they will cry, "Oh, oh!" at our Vauxhall fireworks; they will exclaim "*brava*" with us at the grace of Carlotta Grisi, and the polite offer of a private box would probably bring them to join in the cry of "Bravo, ix," at the Britannia Saloon; but when we come to ask them to dinner, then it is that we discover their un congeniality with our habits and feelings. If they accept our invitation they walk away directly the meal is served, and the popular notion is that they eat nothing but what they kill at the moment.

The only way we can suggest in which to entertain them after their own hearts—by setting before them something they can kill and eat at the same time—is to place before them a few dozens of nice, fresh, live, unopened oysters, and thus they would be able to enjoy the luxury of killing and eating the natives. At all events, in spite of little differences in our habits and customs, it is delightful to see the Nepalese Princes mixing with all classes of English society, and we have no doubt that, by brushing about, a brilliant polish will be imparted in time to Nature's blacking.

A NEW BIRD FOR THE OPERA.—Donna Maria Loreto Martinez de Moreno, a Cuban *prima donna* of colour is promised us. We have already the Swedish Nightingale, and why not the Havannah Blackbird?

## WHAT A PERSON MAY DO ON A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may post himself and have as many post-horses as he pleases; but he must not send a single letter by the Post.

He may, however, send letters by tying a piece of string round them, and so making parcels of them; but then he must send them by the railway, and not through the medium of the Post.

He may receive messages by the Electric Telegraph; but he may not receive those same messages, if folded up in a penny letter and sent through the Puritanical channel of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

He may travel on a railway with the Mail-Post; but he is a fool, or worse—an infidel, if he expects to receive at the destination of his journey any one of the letters that have been travelling with him every inch of the way in the same train.

He may buy postage-stamps on a Sunday; but he is forbidden to receive a letter that is stamped with one, though it is there before him lying on the counter of the same shop.

He may go to the club, or the public-house, to read the newspaper; but he cannot read it at home unless he chooses to wait till his Sunday newspaper is delivered on the Monday, or Tuesday morning.

He may go to hear a political lecture, or attend a

Socialist meeting, or join a van party, or rise at five o'clock in the morning for a cheap excursion, or hire a horse, or a donkey, or travel in a cart, carriage, cab, omnibus, steam-boat, velocipede, or balloon; he may do all these things, and a quantity more on a Sunday; but he must be debarred from all letters and newspapers, for none are delivered on that day.

He may send to the hotel for his dinner, to the wine-stores for his wine, to the pastry-cook's for his pastry, to the green-grocer's for his dessert, to the cigar seller's for his tobacco, and they will all be sent home to him; but he may in vain send to the Post-Office for his letters and his newspapers, for they will not be given to him, because it happens to be a Sunday.

## WHAT MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE EXHIBITED IN MAY, 1851.

There are various wholesome "conditions and limitations" proposed for the great Exposition of 1851, and, among others, there is a clause declaring that "all spirits, wines, and fermented liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible." We think there will be some difficulty in acting upon this provision, and that many illicit distillers, who "do their spiriting gently" in a back attic, may claim to exhibit their productions as having been derived from unusual sources. We can scarcely, perhaps, regard the Champagne yielded by the too generous gooseberry as coming from an "unusual source," for, alas! the transition from the gooseberry bush to the Champagne bottle is only too natural. Our Port wine, too, must for the same reason be shut out, inasmuch as, although Oporto, as far as its wine-producing purposes are concerned, may be looked for in the map of London, still this does not constitute an "unusual source," as the fact is that most of our Port is made at home by a sloop, but by no means uncommon process.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

JULIANA has been left the sum of two thousand pounds by an aunt, and she has a great number of beaux, some of whom she likes very well, but there is no one in particular that she favours. She is now twenty-two years of age, and she is afraid that if she does not marry now, she will run the risk of dying an old maid. What she wishes to know is, if it would be safe, as regards ultimate domestic happiness, for her to marry a man concerning whom she did not feel any very particular attachment, but merely liked as well as others?—It might be safe enough, but we should advise our correspondent to wait a little. She may see the one whom she really would prefer above all others, and it will be a pity if our correspondent marries and then sees that one. At the age of twenty-two, and with a snug little fortune of two thousand pounds, there is not much danger of dying an old maid. Surely three or four years might be let elapse to see if love should not really knock at the heart of Juliana.

A STRANGER.—The St. Katharine's Docks occupy a space of twenty-three acres, eleven of which are water.

A. A.—The statue in Leicester Square, is of George the First. We have before had occasion to answer this question. It is the simple truth that our MISCELLANY stands prominently first in the literary world. Capital, industry, and talent, will do something.

FLORA A. fully intends to get married, but she has no idea of Love in a cottage, nor she; and as she has no money herself, she thinks it all the more essential that the fortunate individual whom she favours with her hand, should possess plenty. She has made up her mind "not to part with her liberty" under six hundred pounds a-year, at the least; and if the Editor knows any gentleman with that income, and no incumbence, Flora might be induced to entertain his addresses. She considers herself well worth the money, and, therefore, there need be no cavil upon the subject, and she desires an immediate answer.—Flora shall have our immediate answer. We don't know any one that we have sufficient spite against to recommend them to the fate of being hampered with so much pride, vanity, and mercenary feeling as Flora A. evidently possesses.

POUR LA RIRE.—We beg to decline defining wit "in a short sentence." We should like to see a very pithy definition of so disconcerting a subject. Sydney Smith, about as capable a man as any, says of puns specially: "The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance, which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unmitigated persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One

invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning, is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigour enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all, should be done well whenever it is done."

J. R. requests our insertion of the following "Little Love Song:"

"Alice Bailey she is fair,  
She is young and she is gay;  
Breath as sweet as mountain air,  
Scented by the flowers of May.  
Alice Bailey, she is good,  
Her heart is frank and warm;  
So kind and gentle, that she could  
Not do a breathing creature harm.  
Alice Bailey smiles on me,  
And her smiles are so divine;  
There's a world of ecstasy  
In the three words 'She is mine.'" J. R.

A SCOTCHMAN commences a very long letter by wondering why there is no public monument to Shakspeare in this country, and ends by proposing a national subscription, one half of which is to go to the raising a statue to the memory of Shakspeare, and the other half—oh, modest request!—to the raising a statue in Edinburgh to the memory of Robert Burns. We cannot but admire the *cannie* character of the proposal. No doubt our friend comes from far north, indeed. It appears from Scotch papers that the house in Burns Street, Dumfries, in which the bard of "Tam o' Shanter" and his wife, "bonnie Jean," lived and died, is about to come into the market by way of public auction; and we hear Scottish lamentations, making over a step which may eventually sweep away so substantial and interesting a monument of "Scotia's pride." We beg to point out to the gentlemen of Scotland that if they be very much in earnest the case is not without a remedy, and to remind them, as the editor of the "Dumfries Courier" has done before us, that there is a precedent at Stratford-on-Avon which may put them in the right way. We presume the sum demanded for any house in which the fortunes of Robert Burns were lodged is not so large but that Scotland may pay it if she be seriously in want of a shrine for her national Muse. "Two years ago," says the paper mentioned, "we were led to understand that certain gentlemen in Dumfries contemplated paying the same compliment [alluding to the purchase of Shakspeare's house] to the home in which the bard and his exemplary spouse closed their eyes in death; and if the admirers of posthumous renown wide as the world itself are still bent on the performance of an endearing duty, now or never, we beg to say emphatically, is the time for action."—Scotland rarely indulges in the sentimental when it is expensive, and perhaps the present is as good an opportunity as she is likely to have for some time of showing that she can be as weak on occasions as her neighbours.

THE DUKE.—We are very glad our former advice has been taken in good part. We know that it is rather an ungracious thing to step between a man and his affections, but again we say—wait, wait. Of course we may be wrong, and we have not the opportunities that you yourself have of arriving at a just opinion; but from the evidence before us, we are of opinion that you would bitterly repent a marriage in the quarter you mention. Recollect that you want, as all most want in a wife, a faithful, endearing companion. On your own showing she has no capabilities to play that part. Do not allow your imagination and your admiration for a fine animal to dazzle your judgment.

R. SANDYS.—The verses are rather defective, but we will read them again.

SNIP.—We really thought that the foolish prejudices against tailors had long since faded away before the intelligence of the age. At all events, if in our correspondent's neighbourhood they have not done so, he can surely afford to laugh at them and to treat them with contempt. Saint Andrew is the patron saint of the tailors and sempstresses. The tailors have produced some eminent men, notwithstanding the silly jokes against them, that it requires "nine tailors to make a man," and that they "live upon cabbage." Stow and Speed, the celebrated antiquaries, were both tailors; and records might be produced of many other learned men, who have not only clothed the bodies, but furnished the minds of their customers with "food convenient for them." We shall mention two learned tailors, whose names would do honour to any profession. Robert Hill, a native of Tring, in Hertfordshire, who died in 1777, taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was the author of "Remarks on Berkeley's Essay on Spirit," "The Character of a Jew," and "Criticisms on Job." Henry Wild, professor of the Oriental Languages in the City of Norwich about the commencement of the eighteenth century, was bound apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served seven years, and afterwards worked as a journeyman for the same period. During this time he taught himself Hebrew, and by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part, of the Oriental languages to that of the Hebrew.

**A LANDHOLDER IN A WATERY DISTRICT.**—You will find in any modern mechanical work ample particulars respecting the scientific construction of small suspension bridges, which, for the purpose you require them, will be the most elegant, we think, and the most durable. It will be well for you to peruse the following from the correspondent of the "Daily News" in Paris, upon the subject—"I regret to say that another misfortune, similar to that which occurred some time since at Angers, though to a much more limited extent, has just occurred near a town called Fumel (Lot-et-Garonne). A suspension bridge over the river Lot broke down—first in the centre and then at the chains—as four men were in the act of repairing a part of it. At the same moment, two boats heavily laden were passing under it, one of which was swamped and two men in it drowned. The other boat escaped by almost a hair's breadth, but one of the men, when in the act of rowing, had both his arms crushed by a fragment of cast iron. Two men were also crossing the bridge at the same time, and both were immersed in the water. One was drowned and the other so severely injured by the fall as to leave no hope of his recovery. It is stated that most of the suspension bridges in France, with the exception of those very recently constructed, are in a similarly dangerous condition, and if attention be not immediately directed to them, we may expect to hear of many disasters similar to those of Angers and Fumel."

**A CANTAB.**—We do not feel inclined to continue a controversy concerning the half-lunatic writings, or rather ravings of Carlyle. The following is from the "Edinburgh Review," and is, we think, very just:—"If Mr. Carlyle feels that his vocation is political—if the true spirit of the prophet is stirring within him—he ought to endeavour in the first place to think clearly, and in the second, to amend his style. At present his thoughts are anything but clear. The primary duty of an author is to have a distinct understanding of the matter which he proposes to enunciate, for unless he can arrive at that, his works must necessarily be mystical and undefined. If men are to be taught at all, let the teaching be simple, and level to the common capacity; and let the teacher be thoroughly conversant with the whole particulars of the lesson. We have a strong suspicion that Cassandra must have been a prophesess reared in the same school as Mr. Carlyle. Her predictions seem to have been shrouded in such thorough mysticism that no one gave her credit for inspiration; and, in consequence, the warnings which might have saved Troy, were spoken to the empty winds. Here, perhaps, we ought to guard ourselves against a similar charge of indistinctness. We by no means intend to certify that Mr. Carlyle is a prophet, or that there is any peculiar Revelation in these latter-day Pamphlets, which can avert the fall of Britain, should that sad catastrophe be foredoomed. We simply wish to express our regret, that Mr. Carlyle, who may lay claim to the possession of some natural genius and ability, will not allow us the privilege of understanding the true nature of his thoughts, and, therefore, exposes himself to a suspicion that the indistinctness lies quite as much in the original conception of the ideas, as in the language by means of which they are conveyed."

**A SUBSCRIBER (Norwich).**—Some few Numbers beyond what are published will complete the Tale. It is out of the author's hands.

**A. B. C. (Coldstream).**—We knew of a cure being effected by keeping a linen bandage over the toe, and constantly darning it with cold water. It is worth the trial.

**A HOUSEWIFE.**—Soyer gives the following recipe for Fresh Fruit-water.—Fresh fruits when in season, are very preferable to syrups, which are but seldom well-made, except at some of the finest confectioners or Italian warehouses. Pick a bottle of fresh strawberries or raspberries, whichever you may require, rub them through a sieve into a basin, which mix well with half-a-pint of syrup, the juice of a lemon, and a quart of spring water; pass it through a fine hair-sieve and put it by in a jug for use; both the syrup and water may either be increased or diminished according to taste. Red or white currant waters are made precisely the same, only omitting the lemon, the currants themselves being sufficiently sharp.

**A LADY.**—We cannot give you an opinion regarding the applicability or not of vegetable diet to your constitution. With regard to your more easily answered and special inquiry, we may say—Parsley (*apium petroselinum*) is a very useful garnish to most cold meats. It should be sown in the spring, and will appear above ground in about six weeks' time. It is in great request for preserving sheep from the rot, and for purifying the breath from the smell of onions and garlic. In some sauces it is an agreeable ingredient, and it has been extolled as a remedy for almost all disorders. It was in great repute in the time of Homer, since he adorns with it and the violet the precincts of Calypso's abour in his beautiful description, *Odysseus*. Book V, v. 73—

"In verdant meads, and thriving all around,  
Sweet violets and parsley deck the ground."

The elegant indented leaves of this vegetable adorned, in ancient architecture, the Corinthian capital as well as those of the Acanthus; and we are told that the Carthaginians, having found it in the delightful vales of Sardinia, brought it to the Phœcean gardens of the Marseillois. If, after having bruised some sprigs of parsley in your hands, you attempt to rinse your glasses, they will generally snap and suddenly break it is said, but for such a fact we do not ourselves vouch, as we have not tried the experiment.

**ELONKE** is the victim of her own procrastinating spirit; she never can be in time, she is sorry to say; and do what she will, she cannot break herself of the indolence

of her habits. Can the Editor suggest any mode of cure?—Determination will do wonders. It seems to us that a person has only to resolve to be punctual, and the thing is done. The following upon the subject, is by Charles Mackay—Read it:—

#### PROCRASTINATIONS.

If Fortune with a smiling face  
Strew roses on our way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their faults,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen and forgive?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
And warmth from Memory borrow,  
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt  
Are armed unless we pay,  
When shall we struggle to be just?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if our debtor fail our hope  
And plead his ruin thorough,  
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again  
Her genial smile display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But, if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,  
When shall we weep—if weep we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
The minutes will not stay,  
We've always time to welcome them,  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon, if they appear  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

**A WOULD-BE SCHOLAR.**—There is a large work named "Bell's Pantheon" which will give you the information you require. You will find it in the library of the British Museum. It is rather expensive to purchase.

**ADELAIDE.**—Yes: we are much obliged.

**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.**—Declined with thanks. There are, however, some good points in the verses, but marred in the writing.

**CURIOSO.**—We cannot invite the controversy our correspondent would plunge us into. We do not mean to say that Curioso has any but the best of motives in his little disquisition, but merely that it does not happen to suit us.

**A LADY READER.**—Many thanks. We will not lose sight of the subject.

**RACHAEL** (Kidderminster) is nineteen years of age, and is afraid she has been very imprudent in contracting a marriage with a young man who states himself to be a commercial traveller, but of whom, except so far as he chooses to give an account of himself, she knows nothing. The marriage was perfectly clandestine, and none of Rachael's friends have the least idea that such an affair has taken place. The husband stated that he had a rich uncle in London, who, although averse to his marriage, yet would, if he found such a step had been irrevocably taken, assist him largely; and after about a fortnight's stay in Kidderminster, during which Rachael used to meet him at the house of a female acquaintance of hers, he left for London to see his uncle. That is now two months since, and she has heard nothing of him. She would be very much obliged if the Editor would advise her what to do under such fearfully anxious circumstances.—We fear that you have been very precipitate and imprudent. Sooner or later you must consult with your friends, and we recommend that you do so at once, as they will be best able to aid you effectually. We should be sorry to add in any way to the distress of mind that you must feel; but we are very much afraid you are sadly deceived.

**A MECHANIC.**—We have before had occasion to answer the query regarding Hampton Court. There is free admission to the Show-rooms of the Palace, but you must pay for a sight of the famous vine and the maze.

**Q.**—Yes; the late lamented Sir Robert Peel did purchase Walpole's instand at the Strawberry Hill sale.

**LINES TO MY INFANT.**—Declined with thanks.

**A SUFFERER.**—By all means consult a medical man directly. How could you suppose that we were in a condition through the pages of our MISCELLANY to give you medical advice?

**A MASTER MECHANIC.**—The process is protected by a patent. You may see the specification any day between the hours of ten and four, at the Enrolment Office in Chancery Lane, upon payment of a fee of one shilling. If, however, by chance, it should not be there, you will find it at what is named the Petty Bag Office, to which any person in the neighbourhood will direct you.

**A YOUNG AUTHOR.**—It is quite impossible that we can "put you in the way of getting a living by your pen," and we would seriously advise you, knowing the chances and the perils that beset authorship, to try some other mode of subsistence. It is a frightful up-hill fight before you can get sufficiently recognised as a hack writer to

look for a living at it; and as regards dramatic writing, for which you seem to have a particular bias, we beg to tell you that nothing but interest ever gets a play acted. Listen to what Leigh Hunt, in his recent memoir, says upon that subject:—"Plays are delightful things to write, and tempting things in the contemplation of their profits. They seem to combine the agreeable and the advantageous beyond any other mode of recruiting an author's finances. 'Little knows he of Calista.' No man, I believe, at least in England, ever delivered himself from difficulties by writing plays. He may live by the stage as actor, or as manager, or as author of all work; that is to say, as one who writes entirely for the actors, and who takes every advantage of times and seasons, and the inventions of other men. But if his heroes are real heroes, and not Jones; or real heroines, and not Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Thompson; in other words, if he thinks only of nature while he draws them, and not of the wishes and self-loves of the reigning performers, the latter will have nothing to say to him. He must either concoct his plays under their direction, and for their sole personal display (for in other respects the advice of the actor is desirable), or he must wait for the appearance of some manager who is at once literary and independent, and no actor himself; and that is a thing which does not occur perhaps twice in a century. . . . I have written four dramatic pieces of which the public know nothing; one, a blank verse play in five acts; another, also blank verse, in three acts; the third, a mixed piece of verse and prose, in two acts; and the fourth, a farce or petty comedy, also in two acts. In one of these pieces, Mrs. Keane has taken voluntary and repeated interest; of another, she has spoken in the highest terms; another has been nearly two years in the hands of an applauding manager. Taking the pieces altogether, I have been nine years attempting in vain to get them acted."

**A FOREIGNER.**—Certainly, you will find no more difficulty in seeing the Tower of London than an Englishman does. All that the public usually see, will be shown to you without reserve.

**A READER.**—Nonsense.—Make your mind quite easy upon the subject; you have no occasion to feel otherwise.

**A HUMBLE REQUEST.**—We will mention the matter to the author, and let you know in our next. The song is undoubtedly original, and copyright.

**A COLLECTOR OF FACTS.**—We believe that the profits of trade vary very much. Furniture brokers generally want from two hundred to two hundred and fifty per cent. profit—some trades will be content with ten, and think themselves very well off. You cannot go to a dealer market than a broker's shop.

**A LADY READER** would be glad to know what we consider to be a sufficient sum to serve the comforts of life to a girl when she gets married, as she has five daughters, and she is determined that while she lives, they shall not marry, unless the men can keep respectable homes for them. A Lady Reader has seen so much of the evils of marrying for love, that she is quite disgusted at it.—We really cannot take upon ourselves to say what our correspondent's notions of respectability may chance to be. Some people would think a couple or three hundred pounds a year a snug thing; but within our own recollection there was a man who committed suicide because he was reduced to nine hundred pounds per annum. Do the five young ladies coincide with your prudential notions regarding matrimony? If they do not, you will find out some odd day, that Love laughs at locksmiths, and they will marry in spite of you. To our fancy, now, we think a clear five hundred pounds a year, and nothing to do but to spend it, is a very nice gentlemanly and ladylike sum.

**A PEDESTRIAN.**—Westminster Hall is square, by two hundred and ninety feet each way. We can hardly think that there is any real intention of meddling with its roof.

**STATUS.**—We cannot take upon ourselves to reply to your communication, as by doing so, we should be violating a private confidence. If we had the leave of the person concerned, we should see no objection.

**M. P.**—We have no space for your long letter regarding the site of the proposed Albert Exhibition of 1851, but we think Battersea Fields a good place. The funniest suggestion was from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who, the other day in the House, with the characteristic modesty of his nation, spoke as follows:—"Mr. Reynolds would offer a suggestion by which the commissioners might get out of the difficulty in which they were placed. In the city which he represented, the Queen possessed a park called the Phoenix Park—the largest and most beautiful in Europe. There was a circle in the park wherein the valour of Ireland used to be displayed when duelling was in fashion. The circle was said to contain about fifteen acres, be the same more or less, but by actual measurement it was about sixty acres. In the name of his fellow-citizens he begged to offer the Royal Commissioners, nobles and commoners, the Phoenix park; but more particularly the sixteen acres, be the same more or less, for the purpose of the great exhibition. Even if the axe should be applied to some of the trees in the Phoenix park, his constituents would not, like the gallant colonel opposite, exclaim 'Woodman, spare that tree.' The geographical position of Dublin recommended it as the locality for the exhibition. It was in the immediate vicinity of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and Galway was the next parish to the United States."

**A. C. C.**—Declined with thanks.

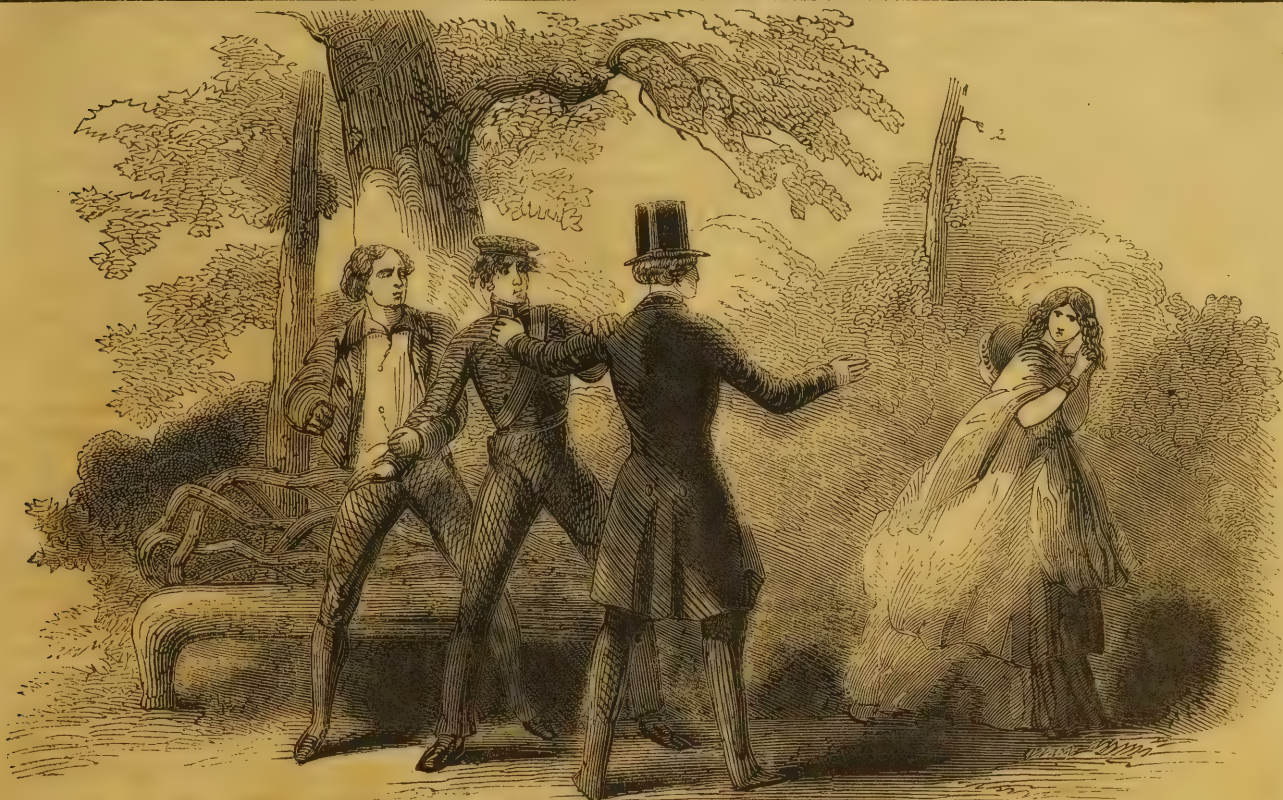
# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[LIONEL AND DICK DEFEND MINNA FROM THE DESERTER.]—See Page 565.

## COUSIN CECIL; OR, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

### CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWS HOW THE HOUSEBREAKERS PROCEEDED AT LARCHINS.

We left Migsley and the deserter proceeding in silence towards the house at Larchins, and we must so leave them, while we pay a little attention to the proceedings of Cousin Cecil and Vicar Anson, who, it will be recollected, were *en route* to get married at a somewhat early hour on that eventful evening.

That the ceremony was duly performed we may conclude, from the very satisfied look of the lady and gentleman, as they returned through the little soft rain that was falling at the time. Cousin Cecil, we still think it better to name her by that familiar appellation, than to bestow upon her her new title of Mrs. Anson—was at times rather abstracted; but still it was quite evident that she considered she had all but accomplished the principal objects of her ambition.

Fortune and a husband! Those were the two goods that she might have prayed for the Gods to send her, and she now had both to all appearance. We say, to all appearance, for who knows but that the husband may be as fleeting a possession as the fortune?

The little green-house was reached without any

notice from any one, and the secret staircase being duly ascended, the Vicar and his wife—how odd that sounded to him!—were at home.

How dark it was in the Strangers' Room and in the corridor beyond it! and how pleased the Vicar would have been to have had the means of looking about him at his house!—for already he began to feel as if the boards he trod on belonged to him.

"Now we are at home," he said.

"Yes," said Cousin Cecil, "I am resolved that this shall be my home as far as property goes; but, as I tell you, I do not intend to reside here, permanently, by any means."

"And yet it is a fine old place."

"It is; but you don't suppose that I have shut myself up here from all society for so long, not to take the first opportunity I can of altering such a state of things? I do not mean to say but that in the summer months I may tolerate Larchins; but in the winter I shall not forget that there is such a thing as a Town house to be had."

"Where," said the Vicar, "you will shine as the star of—"

"Silence!"

"Oh!"

"Have I not told you repeatedly that I want none of your stupid, fulsome adulation? I know what I am, and what I am not, better than you can tell me. And now, once for all, Anson, let us understand each other. Every luxury that my fortune can command, you shall share in; but I will have no interference with my arrangements."

"As you please; I shall not attempt anything that the law will not give me leave to perform."

"The law!"

"Yes, the law. Ha, ha! Are you alarmed, love? but I am only joking. It is a mere jest,

after all, for you know well that the deed you have effectually protects your property."

"Yes, the deed! The deed!"

"A capital deed, settling everything on yourself, you know, so that I am only a lodger in the house."

"Yes, I have it. What do you mean by such strange words as those that you have just uttered?"

"Nothing further," replied Anson in a voice of gaiety, "but that I fully understand my position. I am not, by my marriage with you, the master of Larchins, but I am the mistress's husband. I know that whatever of the fortune that the law will soon place in your possession I have, will be through your grace and bounty; and it is an agreement that I do not repine at."

"It will be more profitable not to repine," said Cecil.

"That I feel fully; so now let us have no more words about such a topic, but tell me if you have already made up your mind to allow the Danvers' to retain possession here, until a complicated law-suit is perhaps settled?"

"I did, consequent upon your advice, think of doing so, as it would look better in the country, which was your argument; but if the law-suit should be very protracted, I feel that it would be anything but pleasant for me and for you to remain in the same house with them."

"And it won't do to give it up."

"Certainly not. I will not leave the field in possession of the enemy, hardly; but that must be all thought of when we see Greene again, who is better able to decide upon such an affair than either of us. And now I think, as I thought before, that you had better leave Larchins for a few days, for that the

servants and that Lionel know you have been at the place, and that you have some secret mode of being so, is evident, and something may be attempted which you would find very *malapropos*, indeed."

"Not a doubt of it. Knowing that the ceremony which was to unite our interests has taken place, I cannot better support the pangs of absence from one whom I regard as—"

"Silence!"

"Indeed, I did not intend to pay a compliment to you. But I will be off at once to my own house. Good-night."

"Good-night."

And so this affectionate pair parted for the night.

The Vicar slowly descended the little staircase from the Strangers' Room, and he felt his way very cautiously as he went, for the night had turned most intensely dark, and Cousin Cecil listened to his footsteps as he went. After she was assured that he had reached the greenhouse, she fastened the panel in the wall, and then, in the dark, she sat down in the Strangers' Room. For the space of about five minutes, Cousin Cecil did not speak. During that time, though, she was busy in thought, but not so abstracted but that she heard the rain dashing against the window, and now and then started, as the boughs of a young tree that grew rather close at hand were dashed against it by a sudden gust of wind with a crashing blow.

"Well," she said, "that is done. I have run that risk. I have married that man whom I despise, and I have married him because he is the kind of man I can despise. Why, he would swear to anything."

Cousin Cecil could not have summed up the character of the Vicar in fewer words than that. She did, from her heart, believe that he would swear to anything.

After a pause she spoke again.

"How strange his manner was when he spoke of doing what the law would permit him. Did he mean anything by that, or was it but an idle word or two that was not the product of deep thought? And yet, what care I? The bold and violent spirit—and that is mine—will trample upon the crafty and the conniving spirit—and that is his. Besides, he cannot gainsay the deed by which he leaves me still absolute mistress of all that is now, and that may be my own. That is conclusively settled. What have I to fear from him?"

Cousin Cecil shuddered.

Despite all the arguments she could use to assure herself that there was nothing to fear, a strange sensation of dread was beginning to creep over her that she could not defeat, although she battled with it. At one time she accused herself of being afraid of the darkness of that room; and then she thought that perhaps the stormy character of the weather without affected her nerves a little. But such was not the case; and at last she was compelled to plunge, as it were, into the regions of superstition, and to ask herself if there were such things as presentiments of misfortune.

How the wind whistled now past the window!

"This is strange," said Cousin Cecil, as she rose—"very strange. I never felt such an accession of alarm as this. My heart palpitates, and I am strangely fevered. I will to my own chamber. The presence of a light may do something to calm me down. Besides, the storm lies all on this side of the house. I shall not see it from my own chamber, or hear it."

With a stealthy step, she crossed the corridor, and then a light suddenly flashed in her eyes, and she had only just time to enter her own room, and close the door, when she heard the sound of footsteps. She listened intently, and heard Lionel's voice. He was speaking to his sister.

"Go, dear," he said. "Let me beg of you to go to bed, now. Sir William and I will not sit up any longer waiting for the lawyer—I assure you we will not."

"Good-night, dear Lionel."

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams. God bless you!"

"And you, Lionel."

All was still in a few moments, and Cousin Cecil drew a long breath, as she said, with a shudder—

"Are they happier than I? Can they, with the consciousness of the fact that their inheritance may be dragged from them, and themselves thrust like beggars into the world, sleep more calmly than I can? Have I, up to this point, quite mistaken the road to happiness? Oh, God!"

It was not very often that Cousin Cecil, in such a tone, uttered that sacred name. We will leave

her with it upon her lips, and just state the exact condition of affairs at Larchins on that night, as regarded its other inhabitants.

It will be recollected that Sir William Watson had some hours before left his charge at Larchins to go to his own house and send a messenger to London for his man of business. It had not taken the old Baronet long to do that, and he had quickly returned to Larchins, where he was more pleased to be than in the loneliness of his own house. The love that he had for the children of his old friend was almost as great as though they had been his own; and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive that he could have had a greater affection for a daughter than he had for Minna.

It was a great thing that the orphans, in that time of distress, and grief, and danger, had such a friend as Sir William Watson. The old man then had come instantly to Larchins; and with the full expectation that the attorney, whom he had sent for to London, and whom he had declared to be not half such a rogue as Greene, and quite as clever, would soon be at Larchins, he and Lionel had sat up beyond their usual hour, chatting and waiting for him.

The events of the previous night had induced in Minna a kind of timidity that made her rather wish to sit listening to Sir William Watson and her brother, as they called up reminiscences of the past, or pictured the probabilities of the future, than to retire to the solitude of her own chamber; and hence was it that she, too, in Larchins was up so much later than she was in the habit of being. They none of them, though, suspected that the night that was coming, or, rather, that was slowly creeping on, to mingle itself with the records of the past, was to be so busy and so important a one to all at the old house as it really became.

Sir William and Lionel parted for the night very shortly after the latter had seen Minna in safety to her chamber door; but the young man did not feel inclined to rest, and he sat in solitary meditation in his chamber for more than an hour.

One other person in Larchins was up late as well as those we have mentioned, and that was Solomon, who could not think of retiring to rest until Lionel did, although he had been told that no further service would be required of him that night. The faithful old servant had sat up in a small room that adjoined the hall, and from which, by leaving the door a little way open, he could easily hear when Lionel retired for the night, and likewise if anything was wanted in the way of attendance from him while his young master remained up.

Alas! with all the wish in the world to be wide awake and attentive, sleep would have its way with Solomon; and leaning back in the old easy chair, in the recesses of which he stationed himself, he dropt into a deep slumber before Lionel went to his room.

Such was the state of affairs at Larchins at the time that Migsley and the young soldier emerged from the gravel-pit, for the purpose of proceeding to the house upon their burglarious expedition.

To them there could not be, to all appearance, a night more peculiarly adapted for their operations: they, of course, not knowing that the inhabitants of the house had been up so much later than was usual with them.

"Now, my lad," said Migsley, as, after creeping through a hedge, he and the deserter were fairly within the grounds of Larchins. "You will quite understand what you are to do. I know how to go the quickest way to work about cracking the crib, and you must carry the bag that it has taken me some trouble to get hold of. There it is, and into it you will place whatever I hand to you in the house; and when we leave, mind, the quarry is the place of meeting. Recollect, that if there should be any alarm, you get away with whatever swag you may have, and make for the old pit. Don't look after me. I can shift for myself."

"Very well; but I almost doubt if I shall be able to find my way down into the old pit again."

"Oh, yes, you can; and if the worst comes to the worst, you know you can easily roll down. I warrant you will soon get to the bottom."

"Thank you; but that is a mode of proceeding I would rather not try. It won't suit me exactly."

"Very good. You will do all right. Now, mind, I don't look forward to our being separated at all. That can only happen if things go on a little queer, which I don't expect; but still it's as well to be prepared for the worst; so you understand me?"

"I do; and—and you are armed, are you, master Migsley, in case of necessity?"

"Yes, but I don't want to do a mischief to anybody at Larchins, I tell you, so I'd rather run than fight."

"So would I, any-day, except so far as firing a pistol is concerned, because you can do that and run afterwards."

"Upon my word," said Migsley, "your valour is something quite out of the common way. I must say I don't wonder at your leaving the army."

The deserter made no reply to this taunt. He felt in his own heart that he was a coward, and he felt that Migsley knew it; so, perhaps, he considered that it would be quite useless to contend the point with him.

The soft damp ground returned no sound from their footsteps, and they soon reached the iron hurdle fence that divided a little park of some few acres from the meadow. After crossing that park, they came upon a flower garden, and by pursuing one of its pretty winding paths, they reached the back of the house.

Larchins was built in a style that did not sacrifice any one side of it to the other, but still there was a principal entrance, and, therefore, there was a front to the house, so that on the opposite side to that entrance, although there was much ornament and elaboration of design at that part of the mansion, the back was to be looked for.

Migsley had ascertained that from that part there would be a better chance of effecting an entrance to the house, as the principal bed-chambers looked the other way, and the servants slept in a wing that was at right angles to the portion of the premises he proposed attacking.

The back of the house had a northern aspect, and the principal portion of the ground-floor was occupied by a room of large size, containing no less than five windows, and which opened to a small lawn, interspersed with flower-beds. That room was used only in the extreme heats of summer, when it was quite a delightful cool retreat. Over it was the painting gallery, so that there was little chance of meeting with any one by attacking that portion of the mansion.

In the course of five minutes from the time that they last addressed any observation to each other, Migsley and the deserter were crawling down close to one of the five windows of the apartment we have mentioned. The rain, of course, did not come from the north, so that upon that side of the house they were pretty well sheltered from the inclemency of the night. The wind, though, swept past them in gusty gushes.

"Is all right?" whispered the deserter.

"Yes. Why shouldn't it be?"

"Oh, no how; only—only—"

"What are you afraid of now?"

"I hear a very strange noise."

"Well, I suppose you will let me open the shutters, won't you?"

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"To be sure it is. I've got a delicate little machine here that will go through the wood-work in a few minutes, and then I shall find out what sort of fastening they have to the shutters. I suppose it's a bar and a spring, though; so it will be managed in the old way."

"What's the old way?"

"Oh, it's no use, nor is there time now, to explain all that to you."

Crack! went something at this moment, and a shower of broken glass fell upon the head of the deserter.

"Botheration!" said Migsley.

"Shall we run?"

"Run? No—to be sure not. If ever I heard such a fellow as you, may I be shot! Why, what is there to run for? I broke a square of glass, that's all. I admit it was a bungling job to do it so; but I'm out of practice, I find. Let's listen for a minute or two."

They both now remained profoundly still, and Migsley, with his ear placed close to the window, felt certain that if there had been any movement in the house, he must have been aware of it. After about three minutes, he spoke again in the same cautious whisper he had been using.

"The wind covers up all the noise that we can make," he said, "and it's a lucky thing that it does. It comes in such gusts now and then, that nobody can say that it's not it that shakes a window, or anything else in the place. Come on."

"On! Did you say on?"

"Yes, I did; the window is open."

"But the shutters?"

"Are open likewise. You don't suppose that I don't know my business, do you? Come on—it's all right. Creep in after me, old fellow."

The deserter felt more terrors at the idea of creeping into the mansion at Larchins than, perhaps, he would have liked to let his more adventurous companion see, and in the darkness of the night, he certainly had an opportunity of concealing his fears, if he chose so to do. A few moments took them into the room; and then Migsley, in a low tone that could only just be heard by his companion, said—

"The socks!"

"Yes—yes."

They both now sat upon the floor of the room into which they had so surreptitiously made their way, and pulled over their boots a pair of socks, each. As soon as that precautionary operation was completed, Migsley ignited a phosphorus match, and before the little fluttering flame expired, he lighted a very diminutive lantern that he had with him, and which had in one of its sides a powerful lens. By the aid of that, he was able to cast a stream of light in any direction he pleased.

The deserter sat upon the floor, having just completed the operation of drawing on the worsted socks over his boots, and looked about him at the splendour of the room he was in with amazement, as it was dimly lighted up by Migsley's lantern. The housebreaker made the beams from the lens pass like a soft ray of morning light over the rich hangings and the gilded cornices—the glowing pictures and the flashing mirrors; so that all the taste and luxury of the fittings of that room flitted before the eyes of the deserter like a vision.

"This is fine," he said.

"Hush!"

In the admiration of the moment, he had spoken much too loudly; but the sudden "Hush!" of Migsley warned him of his error, and he rose to his feet, awaiting the directions of his companion.

There was nothing sufficiently portable in that apartment for the burglars to take possession of, nor did Migsley at all expect that there would be. What he wanted was to discover where the plate was kept, as report said, that much of it was of solid gold, comprising a service that had been presented to the Colonel. That there must be some depository upon the ground floor in which such valuables were kept, he felt certain; and, with his tact and experience in such matters, he did not despair of soon lighting upon it.

Making a sign to the deserter to follow him, Migsley now stepped to the door of the rich apartment, and opening it with a sudden quickness that put a creaking hinge at defiance, he passed out into the space behind it.

They now were in what is properly called the hall, that is to say, they were in the large open space upon the ground floor, from which ascended the grand staircase, and from which likewise opened all the doors leading to the library, breakfast-room, dining-room, and reception-rooms, upon that level.

It was somewhere thereabouts that Migsley looked for a plate closet; and as he stood in the centre of the hall, he slowly turned round, with the lantern in his hand, and let the ray of light from it fall in slow succession upon every object.

"What are we to do?" whispered the deserter, in evident trepidation.

"Hush!"

The deserter crouched down close to Migsley, and waited for him to indicate some action with the greatest anxiety. But Migsley seemed a little puzzled what to be at. There was no underground place in the house, and he saw no doors that did not seem as though they corresponded with rooms. Delay, however, was the most dangerous thing that to him could ensue; so he at once opened the first door he came to. It led to the dining-room, and one glance around that showed the housebreaker that there was an immense beaufet, made of Spanish mahogany, at one end of the room, in a recess that, if it were not intentionally made to fit, it did so wonderfully well.

"There it is," said Migsley.

"Where—where?"

"Hold your row, and go and stand at the door, with your stupid head out into the hall. You may do some good there, by listening; but none here. If you hear anything, say 'Hist'; but mind you pull your head in before you say it, or you will give the alarm to the enemy instead of to me."

"I will—I will."

The deserter placed himself in the position that Migsley indicated, and then the housebreaker, taking from his pocket some exquisitely constructed skeleton keys, made a rapid attempt at one of the locks of the beaufet. It resisted him. Another key was tried, and it twisted round in his hand. Then another, and with a sharp click, the lock yielded.

There were inner doors to the beaufet of fine maple wood; but they were only made fast by a little slip hand-bolt, which Migsley released in a moment of its hold; and then, upon some shelves, he saw a quantity of silver plate, but no gold; and he had been taught to expect to find the latter metal in sufficient abundance to amply repay the trouble of the enterprise.

With an oath, he threw out some of the silver dishes on to the floor, and eagerly looked further into the beaufet. One gold cup met his rapacious gaze, and he pounced upon it, and placed it in his own pocket. It bulged out considerably, and he took it out again, and placed it upon the floor on its side. One crush with his foot flattened it completely, and then he replaced it in his pocket.

"Just as good for the melting pot," he muttered, "and perhaps better."

At this moment, with a cry of terror, the deserter staggered back into the room. Migsley had his hand upon his throat in a moment, and kneeling upon his chest, he muttered—

"Idiot! By all that's execrable, I'll smash the life out of you! Do you want to hang us both?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### DETAILS FURTHER THE NIGHT'S ADVENTURES AT LARCHINS.

MIGSLEY might rave or threaten as he pleased at his not over-valorous friend and companion in iniquity; the deserter was thoroughly frightened, and nothing that he could say was at all likely to have the effect of overcoming the paroxysm of terror that had taken possession of him. The impolicy, in their present situation, however, of uttering any exclamation was, after the first flash of his terror, sufficiently obvious to him; but, in a faint voice, he whispered to Migsley, half-choked as he was—

"A ghost! a ghost!"

"A what?" said Migsley, as he immediately closed the little impervious slide that shut in the light of his lantern, and only permitted a few weak pencils of illumination to shoot right up to the ceiling.

"A what?"

"A ghost!"

"You idiot!—Ah!"

Migsley cast his eyes towards the door of the room. It was open about the extent of a couple of inches, for after the deserter, in his fright, had drawn in his head, it had lazily closed; and through the crevice, now, to his dismay, Migsley saw a long streak of light make its way, and after shining upon the gilt picture-frames of the room for a moment or two, gradually died away, until with a flash it was lost.

"There—there! I told you," said the deserter.

"Didn't I say it? Oh, murder! you will choke me!"

"Won't I, if you speak again above your breath, you cheat!"

"Cheat?"

"Yes; you look like a man, but you ain't one—ain't that cheating? Somebody is up and stirring in Larchins. I don't know who it is, but they shan't baulk me of the swag."

"Oh, no—no."

"I say they shan't!"

"But I don't mean that," whispered the deserter, in a whisper that was sufficiently low even to satisfy Migsley that there was no danger of its being heard beyond his own ears. "I don't mean that—I mean that we had better go now, at once. You have got something."

"Yes; but I will have more. You have the bag—fill it with what you see before you on these shelves. I will be back with you soon."

"Don't leave me. You didn't see what it was."

"Eh? What was it?"

"A figure of a woman all in white, and carrying a candle. The eyes looked at me, but they didn't see me. It was nothing alive that the earth owns, I'm sure, that I saw."

"Fool! it was your own imagination."

"But the light?"

"Ah! yes, the light! There is something in

it. But if you won't be left, come with me at once—"

"No; I dare not!"

"Stay where you are, then; and hark you, boy—I won't desert you. I have brought you into this affair, and I tell you I will see you out of it, if I live. Don't stir from this room. I will be soon with you again; but it's impossible for me to go on, and know that somebody is going about the house. A woman, did you say?"

"Yes; all in white, and the eyes so—"

"Bah!—you told me about the eyes—"

Migsley moved towards the door of the dining-room; but the idea of being left alone, and in the dark, too, in that strange house, was maddening to the deserter, and he rushed after Migsley, and clung to him, saying—

"No—no, Migsley, let's give it up. Let's be off at once. I will do with less than half."

"Hands off, will you?"

He still clung to the stalwart housebreaker until a blow struck him off, and then he fell to the floor, where he lay crouching down, and looking such oceans of fear and hatred, that if Migsley had only been able to cast a glance upon the face of his friend, he might well have thought that there was more to fear from him than from the possibly aroused inhabitants of Larchins.

But Migsley, although he heard the low grating snarl of anger from the deserter, had no time for either soothing or inflaming his passions further, and he left the room with a stealthy step.

The door of the library was nearly opposite the door of the dining-room, and the first thing that Migsley saw was, shining from the slightly opened door of the former room, a similar stream of light to that which had made its way into the dining-room to give him assurance that something more tangible than the imagination of the deserter was at work at Larchins, possibly to his peril. For a moment, then, the daring housebreaker thought that the advice of the deserter to leave the premises with the booty he already had might be good; but curiosity prompted him to endeavour to see who it was that, at such an hour, crept from the upper part of Larchins to the library.

Perhaps the information of the soldier that it was a female form that he had seen had something to do with the determination of Migsley, inasmuch as the present peril of encountering a woman would not be so great as though it were Lionel, or any of the men-servants of the house. He crept along the hall, and then suddenly he shook in every limb, and a feeling of superstition took possession of him. He paused, while the drops of fear stood upon his brow, and in a choking voice, he said—

"God! it's the eighteenth!"

It was with the greatest difficulty that Migsley shook off some of this nightmare of the soul that had come over him; but he did succeed in getting sufficiently rid of it to enable him to persevere in his object of seeing who it was that was in the library. Much of the sterner feelings and passions, though, of the strong man were quenched and subdued by superstitious fear, and it was with a palpitating heart and unsteady nerves that he moved across the hall to the door of the library.

He heard nothing from within the room, and yet the light—that could be no delusion—streamed through the little opening of the door. He applied his eyes to the opening, and saw plainly into the large and handsome apartment.

A tall figure in white from head to foot, the back of which was towards him, stood by the centre table, and he heard a rustling of papers.

It was with a sort of desperate impulse that neither at the time nor afterwards could have been accounted for, that Migsley pushed the door open sufficiently wide to allow himself ingress, and staggered into the room. The mysterious figure in white spoke.

"More papers—more papers!" it said. "The old man is dead. Once dead, and there's an end. The papers—safe—safe—safe still—Hush!—so safe, and done without blood, too! Well, there is the fee—there is the fee!"

A drawer of the table was open, and Cousin Cecil, suffering from that same strange disease that the terrors of an evil conscience had, no doubt, evoked, and in one of the accessions of which Lionel and his friends had seen her, grasped at some papers, the rustle of which satisfied her sleeping judgment, and turned slowly from the table towards the terrified Migsley.

The shriek that would have come to the lips of the housebreaker wanted breath to fill it to a full volume of sound, and it died away in a hissing tone of horror as he cried—

"Tis she! Oh, God! 'tis she! Help!—help! Mercy!"

He dropped to his knees upon the floor, and with his hands outstretched before him, he seemed to deprecate an advance of the figure towards him.

Cousin Cecil had the light in her hand, and now, as though with a spasmodic movement, she jerked it to and fro, and her lips moved without a sound escaping. Then she fell huddled up on the floor, and after another moment she uttered a faint cry, and panted as though some strange convulsion were at her heart.

The candlestick had fallen from her hand, and the candle rolled out on to the carpet, but it was not extinguished. Migsley, with a strength of mind at the moment lent him by despair, sprang to his feet, and snatching at the candle, he held it with his left hand, while with his right he shaded his eyes from its beams, and shed them all on to the face of Cousin Cecil, over whom he hung, shaking like one in an ague.

"Do you live?" he said, or rather gasped with spasmodic jerks. It seemed as if each inspiration only sufficed, as it burst from his lips, again to enable him to utter one word. "Do you live, or is—this—some cheat—some dream—I—I ask you? Do you live? Speak, woman or fiend, I care not which or both—speak—to—to me! Speak! I say! Speak!"

With her lips parted and bloodless, and her hands grasping at the floor for support, Cousin Cecil regarded him.

"Dead—dead!" was all she could say.

"No—no!" said Migsley, and by a violent effort to overcome his fears and reluctance to do so, he stretched out his hand, and clutched her by the shoulder. The tangibility of the form he grasped assured him at once that it was no inhabitant of another world that was before him, and with a strange burst of hideous hysterical laughter, he staggered back to a chair, crying—

"'Tis she—'tis she! Not dead! Ho, ho! not dead! 'Tis she! My wife! God! it is my wife, this is the eighteenth!"

"Williams!" said Cousin Cecil.

Yes—Williams. I am Williams. Well met—well met! Oh, but this is glorious! I am parched and fevered. My blood is on the gallop as though it were running for a plate at Newmarket. Why, Mrs. Williams, how in the name of all that's—No—no: what's the use of swearing? Not dead—not dead! Ha, ha!"

Cousin Cecil remained still upon the floor, shaking in every limb, and only now and then in a faint, wailing voice pronouncing the name of Williams. She gazed around her in surprise—she looked at her dress, and then at the man before her, and then at the light which he had placed upon the table, and she felt as though that were the first hour of madness, if it were not all a vivid and terrible dream.

She spread her quivering hands over her face, and let her head droop, and thus she remained. Heaven only knew what strange and dreadful thoughts chased each other through her brain at that time; but Migsley was getting out of his maze of surprise and terror, if Cousin Cecil was getting deeper into hers. He began to separate realities from the visions and startling impulses of the imagination; and, rising, he placed his hand upon the shoulder of Cousin Cecil, as he said—

"Wife, we have met at last, and it was to be. Perhaps it would have been just as well if we hadn't; but as it is, here I am. You know me: I am Jack Williams, who gave out that he was dead, and then heard that you were in your grave. But here we are, it seems, both as alive as possible. How long is it since you took to walking in your sleep?"

"That's it," said Cousin Cecil moving her hands from before her face, and looking up with a shudder.

"That's it."

"What's it?"

"I have been walking in my sleep: that accounts for being here. He told me once that I did, but I would not believe it."

"Who's he?"

"No one."

"Oh! And pray, Mrs. W., what sort of office or situation do you fill here? You will excuse the impertinence of the question, perhaps, but as I am Mr. W., I think I may as well know."

Cousin Cecil drew a long breath, and rising from the floor, she seated herself, and looked at Migsley fixedly.

"You don't doubt it?" he said. "I am the

"You are, but I thought—"

"That I was snugly enough under ground. Well, Mrs. W., that was partly my fault, so we will let that pass. Here I am, you see."

"Not so loud. Oh, hush!"

She wrung her hands, and it was evident that, after the violent excitement she had gone through, she was beginning to suffer torments of mental agony, on account of the unexpected discovery that had taken place.

"Good!" said Migsley. "It's just as well not to wake up the gentlefolks. I suppose you are a sort of housekeeper, or woman-of-all-work here, Mrs. W., eh? Is that it? You were always a cunning one."

"No! Yes—that is—What are you now, Williams?"

"A thief!"

Cousin Cecil again drew a long breath.

"And—and—your presence here to-night, then, is—is—"

"To rob the house, or, as you no doubt understand it quite as well, to crack the crib; but I'd just as much idea of finding you here, as if I were to find you in heaven—provided by some mistake I was to get in there."

"A housebreaker?" said Cousin Cecil. "And so you—you came here to rob the house, John; and you have found me; and—you are not dead; and—you are a thief? Here I am. Yes—oh, yes. I know you, and I walk in my sleep."

Cousin Cecil's wits were in a sad state. She passed her hand over her brow repeatedly, and from the unwonted character of her discourse, it was quite clear that the astounding accident of meeting with Mr. Williams had, for the time, thoroughly confounded her faculties.

"Take your time," said Migsley. "There's no hurry. You don't seem quite yourself yet, old woman."

How she shuddered!

"Come, now," he added—and the muscles of his face twitched, and his voice underwent a strange alteration. "There's one thing I want to ask you. We had a little one—"

She shuddered again.

"It ain't of no use shaking in that way. Where is my child?"

"Lost!"

"Lost! Can you look at me, woman, and tell me that the only thing that could have held me to the world—the only tie—No—no—that's all stuff to talk to you about. I ask you, woman, where is the child?"

"I had a long illness, and when I recovered it was gone—stolen! No one could tell me where it was. It is gone."

"Indeed! And instead of looking for it, you got into snug quarters here, and can come out in the sleep-walking line, with a night-dress on, all of a shine, with lace and silk tassels? Why, screw me up, Mrs. W., but that ain't exactly the sort of night-cap you used to wear. Why, it sits on your head like a dainty cloud of silk lace; and this 'ere sparkler in the shape of a ring on your finger, too, old girl—that is as deuced as good imitation of a diamond as ever I saw."

"No—no!"

"But I say 'yes—yes.' None of your gammon. What the devil are you here?—that's the question!"

Cousin Cecil opened and shut her hands rapidly, and looked around her in despair.

"Speak, I say," said Migsley. "Speak, woman. I'm a thief, I know—a crackman—and the felon's brand is upon my ankle: the cold iron has left its mark there; but I'm your husband, and I will make you know it."

"Oh, have mercy upon me. I will give you gold, if you will only go far away—to some foreign country—anywhere!"

"Oh—indeed!"

"I will supply your utmost wants. You shall have wherewithal to live a life of luxury and riot—you shall have no wish ungratified."

"Really!"

Cousin Cecil had grasped an idea at last, and she was quite resolved to make the most of it.

"Only leave this house—this neighbourhood—this country—at once, John Williams, and tell me where to send to you, and I will furnish you with funds to roll in. You shall be what you please, and do what you please, in another country. You shall only have to ask, and have."

"Oh, Lor'!"

"Yes; oh, do go, John Williams. I beg—I pray of you to go at once. I will live you soon h—"

more than enough, for present necessities. Only fly from this place, John Williams. Do you hear me?"

"Reether, mum!"

"Then, you cannot—you do not wish to ruin—that is, you want money—that is all, is it not?"

"Well, it isn't the worst thing going. And pray Mrs. W., between you and me and the post, where is it all to come from?"

"Ask me no questions, let me implore you. Only tell me where, at any time you like in the morning, I can come to you, and bring you ample funds, and I swear I will be there. The situation I hold here will enable me to gorge you with plunder, and I will do it if you will have faith in me, and not disturb that situation. If you do disturb me, both go forth to ruin and to want."

Migsley took a couple of turns up and down the room, while Cousin Cecil followed him with her eyes in an agony of terror. He stopped close to her, and spoke in a low determined voice—

"Hark you, wife. I spread the news that grim death had got a clutch of me myself, and so far you ain't to blame in doing the best you could for yourself. But there's some-things that you and I must talk about yet."

"We will—we will. Anything, so that you go now."

"Do you know this neighbourhood?"

"I do—well."

"There's an old gravel pit—"

"I know it."

"Good. Be there before twelve o'clock in the morning, or else I will be here."

"It is enough. If I could only crawl, I would be there."

"That will do, mum. And now I came here for swag, and swag I must have, for I have a pal."

"You will not tell him?"

"Bah! Do you see anything *partikler* green about me, Mrs. W.? He's a young lad, but he is here, and he expects half of the dumps, you see. Now, all you have got to do is, to go to your roost, now, Mrs. W., and let us be off with the swag. Where's the gold plate? There was some."

"You shall have it all."

"Ah, that's business-like. My pal is in the room over away, opposite this, and in a precious stew, I dare say, by this time, at what's a-keeping me so long. Now, I tell you what it is, old woman—you must load him with what you can get at, that's small and good."

"I will—I will."

"Hush! What's that?"

Cousin Cecil rose, tremblingly, just as the deserter cautiously intruded his head into the apartment.

(To be continued.)

## THE "RAPPISTS."

We know not whether the farmer of Tom Thumb, the Lancashire bell-ringers, &c., is to be held responsible for all that the Barbaums do by way of entertaining the American public: but we perceive that an "undertaker" (thus freely to translate the French word) bearing that name has caged the rapping ghost, and set it a-going in his "best room"—though not, it is mysteriously added, for the purposes of base exhibition.—The following is transcribed *verbatim* from a transatlantic newspaper:—

*The Mysterious Rappings.*—The daughters of Mrs. Fish, of Rochester, who are singularly accompanied by what some consider a spiritual influence, which gives token of its presence by a peculiar rapping, have arrived in this city, and taken lodgings at Barnum's Hotel. They came down in the Empire on Wednesday last; and though they do not mean to give any public exhibitions of the mysterious phenomena, they will submit the subject to the private investigations of scientific persons and friends.

We should think that these knocking Fishes and their investigating friends must rather be a disturbance to unscientific lodgers on the same floor, who "rap" not. The idea of young ladies bringing their mysterious ghosts with them in their work-bags to public hotels gives us notions and feelings with regard to spiritual visitations which are jocose and exciting rather than solemn.—But the folly of these shows only deepens the shame of those who by countenancing them provoke their exhibition.

JENNY LIND.—Mlle. Lind is said to have promised to sing at two Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, previous to her departure for America, for the sum of £1,000.

## MECHANISM OF THE POST-OFFICE.

(Abridged from the *Quarterly Review*.)

HER MAJESTY'S Postmaster-General is the commander-in-chief of an army of great magnitude, quartered not only over the whole surface of the United Kingdom, and in almost every portion of the British empire, but also at many foreign ports. His secretaries form his staff; his surveyors are commanders of districts, to whom post-masters report, and from whom in most cases they receive their orders. The General Post-office in London—his head-quarters—is composed of a force of 2,903 persons, divided into two departments.

The daily labour of the inland and foreign department, commonly called the general post, is composed of two very violent convulsions, namely, the morning delivery and evening despatch, and two comparative slight anguish shivers, caused by a tiny arrival and departure of letters by the day mails.

Throughout the department, at any period between these paroxysms, there reigns silence and solitude. The stranger, as he paces from one large hall to another, save the ticking of the great clock, hears nothing but his own footsteps; and with the exception now and then of a dark-coated clerk popping out of one door into another, of a bright red postman occasionally passing like a meteor across the floor, and of a few other overtired men in scarlet uniform sitting and lying fast asleep in various attitudes, like certain persons in the galleries of 'another place,' no human being is to be seen. While, therefore, this well-regulated and well-worked public department is enjoying its siesta, we will endeavour to offer to our readers a rough outline of the scene of its operations.

When the present London Post-office was completely finished in 1829, it was found, after all, to be barely large enough for its business; and accordingly its first effort to obtain accommodation was, in 1831, to construct upon iron cantilevers a gallery halfway between the floor and the roof of one-half of the great sorting-chamber, which was originally, as it indeed is still, a vast lofty double hall, 109 feet long, eighty feet six inches broad, and twenty-eight feet high. In 1836, to obtain further accommodation, it was determined to eject the secretary from the building, and to appropriate his very handsome suite of apartments therein to the uses of the office.

Soon after our parliament adopted Mr. Rowland Hill's bold proposal of the penny post, the brick and mortar boof, which had always been too tight, was found to pinch so intolerably, that various expedients, one after another, were resorted to: and it was first of all determined to construct, over the double hall we have just described, another set or suite of the same dimensions, which, instead of resting on the ceilings of the old ones, were to be suspended from a strong arched iron girder roof by iron rods. In effecting, however, this ingenious operation the inevitable result has been that the principal hall on the ground-floor has been deprived of its sky-lights, and to the serious inconvenience of the poor fellows who work in it; and we must add, to the discredit of the country, this important portion of the London, and consequently of the largest post-office in the world, is now lighted almost entirely during the whole sunshine, even of summer, by stinking gas! Then, even the increased accommodation thus obtained not fully meeting the requirements of the new system, a small hollow quadrangle, built for lighting another portion of the establishment, was on the ground-floor converted into a little office: and, finally, these efforts not affording sufficient room, the money-order office, president, clerks, window-men, ledgers, documents, papers and all, were ordered to swarm or emigrate from the post-office into an immense hive or building purposely constructed to receive them.

By these patchwork arrangements the office is at present sufficiently large for its duties, for the performance of which great facility has been derived by the construction at each end of the large double halls on both floors of a very ingenious contrivance, suggested by Mr. Bokenham, called "the lifting machine." Within a set of iron bars about three inches asunder, and altogether about ten feet broad, reaching vertically from the floor of the lower halls to those suspended above them, there are in strata a series of platforms nine feet six inches broad by four feet deep, resembling the cages in which wild beasts at country fairs are

usually confined, which, by the irresistible power of a steam-engine, are made on one side to rise twenty-eight feet from the lower to the upper halls, and then passing through a slit in the wall, to descend in like manner on the other side: the whole thus circulating like the buckets of a dredging-machine. By this contrivance sorters and letter-carriers, accompanied by their baskets and bags, instead of having to toil up and down a steep staircase, are quickly and most conveniently transferred from one set of halls to the other.

The floors of both stories are divided into long double desks, separated by passages between each set, averaging about five feet in breadth—each great chamber being overlooked by two elevated plat forms for the inspectors, who, just as the Persians worship the sun, regulate the whole of their movements by the expressive but ever-varying features of the hall's huge round faced clock.

At a few minutes before five p.m. the whole force of the inland department, refreshed by its siesta, having assembled, the business for the evening begins by the entrance on the lower floors, from various doors, of porters and carriers bringing, in various attitudes, bags and baskets full of letters, which have either been collected by hand within the immediate vicinity of St. Martin's-le-Grand, or have been delivered into the slits or at the windows of its pre-paying office.

At half-past five a stranger would fancy that the force assembled for the sorting of letters exceeded its work, and especially that by some unaccountable mystery the publication of newspapers, for the despatch of which the whole of the upper halls were in readiness, had been interdicted. On looking, however, into the large bins beneath the slits for receiving letters, white packets of all sizes and shapes are observed at about this period to drop down in arithmetical progression, increasing in number so rapidly that it soon occupies the attention of a sturdy porter to keep sweeping them with a broom into a heap, which, as fast as it can be tumbled into baskets, is carried into the large sorting halls.

The fluttering, flapping, and flopping of all these letters—their occasional total cessation for a few seconds—and yet the almost awful rate at which they keep increasing, form altogether a very exciting scene.

As, however, the clock is unrelentingly progressing towards six p.m. we must reluctantly beg our readers to move with us from the letter bins to an adjoining compartment for the purpose of witnessing a moving picture of still greater interest.

At three quarters past five a few newspapers, only by two or by threes at a time, are to be heard falling heavily through the broad slits into the spacious bins for receiving them, and the stranger has accordingly, still reason to think that in the newspaper department of this world something somewhere must have gone wrong. In a few minutes, however, a professional, business-like tap is heard at the window, and a lean, tall, sinewy man-in-waiting within, hitherto unobserved, who, with his sleeves tucked up, has been standing like a statue on the interior sill, opening the window, receives a dirty pocket-handkerchief, full of newspapers, which he tumbles into a white wicker basket, two feet three inches cube, standing all ready beneath. He has scarcely, with rather a disdainful jerk of his hand, returned the filthy rag to its still dirtier owner, when there is pushed towards him a large long sack which, in like manner, having been emptied into the basket, is chucked to its proprietor. Bags, bundles, and sacks of all sizes, shapes, and lengths, now arrive so rapidly, that the man-in-waiting suddenly throws open the whole of the window, and in receiving, emptying, and throwing about bags, he commences a series of gymnastic exercises which are astonishing to witness. On the night on which we beheld the operation it happened that the newspapers for the India Mail were to be added to those of the heaviest night of the week, in consequence of which the number of bags increased so rapidly, that an assistant porter, of the same lean, active make, jumping on the broad sill, opened a second window. At five minutes before six, these men were at times so nearly overwhelmed with bags of all colours and sizes, that most of those who had brought only large bundles chucked them themselves into the office. As the finger of the clock advanced the arrivals increased. As fast as the two men could possibly empty and eject the sacks, the baskets beneath them (each holding on an average 500 newspapers) were dragged by scarlet postmen into the lifting machine, in which, on its platforms, they were to be seen

through the bars of their respective cages, one set after another, rising towards the upper sorting halls. At a minute before six, the two window-men were apparently working for their very lives. Parcels of newspapers, like barred-shot, hurled past them: single newspapers, mostly discharged by boys, like musketry, were flying over their heads. At last the clock mercifully came to their rescue; and, though its first five strokes seemed to increase the volley, the last had no sooner struck than, before its melodious note had completely died away, both the wooden windows of the newspaper receiving-room of the inland department, by a desperate effort, were simultaneously closed by the two lean janitors, whom, apparently exhausted by their extraordinary exertions, we observed instantly to sit down on a bar behind them, in order, in peaceful quietness, to wipe with their shirt-sleeves the perspiration which stood in dew-drops on their pale, honest faces.

The following evening, at a quarter before six, we happened to witness from the outside the scene we have just described within.

Across the well-known thoroughfare passage, which separates the inland, or general, from the London district, or old two-penny-post, the public had during the day been passing to and fro in that sort of equable stream which, strange to say, seems all over London to be, generally speaking, about the same at the same hours in the same places. Occasionally a passenger, diverging sideways from the track, might be seen diagonally walking towards the slits on either side for the reception of stamped letters, or with a half-crown, a shilling, or a penny between his forefinger and thumb, to tap at a wooden window to pay for his letter.

At about three quarters past five, however, the stream of passengers had not only evidently increased, but the rule of their conduct seemed gradually to have become reversed; for now the minority only proceeded soberly on the straight path, while the majority were observed to be diverging or reeling towards the windows of the Inland Department. Most of the latter multitude have letters in their hands; whilst others, as they approached the slits, were seen carefully taking them out of pockets in the breasts of their coats, or very cautiously out of their hats. Sometimes one of the narrow slits was wholly engorged by a shabbily dressed man, busily stuffing into it many hundreds of circulars, all exactly of the same shape, brought in several packets, which, without surrendering his position, one after another he untied. Clerks and men of business deposited their letters with real as well as with affected gravity, and then turning on their heels, walked seriously away. Boys generally came up whistling, and almost invariably twisted in their contributions with a flourish. At the compartment for prepaying letters we observed a little ragamuffin throw up his cap at the wooden window, which he could not reach, and which, as in duty bound, instantly opened. As the finger of the clock advanced, people bringing unpaid letters rapidly increased, until the receiving windows were beset by a motley crowd of people, apparently bent on obstructing the object of all by squeezing each other to death. Several were mechanics in dirty aprons, with begrimed faces, and with tucked-up sleeves, displaying bare, sinewy useful arms. Among the number of women, each of whom, although under high pressure, had an outstretched arm with a penny and a letter at the end of it, we observed a short and very stout one holding a child, whose whole face was squalling under a purple velvet bonnet and scarlet flowers. On the extreme left, people from all quarters were approaching the newspaper windows, with bundles and sacks; and although it now wanted only one minute to six, it was curious to observe how unconcernedly man of the men employed by the newspaper agents advanced with their bags, for the delivering of which they evidently well knew, from a glance at the clock, that there was "lots o' time."

At the last moment, however, there certainly was a great rush; and when the final chime of six tolled, at which instant the windows of all the receiving compartments simultaneously closed, one or two newspapers thrown by boys, were seen to fall from the shutters lifeless upon the ground: while at the windows for the receipt of pre-paid letters a group of persons for a few moments stood as if, for the amusement of the public, they were most admirably acting together a tableau-vivant of the words, "Too late." The unfortunate, however, had evidently no appeal; for, excepting the old scarlet-coated porter in waiting, who, as he had been doing all day, continued slowly

and infirmly to pace up and down before the newspaper and letter windows, no human being on duty was to be seen.

We have said that as fast as the documents are poured into the windows of the Inland-office of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the letters are taken into the lower double hall, while the newspapers are simultaneously raised by steam-power into the upper one for distribution and despatch. Shortly after six o'clock, however, red-mail carts from all the receiving-houses in London; as well as from that part of the country lying within the twelve mile circle, are in rapid succession driven up to the door of the main passage, through which, as quickly as they arrive, the bags of each are brought into the hall, and, accordingly, by half-past six the Ireland Department—through which there have lately passed, per week, about 2,288,000 letters and 900,000 newspapers—is to be seen on both floors in full, in busy, and, we must add, in magnificent operation.

The contents of the bags, as fast as they arrive, after being duly examined, are, at one end of the lower hall, tumbled in basketsful upon a large table, twelve feet long by five feet broad, entirely surrounded by postmen in scarlet coats—a number of which are very creditably torn under the arms or across the shoulders, from over-exertion in handling about heavy letter bags.

These men at first sight appear like a body of soldiers playing for their very lives at cards, each gambler at the same moment shuffling a separate pack. The object, however, of their manipulations is merely to "face" the stamped and paid letters all the same way. In doing so, whenever they come to an unpaid one, they chuck it into the nearest of two baskets in the middle of the table. During the operation, they also pass from one to another, towards the southern end of the table, all large documents and "packets," which, as they accumulate, are carried off by red postmen to a table appropriated to receive them. Little letters, like little-minded men, sometimes improperly intrude themselves into the domiciles of bigger ones. The act is by "facers" called "pigging," and it so often occurs that in one week 727 notes had—it was ascertained by experiment—"pigged" into larger envelopes.

As fast as the letters of the great heap—which, by fresh arrivals, is seldom allowed to be exhausted—are thus unpigged and "faced," they are carried off in armfuls by porters to the stamping table, where six clerks only perform the arduous but important duty of examining whether in stamps sufficient postage has been paid for each. The rapidity with which, as the letters lie with their faces uppermost, these officers successively touch them with one finger, is most astonishing. The great alk, they can at once perceive, have been properly pre-paid; the remainder they snap up, weigh; and such is their attention to their duty, that we remarked they were oftener wrong in their suspicions than right. The letters detected as under-paid, are, of course, consigned to their proper punishment.

While this interesting operation is proceeding, red postmen in waiting are carrying off in armfuls all approved letters to two other tables, at which, if possible with still greater celerity, their stamps are obliterated by the right hands of twenty stampers, who from long practice in their regimental duty can destroy from 6,000 to 7,000 Queen's heads in an hour, or, for a short time, 140 per minute.

These preliminaries having been disposed of, the letters are carried to two double desks severally divided into twenty-one compartments, to each of which there is attached a sorting clerk. As these compartments are each only two feet nine inches in breadth, the clerks are about as close together as friends seated at an ordinary dinner table; their territory, however, in depth is only half as narrow as in breadth, and yet, most strange to say, within these tiny limits (for all these sorting clerks perform exactly the same duty) is the whole of the correspondence of the United Kingdom, not only with itself, but with every region of the habitable globe, primarily arranged!

#### THE DANGERS OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

MR. FLETCHER and one or two Europeans resolved to make an excursion to Nimroud and other places of interest in the vicinity.

"My old friend Mohammed had come in to smoke a morning pipe, and was much astonished at all this

bustle in the court-yard.—'Are you going back to Ingolterra?' inquired he.—'Not this time, my friend,' I said, 'we are merely going to Mar Matti, to Nimroud, and to Rabban Hormuzd.'—'Masballah!' exclaimed my old companion, 'what people these Franks are. Here have I been living for twenty years in Mosul, and have never gone further, during that period, than to the Mound of Nebbi Ymas. Surely you cannot be in your senses to change this comfortable divan for a rough saddle and a stony road. Then you will meet Kurds, Yezidees, and other obscene sons of Satan, who may rob you, or cut your throats. Allah knows, Khawajah Yacoub, whether I shall ever smoke another pipe in your house.'—I endeavoured to quiet his fears by the assurance that he would most probably see my face again in a week; and with this consolatory remark I rode off. \* \* I had not proceeded the length of the street, however, before I heard a voice calling me from behind. I stopped my horse, and turning round, beheld Mohammed in a state of breathless exhaustion, carrying a formidable sabre.—'Take, at least, this with you,' he gasped, as he came up with me.—'O Mohammed,' I exclaimed, 'I am not afraid of the Kurds or the Yezidees; and, besides, if a great number attack me, it would be worse than madness to resist.'—But Mohammed had settled in his own mind that I could not be safe without a sword; and that the sight of one, even though resting peacefully in its scabbard, would scare away whole legions of the much dreaded Kurds and Yezidees. I yielded to his entreaties, and consented to accept the loan of the formidable weapon. 'It is a true Shami,' said he, I fastened the belt; 'take it, and go in peace.'—When we arrived at the bank of the river, we found a ferry-boat had just come in with some Albanian mercenaries. Nothing could be more repulsive or ruffianly than the general appearance of these men. Their features were wan and sallow, the effects of unlimited debauchery, while their garments hung loose and ragged about them. The white kilts had become brown, and the lace of their jacket had torn and tarnished. They gazed upon us with marked ferocity, and would, doubtless, have felt great pleasure in cutting our throats and rifling our baggage. They had just returned from laying waste three villages, and carried with them several strings of human ears, which were afterwards suspended near the chief gate of Mosul.—*Fletcher's Notes on Nineveh.*

#### INTELLECTUAL AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE!

**AERONAUTICS IN PARIS.**—Extraordinary interest had been excited in Paris by the announcement that M. Poiteven, an aéronaut, would ascend on horseback with a balloon. Upwards of 10,000 persons paid for admission to the Champ de Mars, to witness the ascent; and outside, on the heights of Chaillot, &c., upwards of 150,000 individuals were collected. There was a vast number of carriages and horsemen. The receipts must have been very large. The President of the Republic was present, and was received with great enthusiasm. The balloon was fifteen metres in diameter, forty-seven in circumference, and twenty high, but it only weighed 150 kilogrammes. It was a matter of considerable difficulty to fill the balloon with gas, owing to the violent wind which prevailed; and, when it was filled, it was beaten to and fro so strongly, that several of the spectators had to assist in holding it. At a little before six o'clock, the horse, a handsome dapple gray, was brought out. A stout cloth was placed round the body, and several straps, passed over the shoulders and loins, were united in rings, and by these rings the animal was attached by cords to the network of the balloon. A platform of basketwork, seven or eight feet above the horse, contained the ballast, and to this platform the aéronaut had access by means of a rope ladder. A cord, passing through an opening in the platform, enabled him to open the valve of the balloon. The aéronaut was dressed as a jockey, and had with him several bottles of wine and some bread. Some confusion was caused by the crowd attempting to force their way into the reserved place; but they were kept off by the soldiers. At length, at ten minutes past six, the horse was duly attached to the balloon, and M. Poiteven having mounted its back, the signal to rise was given. The horse plunged a little, as it lost its footing, but when fairly lifted from the earth it dropped its legs, as is the case when horses are slung for embarkation on shipboard. The balloon rose majestically over the Ecole Militaire; but at times the wind was so

violent as to drive it in such a position that it appeared on a level with the aéronaut. The emotion of the spectators was very great, and one lady fainted. M. Poiteven displayed extraordinary sang-froid, and saluted with his cap and whip. After a while he was seen to leave his saddle, and ascend, by means of the rope ladder, to the platform containing the ballast, in order to throw some of it away, so as to rise higher. This done, he descended, and again mounted the horse. There was no network or anything to protect him or the animal. The balloon went in the direction of Fontainebleau, and M. Poiteven intended to remain in the air about an hour. Several balloons were let off before M. Poiteven ascended, to ascertain the direction of the wind; and some persons connected with him went off on horseback, in order to be able, if possible, to render him assistance in descending. It is reported that the daring aéronaut alighted at Meaux, and that horse and rider have returned safe and sound to Paris.

**THEATRE AT MADRID.**—In default of a *soirée*, there was always the theatre to go to. There was only one company then playing, of inferior actors (for all the stars at that season wander about to enlighten the provincial darkness). Be the acting never so bad, it is always a good lesson in Spanish. This company had adjourned during the summer, for coolness, to the Circo del Barquillo—the Astley's of Madrid, an edifice with wooden walls and canvass roof. All the arrangements are decidedly veterinary. Stalls and loose boxes are fitted up as dressing-rooms for the nonce, and there is a very pervading odour of sawdust. The entrée behind the scenes (that hopeless ambition of the London youth) is here accorded to the whole audience; and between the acts, the kings and queens of the stage walk about in their royal robes in the adjoining yard, sipping lemonade or smoking cigarettes, utterly regardless of dramatic effect. The comedy in Castilian is generally followed by a dance, and that by an Andalusian farce, then another dance, and another farce to conclude. As fresh pieces are produced every night, the actors have no time to learn their parts, and thus they repeat, like so many parrots, after the prompter, whose suggestions are audible to the whole house. Apparently, the spectators are not critical, and seem to care very little what is done on the stage, except during the ballet. The chief attraction at that time was La Senorita Vargas, a stately southern beauty, with a latent ferocity in her dark eyes that made her look rather like a queen of tragedy than a dancer. Who knows whether she may not become queen in reality some day? Germany has a few thrones left still.—*Clark's Tour.*

**AN EXECUTIONER KILLED BY HIS SON.**—The *Gazette des Tribunaux* has the following communication from Bois le Duc in Holland:—"It is well known that among the degrading punishments provided by the penal code of the Netherlands is the one which is called *het rijden van het zwaard*, or the brandishing of the sword, and which consists in the culprit being placed on his knees on the scaffold with his eyes blindfolded as if he were about to have his head cut off. The executioner then whirls several times over the culprit's head the sword which is used for the decapitation of criminals. The application of this extraordinary punishment took place in our town yesterday, and was attended with a fatal accident. On this occasion the executioner had caused his son to take his place, a young man of twenty-two, whom he is instructing in the exercise of his functions. The young man had posted himself behind the individual to be operated upon, and the executioner stood behind his son—doubtless in order to give him the necessary directions. The apprentice executioner then grasped the sword, and brandished it about a dozen times over the head of the culprit; but in bringing it back again towards himself, he unfortunately struck his father on the lower part of the head, and inflicted a fatal wound. The young man has been arrested. He stated that his arm had grown weak in the act of whirling the sword, which is a very heavy one, and that having lost his command over it, the sword had fallen on his father. The truth of the explanation is doubted by no one, as the young man bears an excellent character.

**THE HARVEST IN FRANCE.**—A letter from Bordeaux of the 10th inst. states that the wheat harvest has commenced in the department of the Gironde, under the most favourable auspices. The grain is firm and heavy, and of excellent quality.

## ON THE CLIMATE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

By DR. BURGESS.

## PROVENCE.

THE favourite route to Italy, of the consumptive invalid, has hitherto been *via* Languedoc and Provence, the climate of which, for a long period of time, enjoyed a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of Italy itself.

Although the towns of Aix and Montpellier afforded convenient resting-places for the exhausted pilgrims to refresh themselves when half way on their long and fatiguing journey,—if, indeed, the boasted sanative influence of the climate did not induce the invalids to remain altogether,—I am yet utterly at a loss to conceive how either of those places ever obtained a name for salubrity; as I really know of no place more unfavourable for patients suffering from organic disease of the lungs, than the far-famed and much-frequented depots of consumption—Aix and Montpellier.

In this part of France, there is generally a clear blue sky, but then, the air is sharp and biting, especially in the spring, and the frequent recurrence of the noxious winds—the *bise* and the *marin*—one cold and cutting, the other damp, irritates weak lungs, and excites coughing. No atmosphere, however pure, if occasionally keen and piercing, can prove beneficial for pulmonary consumption, and this is the true character of the air of Montpellier. Provence is, moreover, the land of dust, from the nature of the soil. Indeed, there are parts of this "Provence of the Sun," popularly so called, which might vie, in whirlwinds of dust, even with the banks of the Nile, the most recent foreign fashion for consumption.

## THE MISTRAL.

The south of France has been, ever since the earliest period of history, famous for violent and impetuous winds, amongst which the north-west wind, or mistral, enjoys an unenviable pre-eminence for its injurious character. This wind, or plague, as it is called by the inhabitants, forms the subject of an ancient Provençal proverb, which says—

"Le parlement, le Mistral, et la Durance  
Sont les trois fléaux de la Provence."

And the description of it given by Strabo has not been invalidated by time, for it is now the same as when he described it thus:—

"The whole of that region situated above Marseilles and the mouths of the Rhone is exposed to impetuous winds. The north-west (mistral) precipitates itself with intense violence into the valley of the Rhone, driving stones before it, overturning men and their vehicles, and stripping them of their clothes and arms." (Georg. lib. iii.)

There is not, throughout all Europe, so arid, so monotonous, and in every way so unattractive a region for consumptive invalids as the Provence of Radcliffe and De Staël, when entering from Italy by the treeless, dust-enveloped road. In the midst of a region of low, calcareous undulations, producing dust in astonishing quantities, stands Aix, the capital of Provence. From Aix to Arles, extends the barren, stony plain of the Crau, presenting a picture of utter desolation, without any variety whatever to interrupt the horizon. This picture seems, doubtless, a violent contrast to the seducing descriptions we have been accustomed to read of the "smiling vineyards, olive-groves, limpid streams, and verdant valleys of sweet Provence," but the fact is not the less true. Leaving the dusty roads and arid and dust-covered fields even out of the question, the rapid and extensive variations of temperature met with in Provence are more than sufficient causes to make that part of the continent shunned by consumptive invalids.

For several days in spring the climate may no doubt be delicious, although, however, always too warm about mid-day, when suddenly the mistral, of evil celebrity, begins to blow. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the change, or of the injurious effects of the climate under the influence of this scourge. The same sun shines in the same bright blue sky, but the temperature is glacial. The sun is there only to glare and dazzle, and seems to have no more power in producing warmth than a rushlight against the boisterous winds which chill the very marrow in one's bones. During the prevalence of this wind it is impossible to stir out of doors without getting the mouth and nostrils filled with dust. All nature seems shrivelled and dried up under its baneful influence.

The district of the mistral is nearly confined to the valley of the Rhone. The baneful effects of this wind are dreadfully felt at Marseilles, at Aix and Montpellier in a less degree, but still sufficient to cause much mischief to the class of patients under consideration. Although Arles seems to be its head-quarters, the vast plains of the Crau and the Camargue afford full scope to its fury. The general character of the climate of Provence is, then, hot, dry, and irritating, subject to sudden and extensive variations of temperature, and, therefore, highly injurious to phthisical patients, and those suffering from irritation of the stomach and air-passages. For nervous and hypochondriacal invalids, the dryness and bracing qualities of the air of Provence may be, perhaps, useful, provided their lungs are sound; but if there is the slightest tendency to tubercular disease, no patient should ever go to that country, for I know of no district in any part of the British isles so unfitted—nay, so injurious—for patients of this class, as the parched and dusty plains swept by the mistral. There is actually, no part of France where phthisis is so prevalent amongst the native population as in Montpellier and Marseilles; in the latter especially, where the ravages by this disease, amongst the youth of both sexes, are very great.

Hyères, a small town, near Toulon, and within a mile and a half of the Mediterranean, is considered to be less trying to consumptive patients than any other part of Provence, because vegetation is more luxuriant, and there is little dust; but still the mistral extends its baneful influence to the olive and orange plantations of Hyères, as well as to the arid plains of the Crau.—*Hyères, Lancet.*

## THE PURITAN SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

"THE Indians had resolved upon the massacre of the white men; the white men resolved to massacre the Indians. A small party was enough, as the slaughter was to be the work of guile. Nor, indeed, were the Puritans wanting in bravery; so that Captain Standish, with eight companions, were judged to be a sufficient force. They affected a friendly bearing towards the chief conspirators, and lured them into an Indian wigwam. On a signal given, the door was closed, and the butchery began. Standish himself plunged his knife into the heart of the chiefs. The whole party returned in triumph unhurt, carrying with them the head of one of the Indian warriors, which, with a brutality unknown in England—where traitors, and not enemies, were thus empaled—was fixed upon the fort. The colonists affected to deplore the dreadful necessity. Their pastor still lived at Leyden; and when they looked for his congratulations, he wrote thus in mournful accents:—'How happy a thing had it been if you had converted some, before you had killed any!' A few years passed, and another scene of carnage defiles the history of the pilgrims of America. A settlement had now been made on the banks of the Connecticut. The Indians were alarmed. They saw their fishing grounds invaded, and began, with reason, to dread the white man's supremacy. No part of New England was more thickly covered with aboriginal inhabitants. One tribe, the Pequods, mustered above seven hundred warriors; the settlers were less than two; and the Pequods showed a hostile spirit. They entered into an alliance with other tribes, and resolved to sweep the hated intruders from the ancient territories of the Indian family. If there be a justifiable cause of war, it surely must be this, when our country is invaded, and our means of existence threatened. That the Indians fell upon their enemies by the most nefarious stratagems, or exposed them, when taken in war, to cruel torments, (though such ferocity is not alleged in this instance) does not much affect the question. They were savages, and fought white men as they and their forefathers had always fought each other. How, then, should a community of Christian men have dwelt with them? Were they to contend as savages or as civilized men?—as civilized men, or rather as men who had forsaken a land of civilization for purer abodes of piety and peace? The Pequod war shows how little their piety could be trusted when their passions were aroused. The staff of office—the marshal's baton—was solemnly delivered to Mason, the leader of the Puritans, by Hooker, their most venerated minister; and the greater part of the night was spent in prayer, offered up, at the soldier's request, by another eminent minister, and they set

out upon their march. The sabbath occurred two days afterwards, and the fierce band halted on their way, and observed it rigidly. After a week's marching, they came, at day-break, on the Indian wigwam, and immediately assaulted it. The massacre (so their own chronicler has termed it) spread from one hut to another; for the Indians were asleep and unarmed. But the work of slaughter was too slow. 'We must burn them,' exclaimed the fanatic chieftain of the Puritans; and he cast the first firebrand to windward among their wigwams. In an instant the encampment was in a blaze. Not a soul escaped. Six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, perished by the steady aim of the marksmen, by the unresisted broadsword, and by the hideous conflagration. Of the English only two had fallen. Within an hour the slaughter was ended: and when the sun arose serenely in the East, it was the witness of the victory of the Puritans—and of their endless shame. The work of revenge was not yet accomplished. In a few days a fresh body of troops arrived from Massachusetts, accompanied by their minister, Wilson. The remnants of the proscribed race were now hunted down in their hiding-places. Every wigwam was burned, every settlement broken up, every corn-field laid waste. There remained, says their exulting historian, not a man or a woman, not a warrior nor a child, of the Pequod name. 'A nation had disappeared from the family of man.'—*Marsden's History of the Early Puritans.*

## MATTHEWS THE COMEDIAN.

THE reasons why Matthews's imitations were still better in private than in public were, that no was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ("fit, though few"), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manner and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with an other for some defect or excess of his own. Kemble objecting to stiffness, Marsden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Inuledon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become acquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Matthews, the singular gabbling of that actor the cap and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pictures in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to everybody but Braham.

As Hook made extempore verses on us, so Matthews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a young theatrical critic (*videlicet*, myself), in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This, in all probability, was intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, but it might have been policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured enough, and at that time self-satisfied enough, to have borne the memory; and no harm would have come of it.

One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest's might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obtrusive proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Matthews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he.—*Le Hunt.*

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## TRAVELLING.

WE might, with some degree of propriety, have headed this little essay with the words, "Love of Progression," since it is of that almost universal feeling of the human mind that we shall treat. Among civilised people, however, the love of progression, limited to the physical view which we have taken of it, assumes the form of Travelling; and becomes, without a doubt, one of the purest and one of the choicest enjoyments of humanity.

As we find, or as the researches of natural philosophers assure us, that it is the never-ceasing restlessness of the vast ocean that preserves it in its pure and healthy condition, so is it with the intellect of man. The unflagging activity—the thousand impressions and versatile feelings of a moment—the love of progression, keeps it in a state of healfull activity, and bids defiance to that stagnant torpidity, which would engender unwholesome vapours, and, bow down the vigorous fancy to drivelling idiocy.

In no form can this restlessness of intelligence find so full a development of its healthy activity as in Travelling. What skilfully concocted medicines are to the body, change of scene and the rapid succession of novel and interesting objects are to the mind; and it is quite impossible to overestimate the advantages, as it is impossible likewise to overestimate the pleasures, of Travelling.

In all classes of society, and under all circumstances and conditions, we find the feeling to be one of magnitude; and in our own country, no-sooner has the dreary winter passed away, and the bright sun has condescended to fill the air with beauty, and to spread a sense of soft enjoyment throughout the land, than the desire—the positive longing for some sort of migration takes possession of all persons; and happy are they who can gratify it with easy consciences that they are not neglecting some duty, or infringing upon the privileges of others.

We are told by the most eminent physicians, that the physical frame would droop and decay under the influence of any one description of food; and, by a parity of reasoning, we may conclude that the mind requires a succession of novelties in the shape of the impressions presented to it, in order to preserve it in a sound and healthful condition, and the fact that rapid changes from place to place are so recreative to the intellect, is quite a sufficient proof that it is a healthful exercise of faculties, fully capable of appreciating and enjoying their being called into action.

Shakspeare says—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living deadly sluggardised at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."

and Shakspeare knew a thing or two. That great master-spirit of the world, who, on the vantage ground of his high intellect, stood apart from smaller spirits, and did more than Archimedes with his lever boasted that he could have done—for he could only have moved the world, while Shakspeare has moved the kindred souls of men in all ages—knew and felt that the mind wanted its food as the body wanted its nutriment, and he knew and felt that that food must have for its very essence, *variety*.

How exquisite are the sensations in traversing

some new country—upon reviewing a succession of objects all full of startling novel sensations—in suddenly becoming cognisant of manners and customs that elude the observation of the book-makers. How invigorating is the fresh breeze as it fans the cheek of the tourist. How refreshing to the soul it is to see here a new wood, the existence of which we dreamt not of—there a sparkling river, that is to us a discovery—and, far away, dim hills and shrouded valleys, that have all to be explored.

Can any of the common-place enjoyments of the "home-keeping youths" compare with the exhilaration of the senses from such charming novelties? Truly, travelling is

"The cup that cheers, and not inebriates."

It is the nectar of the fancy: the rich draught presented to the thirsty soul by the Ganymede of nature.

We would say to all who have the leisure and the means to travel, Travel. To young and old we would say it; and in one day you live a week of change, for time is measured with us all by its events, and not by its dreary progress upon the dial. Go northward, and look upon the mountains and the forests—the rude, but beautiful granite peaks, that lift their spires to Heaven, and listen to the hoarse cry of the large birds of prey that circle the frigid mountain-top. Go southward, and bask in the sunshine of that land which is birth-place to the vine. And if the desire be circumscribed to the limits of our own land, what a world of wonders is there not to see, if folks will only look for it. What highways and byways are there not to traverse—what hills to climb—what valleys to roam in at close of day, and listen to the gush of pleasant waters—what woods to tread lightly and speak low in, as the lofty trees, embracing overhead, impress us with the idea of some dim cloistered aisle, so that we expect to hear the glorious swell of the rich organ's tones, and the place looks as though it were specially devoted to Him who pointed the tiny blades of the waving grass, and flushed the sun with fire. Travel! Travel! enjoying that succession of mental impressions which is ever so truly enjoyable. Why is it that we love music as we do, but simply because it presents to us a rapid succession of pleasing impressions? If you only fix your regards upon one object, to the exclusion of all others, you go to sleep. It is the jostling of ideas that keeps the mind awake. How many are there who half doze through a whole life, with just such a gentle collision of notions as will prevent them from actually going off into the land of dreams! Such folks vegetate, they do not live.

We have often thought how exquisite must have been the sensations of some of the old voyagers, when after buffeting the waves in unknown seas for many a weary day and night, they came in sight of some fair island, with all its stores of beauty, and with its palm-trees dipping into the silver stream—its luscious unknown fruits hanging pendant upon every bough. The world of flowers blushing beneath a sunshine that has scorched them into dazzling beauty—its bright-hued birds, that had never looked upon the face of man. Its coves and bays of pearly sand, upon which the foot of aught human had never trod. Imagine the voyagers, with a silent awe, landing and treading lightly upon the unknown shore—imagine the thrill that must come across their hearts, compounded of strange, yet holy feelings, as they gaze around them at all the wonders that were so new and fresh.

Ah, it is true that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

## THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

RAINY and rough sets the day,  
There's a heart beating for somebody;  
I must be up and away—  
Somebody's anxious for somebody,  
Thrice hath she been to the gate—  
Thrice hath she listened for somebody;  
'Midst the night, stormy and late,  
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—  
There'll be a welcome for somebody;  
One, in her neatest attire,  
Will look to the table for somebody.  
Though the star's fled from the west,  
There is a star yet for somebody,  
Lighting the home he loves best—  
Warming the bosom of somebody!

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,  
There will be slippers for somebody;  
There'll be a wife's tender care—  
Love's fond embracement for somebody,  
There'll be the little one's charms—  
Soon 'twill be waken'd for somebody;  
When I have both in my arms,  
Oh, but how blest will be somebody!

CHARLES SWAIN.

—Literary Gazette.

## EASTERN IDEAS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

ON one occasion, Mr. Fletcher was called on by some of the Chaldean Christians to defend the English from the charges of polygamy and atheism: "They were dreadfully scandalized at our refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and one gentleman asked me seriously, and with an air of great concern, whether I ever said my prayers! On one occasion, a large party had assembled, among whom was a merchant recently arrived from Aleppo. In the course of conversation, he began to attack the English.—'The Ingleez,' he said, 'are a very fierce and intractable nation. They marry many wives, and care very little about Allah, whose name he exalted.'—I here interrupted the speaker, and asked if, in the course of his travels, he had ever heard of the English Church.—'Belli, yes,' he answered, 'I know the whole history of your Church. You must understand,' continued he, turning to the rest, 'that once there lived in England a great sultan, whose name was Napoleon Buonaparte. This sultan was like unto Antar and Iskander, the Macedonian, and he made many of the kings of Frangistan his footstool. But his heart was lifted up, and he defied Allah in his pride. And Napoleon's wife was old, and she was no longer pleasing in his eyes. Then it came to pass that he looked upon a certain fair damsel with the glances of love, and he said, 'Inshallah, I will divorce my wife and get me this fair one in marriage. Now the Ingleez were all Catholics then, and, therefore, Napoleon sent a message to our Father the Pope, desiring that he would grant him a divorce. But the Pope reproved Napoleon for his pride and unkind dealing with his wife, at which the Sultan waxed wroth, and said, Surely this Pope is no better than Abou Jahash, even the Father of Stupidity; but Inshallah, I will make him eat abomination. So he went with many soldiers and besieged Rome, and took the Pope prisoner, and shut him up in a great tower in London, which is the chief city of the Ingleez. But the kings of the Franks all joined together, and made war upon Napoleon Buonaparte, and overcame him. Then their soldiers came to London and set the Pope at liberty. And when the Pope returned to Rome, he cursed Napoleon, and excommunicated him and all the Ingleez. But Napoleon laughed at his beard, and he said, Inshallah, but I will have a Church of my own. So he made bishops, and they divorced his wife, and they married him to the beautiful damsel, after which he founded the English Church.' All the assembly were deeply penetrated and impressed with this narrative, which was delivered with great volubility and lively pantomimic action."—Fletcher's *Notes in Nineveh*.

It is as disagreeable to a prodigal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is to a sinner to examine his conscience.

## THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER LII.

SHOWS HOW MARIANNA ESCAPED FROM THE CUSTODY OF HORTON.

WE will now request the reader's attention to the proceedings of Marianna, and to an account of how it was that she so mysteriously disappeared from the room in which Horton had imprisoned her at Gore House.

It will be in the recollection of the reader that Marianna had chosen the upper room to sleep in when she was left by her jailor, and after she had taken as careful a survey of the place as she could, by the means, inefficient as they were, that were at her disposal so to do.

That sleep into which the young girl fell, promised to be lasting, for it was a deep and dreamless slumber; but a circumstance occurred, that had the effect of breaking it, and of terrifying Marianna at the same time.

It happened that a tree grew up quite close to the window of the room, and that about an hour after midnight the wind blew in rather a blustrious fashion, so that the branches of the tree were dashed against the window with an occasional sudden impetus, quite sufficient to have awakened the soundest sleeper who ever laid down to rest.

Marianna awakened under the impression that some one must be in the room, for at that silent hour, and in that silent house, the noise was something prodigious; but the reader is aware that although Marianna has a world of true sentiment in her disposition, she is not what the world calls a sentimental young lady, so she neither faintly nor screamed, but with suppressed breath she lay listening to the strange sound.

For an interval of about four or five minutes it was not repeated, and she had almost persuaded herself that, after all, it was but a thing of imagination, when, with a sudden dash, it came again.

Marianna felt much alarm, and she sprang up from the couch upon which she was lying. One glance towards the window let her know what it was that caused the sound, and with quite a heart-felt gush of satisfaction, she said—

"It was but the tree. Oh, yes I see it's dancing shadow on the window-panes, and on yonder wall. Thank God, it is but the tree."

After this, she listened for the gush of wind to come again, which would produce the effect, and as she heard it, afar off, waiving through the vast regions of eternal space ere it reached that spot, she uttered a gentle prayer to that Great Being, who is alike the Lord of the sunshine and of the storm.

It was not a prayer for any special mundane blessing that came to the lips of Marianna—nay, it would by many be called no prayer at all, since it was but, in a few gentle and whispered sentences, a kind of acknowledgment of that great and mysterious power which rules the universe, and which, in its untangibility, is yet present in all places and at all times, in the harmony and the excellence of its works.

Dash came the wind again, and the boughs of the tree rattled against the window-panes, as though twenty hands were trying to open it.

How such a sound, in the still midnight hour, would have appalled any one with guilt upon his soul. But to the young, and the gentle, and the innocent girl who now lay there listening to it, it had no terrors.

One thing, however, the wind and the tree succeeded in doing, and that was, to put an end to the slumber of the fair prisoner for the time being. The first feelings of intense fatigue that had induced her, in the midst of all dangers and all difficulties, to lie down and sleep in that place, had given way to the few hours of repose that she had had already; and now the imagination began to be active regarding the situation and the prospects of her fate.

What would become of her? When would she be rescued from where she was, and how was the rescue to come to her? These were questions, in the mazes of which she soon found herself lost.

As regarded the man in whose power she was, there had risen in her mind another feeling than dread. She began to tell herself that surely she knew something of him—that she had seen him before somewhere; but the collection was so very vague and slight, that it entirely eluded her when

she tried to fix it in her mind, so as to rummage up, as it were, from the store-house of memory, the record of the particular circumstances under which she had, at some former time, encountered him.

As a name, at times, with which wear e really quite familiar, will elude the grasp of the memory, and the more we strive to recollect it, and fancy each moment that we must be overtaking it in the mind, so did the dim remembrance of her captor and her jailor float hazily through the fancy of Marianna, defying all her attempts to grasp it.

"Yes," she said, "I am quite certain that I have seen him, and that I have heard him speak; but where, I cannot now guess."

The remembrance was something like those dim shadowings of the soul, that have induced some philosophers to say that they are the very distant echoes of the memory of some former state of being, not entirely crushed by the passage from one life to another.

An hour, or rather more, now had passed since Marianna had been first awakened by the branches of the tree; and as she felt no symptoms of sleep stealing over her, she rose, and approached the window.

The room in which she was happened to face the east; and as she looked over the young tree-tops, with a view only now and then interrupted by some taller green denizen of nature, she saw that the dawn of a new day was coming.

A long line of pale greenish light tinted the eastern sky, and now and then a pencil of a brighter hue would shoot up into the night air, shedding a transient beauty upon the landscape.

"The morning is coming!" said Marianna; "but, alas! it is no morning for me! It is always night to those who suffer, and I am a prisoner herein this lonely place, with none to say a cheering word to me! With no hope of rescue—for how can any who loves me—how can Theodore know that I am here?"

The tears gently rose to her eyes as she spoke but yet, as the young morning came on with all its freshness and beauty, it was not in the nature of things but that some new hope should not arise in her heart. She began to feel more serene.

"I will take another survey of my prison," she said. "Who knows but that some chance of escape that I have overlooked may present itself to me? I will first of all examine this room more narrowly than I have done, and it will, at least, have the effect of withdrawing my mind from more painful thoughts to do so; and occupation will have its charms, and I shall be calmer and better, if I make no real advance towards freedom."

With this idea, which was one of the most practically rational that she could possibly have conceived, Marianna, by the aid of the now rapidly increasing morning light—her lamp had long since expired—began a search in the room she occupied.

Alas! that search revealed nothing that could in any way tend to give her a hope of escape. There was no apparent means of leaving it but by the tall, narrow door in the wainscot that communicated with the little stairs conducting to the apartment below.

"No No" she said, mournfully, "there is no hope here!"

With these words, she began slowly to creep down the staircase.

The dread that some one might be in the room below, caused Marianna to pause and listen upon every step; but all was so profoundly still, that she got soon reassured and confident that she was yet alone in the two apartments that had been allotted to her as a prisoner.

The staircase, however, now that she was descending it without a light, was so intensely dark, that it naturally induced, as she went, a feeling of hesitation in her steps; and she stretched out her hands to the wall, as she went, for fear that she should take a false step, and fall. In the intense darkness, too, the idea that she was in a complete void, and had nothing to hold by, in case of slipping, came over her fancy.

The clutch she took of the wall was quite a relief for that idea.

"It was cruel," she said, "very cruel, to place me here! What could I unconsciously have done to that man, that he should deprive me of my liberty?"

At this moment, the door at the head of the stairs, in consequence, no doubt, of some sudden movement of the air in the room above, contingent upon a squall of wind from without, slammed shut.

The noise made Marianna utter a cry of fear, and she dashed herself against the wall by her right hand, with the vain impulse to escape. Suddenly the wall shook, and then gave way, and she fell upon her face in a state nearly approaching to insensibility from terror.

It was fortunate that the young girl did not actually faint, as there was no knowing how long she might have remained, without assistance, in such a condition. A very few minutes elapsed ere she began to recover from the shock she had sustained; and as no more sound disturbed now the stillness of the place, she slowly rallied her depressed spirit, and began to think.

The first natural feeling that came over her was an endeavour to account for the giving way of the wall, against which she had, in the moment of her terror, dashed herself. The noise that had caused her to do so, she readily enough was able now to account for in its true way.

For some little time now, although she had all her faculties thoroughly recovered from the fright, she was afraid to move, for fear she was lying upon the verge of some descent, down which a chance movement might hurl her headlong.

That something had happened regarding the little staircase, or the wall that boarded it on one side, was indisputable; but what it was, quite defied the experience of Marianna to decide.

After a time, she thought that she could not make her condition any the worse by slowly drawing back from where she was lying, and accordingly she did so with extreme caution, and found that the stairs remained as before.

This was something cheering.

Still, there remained the mystery of the sudden failure of the wall, and it was to that that she now directed all her attention. By stretching out her arms in the direction whence the wall had given way, she could feel nothing, and, therefore, that some sort of opening existed there, was evident.

"Can it be a door?" she said.

This idea once started in her mind was sure to gather strength and consistency; and the natural mode of ascertaining if such were really the case by feeling cautiously for the extent of the aperture in the wall, soon suggested itself.

By removing her hand to and fro, Marianna found that the opening in the wall was distinctly bounded by a smooth edge; but she could feel no sort of stop to the extent upwards of the opening, and downwards it reached clearly to the stairs upon which she stood.

It was a door.

After such examination, she could have no doubt upon that point; but whether it were immediately connected with another staircase, or connected with a secret passage, she could not tell at the moment. But it was quite possible to find out that way by a little trouble.

Crouching down quite close to the stairs, Marianna stretched out her hand through the doorway, touching the floor with it as she did so, and she felt perfectly satisfied that there was no step immediately at hand; but she made another discovery, too, and that was, that the passage—for passage it appeared to be into which the door opened—had not been trodden upon for many a year, as the dust lay upon it so thickly, that it felt quite tangibly soft to the hand.

Had she really made a discovery in Gore House that was unknown even to Horton? It looked like it.

The fact was, that that house had played no inconspicuous part in some of the plotting and intriguing during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and it was very likely that the Royalists had created in it more secret passages, hidden staircases, and hiding-places than Horton was aware of, although he knew of some few, and thought himself wise accordingly.

In such houses, though, the principal upon which the most cunning of constructors of secret places always went, was to have a secret within a secret, if we may be allowed the expression; that is to say, they would construct a seeming cunningly contrived secret passage or staircase, and then, in some way connected with that, there would be a much more elaborate secret affair which generally escaped detection, or even suspicion, in consequence of the parties discovering the outer secret, if it may be called such, and being then abundantly satisfied.

This opening in the wall that Marianna had so strangely hit upon, seemed to be in Gore House something of that sort.

It took her, however, even after she felt satisfied

that it was a tall narrow door she had pushed open, some little time before she could muster up courage enough to pass through it.

"Oh, Theodore," she said, "if you were only here now to inspire me with courage, and to direct me what to do, all would be well; but, alas—alas! you are, no doubt, mourning for me now!"

The idea that Theodore had discovered her abduction from the school, and was in such a state of mind as she could fancy he would be upon the occasion, gave to Marianna some little desperation of courage.

She at once passed through the narrow door-way, treading very cautiously upon the floor, upon which the dust felt like a snow-drift to the feet.

There was but one great risk that Marianna felt that she run, and that was, that she might come suddenly upon some staircase and fall down it; but even that was a chance which by excessive care might be avoided; and she did not trust one foot to follow its fellow, until she had assured herself there was a hold for it.

How intensely dark it was in that place now! She had thought the staircase that led from one of the rooms to the other in which her jailor had placed her, dark, but surely some wandering reflected rays of light had got to that spot; for in comparison to where she was now, it seemed positively light, while the intense blackness of the air around her, as she crept along in the narrow passage she had discovered, seemed to cling to her like a shroud.

"Oh, that this place would bring me to light," she said. "I tremble to dream of where I may be proceeding. I never knew what darkness really was until now. Oh, Heaven! help me."

The passage took a sudden turn, and, as if by the fiat of Heaven, which she had invoked to her aid, the intense darkness seemed to fade away into a dim twilight, that was inexpressibly grateful to her feelings.

"Light! Light!" she said. "This is light!" She leant against the wall to arouse her spirits a little before she again proceeded, and she felt confident as she advanced again that the passage was each moment getting lighter and lighter.

If anything short of actually meeting with some one whom she could depend upon to befriend her could have inspired Marianna with fresh courage, this alteration in the state of the atmosphere by which she was surrounded was calculated to do so, and she was able to proceed with much higher hope than she had yet had since entering upon that gloomy walk.

"This may yet lead me to liberty," she said; "and if I do succeed in leaving this place, it is to the Duke of Pangbourne I will fly, for he will be better able to save me from my enemy than Miss Juke."

Marianna was not at all wrong in her idea of the passage getting, as she proceeded, lighter, for it certainly, to all intents and purposes, did do so; and although dark in the common sense of the term it still was, yet, in comparison with what it had been, it was positively light.

After a little further proceeding, she could begin to see from whence the light proceeded, and it seemed to come through one particular portion of the wall to her left hand. Beyond that portion the passage went on, but it deepened in obscurity as it did so.

To reach that mysterious spot where the light made its way through, was now the work of a moment to Marianna, and she found that there was some ill-fitting oblong panel in the wall, and that it was through the crevices surrounding it that the light, no doubt, from some apartment beyond made its way.

Farther along the dreary passage she did not feel inclined to go, but an intense feeling of curiosity induced her to search for some means of opening the panel that hid the adjoining room from her observation. It was a great thing, however, first to ascertain that no one was in that room; and with that view, she listened intently for some few minutes with her ear close to the wall.

She thought at times that she heard something, but she was not quite sure. If, however, it were anything but imagination, it seemed like the breathing of some one asleep.

This was a terrifying idea to poor Marianna. How could she know but that it might be her persecutor—the very man whom of all others she wished to shun. An evil destiny might have brought her to the very room in that huge house in which he lay down to rest.

The mere dread of such a thing was quite sufficient

to make Marianna draw back from the partition with affright.

And there she was in a situation of such perplexity as might well have the effect of confusing her perceptions—a situation that one well accustomed to the world and all its shades and diversities of character and fate might well have been puzzled how to act in.

What was she to do? What was she to think? After succeeding in leaving the room into which she had been placed as a prisoner by the strange and terrible man who had taken her from the school, was she to risk nothing for the joy of an escape?

And yet there were but two alternatives, providing she decided against returning to the rooms she had left. She must either pass the spot in the wall, through which came the soft twilight, like little pencils of sunshine, and seek for some further hope in the gloom of the continuous passage, or she must make an effort to ascertain, at any risk, who slept in the adjoining apartment, if, indeed, some accidental noise or fancy did not deceive her as to the fact of any one being there.

The passage looked sadly gloomy, and with a shudder, Marianna glanced into its cavernous-looking length.

"Ah, no," she thought, "I must not—I dare not go there. Oh, if I could only find a means of taking one glance into the room behind this panel, I should then be able to decide upon my next step."

Again she listened, and that time the sound did not come to her ears at all.

"It was a delusion," she whispered faintly. "It must have been a mere delusion."

That she whispered these words so very faintly was quite sufficient proof that she still had a dread of who might be in the chamber; but still, with more courage than she could a few moments before have brought to the task, she set about trying what means there existed of peeping through some crevice in the panel.

It must be remembered, now, that the morning was quickly coming on, and Marianna had lingered long enough in the passage, fearing and hoping what might ensue for the day to brighten; so that now the light that streamed through the crevices between the panels was much greater than it had been.

She put up her hands, and felt the panel carefully. It was evidently moveable; but in what direction it moved from its place was the question. By a little more careful feeling about the wall, she at length found that there was a groove of wood running horizontally along the wainscot at the lower part of the oblong panel, and that it continued beyond the mere length of that piece around which came the rays of light.

That the panel slid along horizontally appeared now to be past a doubt; but yet it seemed to be a thing of fearful hazard for her (Marianna) to do, and she trembled at the thought.

Who should say what the removal of that little sliding piece of wood might disclose to her?

With her hands clasped, and a confusion of thoughts and sensations that defied classification, chasing each other through her mind, she waited for some minutes longer; and then it seemed to her, as if some voice had told her to persevere, so strongly did the feeling come over her to make the attempt to move the panel.

She felt calmer and happier than she had done; and it was only at such a moment that she dared to raise her hand to the wall. She pressed upon the panel, and, noiselessly, it slowly moved. It was sufficient to shift it from its place ever so little, to enable Marianna to see into the room to which it opened; but for a moment or two the large increase of light prevented her from seeing well. Her eyes had got so accustomed to the very dim halo of that twilight in the passage that she could scarcely face the day.

That, however, was a feeling that was sure to be but a transient one; and then, when it had passed away, Marianna, holding both her hands tightly clasped, in a vain effort to still her agitation, looked into the room.

It was an apartment of medium pretensions as to size that she looked at, and it was fitted up in an old-fashioned style of comfort as a bed-room. In one corner, somewhat removed from the side of the room where was the sliding panel, was a large bed, with very heavy dark-green furniture. A few chairs and tables occupied the floor, and upon a couch that was drawn close to the fire-side there were books and papers.

The room was evidently occupied.

Marianna, although she now felt certain, from the

sound of the breathing of some one sleeping, that the bed was occupied, was really not much the for warder for opening the panel. She yet knew not if it were a friend or a foe whom she might awaken if she made any noise sufficient to arouse the sleeper. It might be her enemy himself, or it might be some associate of his, who would not scruple to give her up to him again. These were considerations that kept her wavering at the panel between hope and fear.

The sleeper moved uneasily in the bed, and Marianna almost sank to the floor of the passage from agitation.

All was still again. Once more she heard the deep breathing of some one in sleep, and she slowly recovered her courage.

It was at this time that the idea occurred to her that if she could get into the room she might, while the occupant of the bed still slept, be able to gain the door of it, and leave it, and so escape, perchance, from the house.

The perils—and they were many—of such a scheme flashed across the mind of Marianna with fearful acuteness; but yet it was worth some risk to leave that place, and she had no reason to apprehend worse than imprisonment if she were caught in the attempt to free herself. That last consideration determined her; and commending herself to the protection of Heaven, that she thought would not desert her at such a moment, she prepared to attempt the carrying-out of her perilous purpose.

## CHAPTER LIII.

MARIANNA'S FORTUNES CHANGE MOST COMPLETELY.

It was rather a wonderful thing that a young creature of the age of Marianna should have courage enough even to think of so bold an attempt as that which suggested itself to her as just possible in the way of escaping from the house in which she was a prisoner.

The fact was, though, that she could not conceal from herself that unless she aided herself, it was very unlikely that she would be able in any way to enjoy again the sweets of liberty; and the dread that kept momentarily creeping over her, that as yet she did not know the real purport and object of her abduction and imprisonment, prompted her to a boldness of action that, in calmer moments, she could not have dreamt of. Then, again, there was, to all appearance, a capital chance of escape; for why should the sleeper awaken at the precise moment that she might be crossing the room?

The curtains of the bedstead were drawn quite close upon the side next to the sliding-panel; so that even if he who slept in the bed should chance to awaken, it did not follow for a certainty that he would see Marianna, if she made no noise to attract his attention.

All these were arguments in favour of the enterprise, hazardous as it looked; and with as much courage as she could bring to bear upon so very painful a position, Marianna prepared to carry it out.

She was a little puzzled to think how such a panel, movable by such a slight effort as it was, could escape detection in the room; but upon looking right round the edge of it, she saw how that was. The panel was a picture and a frame, hung upon the wall, detached from it, but of the exact size to cover up all round its junction with the rest of the wainscot.

If the frame had been lifted down, then the panel would have been detected; but while it remained in its place, it was an effectual shield to it.

It was strange that such a trifle should suffice to keep a secret; but probably the very simplicity of the affair was, in good truth, its greatest safeguard, for no one ever thought of meddling with an ordinary-looking picture, that hung in rather a dingy frame upon the old wainscot wall.

In order to make her descent into the room, Marianna would have to get upon a table that was directly under the picture, for the lower edge of the panel was just about three feet or so from the floor. If that table should creak beneath her light weight, she would be exposed to the greatest danger; but still that was one of the ordinary risks of the enterprise that had to be run, and which could in no way be avoided.

Commending herself to the protection of Heaven, Marianna commenced her operations to attempt to escape.

It was with no small difficulty that she managed

to get through the panel, and on the table; but when she had got that far, she felt that the sooner she completed the task she had imposed upon herself the better; and, although the table did creak a little, she yet saw no special cause for alarm.

So long as she could at intervals, when she bent her head to listen, hear the regular breathing of the sleeper, she felt tolerably secure; and gently sliding from the table to the floor, she stood panting with excitement for a few moments close to it, hoping and believing that the most troublesome portion of her task was done.

It then seemed to Marianna that it would be a prudent thing to close the sliding panel; so that in the event of her succeeding only in leaving that bed-chamber, and being again captured in some other part of the mansion, it might not be known by what mode she had effected her escape so far; and in such a case, it was just possible that she might again find the knowledge of such a secret of the house serviceable to her.

It was but the work of a moment to carry out this idea, and quite noiselessly the panel slid back into its place.

The illusion regarding its being merely a dingy landscape, in a dingy frame, was quite perfect from the room, and she felt that she would have looked upon it for years without a thought but that at any moment frame and picture together might not be lifted from the wall. She no longer wondered at such a place remaining a secret, even from the bold and crafty man whose prisoner she was: and that it was a secret from him, seemed to be more than probable, or he would hardly have risked the placing her in a position by which chance might discover it to her.

How soundly the sleeper slept!

Marianna, crouching down—it was natural to do so under the circumstances, although the attitude could avail her nothing—crept across the thick carpeting towards the door of the chamber. Her tread was perfectly noiseless, and it would have been impossible for the lightest slumberer that ever closed an eye, to have been disturbed by her presence.

Some ten or twelve steps brought her to the door of the room. Oh, how her heart throbbed with expectation as she placed her hand upon the lock!

"Shall I," she thought, "soon be again at liberty? or will all this only end in rivetting still tighter upon me the chains of a cruel destiny? Oh, Theodore—Theodore, if I could only hear your voice, now!"

The remembrance of her young lover, if it brought with it a gush of acute sensibility, yet had the effect of nerving her to persevere in her attempt to escape. To see him, and to speak to him again, were too delicious inducements to what she was about, not to have their effect in urging her on.

That the lock might make some unexpected sound in her efforts to open it, was a source of disquiet to Marianna for a moment, but not for longer, since that moment was sufficient to convince her that she could not turn it.

A feeling of faintness came over her now to think that she had got so far, and only to find the door fast; but rallying quickly from such a state, she, with fresh and marvellous courage, began to bring what knowledge she had to bear upon the difficulty, and to attempt to ascertain in what it consisted.

A very few moments sufficed to convince her that the door was locked; but the wonder to her was, that the key was missing. It was so natural for any one locking a bed-room door to leave the key in the lock, that she could hardly conceive it was the sleeper himself who had so secured the portal of his chamber; and yet, was it likely that any one from without had looked it up? Was he who then slept a prisoner like herself? and would she, by awakening him, only find a fellow sufferer from the machinations of the man who had taken her from the school?

These were the thoughts that now rapidly chased each other through the mind of the distressed Marianna; but along with them came another, and that was, that after all she might, by a little industry, find the key of the door.

A more hazardous thing, so far as regarded the chances of awakening him who slept in the great dim-looking bed, than hunting through the room for a key, could not well be imagined; but yet, this young girl prepared to go through the danger.

The table that was near the foot of the bed was large, and had upon it a great quantity of miscellaneous matters, and it was to that she first

went, with the hope that among them she might find the key. Alas! that hope was doomed to disappointment. There was nothing in the shape of a key among the mass of odds and ends with which the table was strewn.

And now a feeling of alarm that she had in vain tried wholly to extinguish, but which up to that period she had tolerably successfully battled with, began to triumph over her; and she trembled so excessively, that she was compelled to hold by the back of a huge arm-chair for support.

"Oh, what can I do?" she thought. "What hope is there for me now? Am I, indeed, and in truth, lost—lost?"

She covered her face with her hands, and, but for the frightful risk of awakening the sleeper, she would have wept aloud; but that consideration sealed up the fountain of her tears, and she only shook with a visible emotion.

Then she began to fancy that the breathing of the sleeper was not so deep nor so regular as it had been, and that he must be upon the eve of awaking from that slumber, in which he had so providentially been lost. Marianna, with such a supposition upon her mind, would have given anything to be on the other side now of the secret panel; but had not she, herself, from prudential considerations, closed it? and if he who slept in that room were really upon the point of awaking, that would take place long before she could open the panel, and noiselessly pass through the aperture into the gloomy passage beyond it; and so, with a feeling that this was a crisis in her fate, and that she was in the hands of a destiny that was hurrying her on to events beyond her own control, she still held by the back of the massive chair, and kept her eyes rivetted upon the curtains of the huge bedstead, expecting each moment that they would open and disclose to her the form of the enemy she knew, or that of some enemy that she knew not.

This was, in truth, a fearful state of things for poor Marianna. Thus she was caged in a ten times worse position than she had been in the rooms that Horton had devoted to her use; but yet, it was but in the natural order of things that an attempt to escape should, if it were unsuccessful, make her condition much worse.

How many persons in the world are plunged into far greater misery than they endure, by infelicitous attempts to rid themselves from it! Poor Marianna's case at that time was no isolated one.

And now all her senses seemed to be condensed into the one of hearing, and she felt confident that the sleeper did not breathe in that slow and regular manner which would indicate sound repose.

Presently he moved, and she could hear the faint ruffle of the bed-clothes.

Marianna did not know why, in her imagination, she called the unknown sleeper *he*, for, after all, why might it not have been a female? But she probably could not rid herself of the idea that it was her persecutor himself, for there was quite sufficient substantiality in the shape of comforts in that room to enable any one, with ample means to surround themselves with the luxuries of life, to enjoy repose in it; so that there was nothing to say imperatively nay to the supposition that it was his apartment.

The old bedstead made a slight noise, as its occupant moved in the bed, and Marianna's fears were at their climax. She felt for a moment or two as though her senses were upon the point of forsaking her; but by a strong effort of will, which not unfrequently conquers tendencies to fainting, she recovered, and the gathering mist passed from before her eyes. Again she could look fixedly upon the motionless curtains of the bed.

The unknown occupant of the chamber coughed. There could be no doubt of the masculine character of the cough; and if Marianna had had any doubt, which, in truth, she had not, if she were in the chamber of a man or a woman, it would at once have vanished now.

The curtains were agitated. A hand from the other side evidently grasped one of them. Another moment, and, with a sharp jingle of the brass rings upon which it run, the curtain immediately opposite to where Marianna stood, was dashed aside.

"I wonder if that fiend, Horton, is stirring?" said a voice.

Marianna uttered a shriek, and rushing forward, she had just strength to pronounce the name of "*Father!*" when she fell insensible at the side of the bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Marianna! Marianna! Oh, God, spare her!"

My child—my only one. Dear Marianna—look up! 'Tis I. Do you not know me?—do you not hear my voice? It is your father who speaks to you. Oh, my Marianna, blessed—blessed is this meeting!"

Marianna felt that water was being dashed upon her face. With a thrill, her senses returned to her, and opening her eyes, she looked confusedly around her.

There was the old chamber—the huge dim-looking bedstead with its massive curtains—the litter about the room—the picture panel over the wall; and tenderly leaning over her, watching for the signs of her recovery, was *her father!*

Yes, there was Clint—the gentleman whose supposed death had sat so heavy upon the soul of the poor Duke of Pangbourne—the man with whom there had been the deep play in the gaming-house in Hanover Square—the man who had gone off in triumph, with the money that Herbert so much wanted at his wretched home in Soho—the man who had been followed by him (Herbert) and by the demon, Horton—the man who, to all seeming, had been murdered on the old bridge at Westminster, and upon whose supposed death Horton had speculated so largely, and presumed so much upon the fears of the miserable Duke: there he was, a shade or two paler than ever he had before shown himself in life, but yet living.

How Marianna looked at him!

"Speak, my dear Marianna," he said. "Do you not know me?"

"Father! father!"

"Yes, I am your father. Oh, God, from this moment I shall be a new man. He told me you were dead, my darling child."

Marianna burst into tears.

All was chaos and confusion in her mind. As yet, she had not sufficiently recovered from her fainting fit, to have any defined notion of how it came about. The brain was not thoroughly awakened from that temporary oblivion that had come over it; but the tears that she now shed were blessed ones, for they relieved her overcharged heart, and they seemed to give her time to think.

Gradually, as she wept, all the events that had occurred antecedently to this meeting with her father, came back to her, and memory resumed its sway in her mind. She recollected how she had so tremblingly stood in that room, listening to the breathing of the occupant of the bed, little imagining who it was that so breathed; and now, looking up through her tears with a smile, she cried—

"Father—father! I thought you were dead—dead!"

Clint clasped her in his arms. He could not speak from emotion for a time; but when he did, he said—

"I was dead, dear one, to what I shall be. We will now, indeed, live for each other. Oh, Marianna, before you tell me by what miracle you came here, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, father? For what?"

"For the past, Marianna. I feel that to you I have not been a father, such as I ought to have been. You were ever gentle and tender in your nature, and complained not; but I was immersed in the follies and in the vices of life, and heeded not the treasure that I had in you."

"Oh, father, do not speak thus."

"I must—I ought. I neglected you, Marianna, when I most ought to have tended you; and the thought that you had been taken from me by God, was killing me! Can you—will you forgive me?"

"Father, you distress me by speaking thus to me. Let me only remember the past in so far as it will add to the happiness of the present and of the future. We shall be very, very happy now."

(To be continued.)

SEA WATER FILTRATION.—M. Cardan has presented a notice to the *Académie des Sciences* on a new system of filter intended to render sea-water drinkable. This apparatus consists of a syphon, the long tube of which is filled with powdered charcoal. The author states that the sea-water after having traversed this syphon has lost its nauseous savour, and that the saline taste which remains is scarcely to be detected after it is mixed with wine. MM. Bequerel and Pouillet are appointed Commissioners to examine into the merits of this communication.

PRUSSIA.—The new postal convention between Prussia and Austria, for the fixing an equal rate of postage throughout Germany, came into operation on the 1st inst.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa; with Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase, of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c.* By R. GORDON CUMMING, Esq., of Altyre; with Illustrations. Two vols. Murray.

THIS work is replete with incident of the most novel character. We recommend it to the perusal of all who are charmed by the Chivalry of Adventure. The gallant sportsman of the old legend who encountered the Wantley Dragon seems hardly a more formidable adversary than Mr. Cumming, of Altyre,—a gentleman who laughs at lions, and saith to the hippopotamus "Ha, ha!"—who rushes after rhinocerosi where the herd is thickest, and who takes even elephants easily,—not to count by the score "such small deer" as brindled leopards, quaggas, wildebeests, springboks, blesboks, gemsboks, and all other boks,—gnooks, wild dogs,—and giraffes. How dare critic weekly or critic quarterly march up to such a champion as this, and with his little penful of ink attack sports so sublimely savage as the above? If we do "not draw in our horns" in dread of Lieut. Cumming's "Westley Richards," it is at least prudent not to aggravate the hunter by further questioning, but to take his book for what it is—a curious and characteristic record of feats accomplished such as few hunters have lived to tell, or to sell, in Albemarle-street. A wish may, nevertheless, be meekly expressed, that Mr. Cumming had been more considerate in his orthography, since not a few good pages and passages are spoiled by a parade of the Cape jargon of Boers, Bushmen, and other wild people, difficult to catch, and "pulling up" the reader at the very moment when he is most breathless with curiosity, to consider "what this means," and "what the other man called out." To "trek" means to "march,"—to "inspan" to "harness;" but what virtue was there in the former words to make the English gentleman discard his own "vernacular" for their sakes?

To start a lion-hunter's waggon seems to be nearly as elaborate an occupation, in its way, as the freightage of the never-to-be-forgotten *Tarantass* immortalized by Count Sollogub.—

"When the leader brings up the oxen to the waggon to be inspanned, the waggon-driver, if possible, sends another Hottentot to his assistance, especially if any of the oxen in the span happen to be young or refractory. These, armed with a huge 'jamboc' in one hand, and a handful of stones in the other, one on either flank, with shouts, yells, and imprecations, urge forward the unwilling team toward the yokes, where the driver is standing with the twelve long buffalo rheims hanging on his left arm, pouring forth a volley of soothing terms, such as—'Ah! now, Scotland! Wo ha, Blaueberg! you skellum, keer dar Carolus for Blaueberg, ye stand somer da, ich wichna wha yo hadachta ist.'" (Turn there for Blaueberg; you stand there in an absent state, I do not know where your ideas are.) 'Holland, you old Myfooty!' ('Myfooty' is a common Hottentot term, which I would defy even themselves to construe. The Dutch word 'somar,' mentioned above, is also a word to which I think I could challenge the most learned schoolmaster in the colony to attach any definite meaning. It is used both by Boers and Hottentots in almost every sentence; it is an answer to every question; and its meanings are endless.) 'Slangfeldt, you neuxel!' (Snakefield, you humbug!) 'Wo ha, now Creishmann!' (Crooked man.) 'Orlam, you verdomde Kind, vacht un bidgte, ich soll you krae.' (Civilised! you d—d child; wait a bit, I'll serve you out.) 'Vitfoot, you duivel! slahm dar für Vitfoot, slahm ihm, dat he barst!' (Whitefoot, you devil! flog there Whitefoot, flog him till he bursts.) 'Englandt, you oud groote-pentch! Ah, now! Wo ha! Ye dat so lowe ist in die shwor plach, und dharum so vees at inspanning! Vacht un bidgte, ich soll a plach for you aitsuch. Ye lob da for nett so as ye wall mar ich soll you

arter bring, whar ich kann you mach like baikam.' (England, you old big paunch! Ah, now! Wo ha! You who are so lazy in the heavy place, and nevertheless so vicious at inspanning. Wait a little. I shall seek out a place for you! You tramp there in front exactly as you please; but I will yoke you farther back, where I can reach you with facility.) This is said in allusion to 'England's' having lately been in the habit of being yoked in the front of the team, and if it is very long the driver cannot reach the leading oxen with his whip without descending from the box; and, therefore, when a fore-ox becomes lazy, he is yoked farther back in the team, that he may have the full benefit of the persuasive 'fore-slock.' While the driver's tongue is pouring forth this flow of Hottentot eloquence with amazing volubility, his hands and feet are employed with equal activity; the former, in throwing the open noose of the rheim, lasso-like, over the horns of each ox, and drawing it tight round them as he catches him; the latter in kicking the eyes and noses of those oxen which the jamboks and shouts of the leaders behind have driven too far in upon him. At this moment 'Blaueberg,' who is an old offender, and who acquired in early youth the practice, which he has never relinquished, of bolting from the team at the moment of inspanning, being this day unusually lively, not having had any severe work for some weeks, suddenly springs round, notwithstanding Kleinboy, well aware of his propensities, has got his particular rheim firmly twisted round his hand; and having once got his tail where his head ought to have been, and thus deprived Kleinboy of all purchase over him, he bounds madly forward, heedless of a large sharp stone with which one of the leaders salutes him in the eye. By his forward career, Carolus is instantly dashed to the ground; and Kleinboy, who has pertinaciously grasped the rheim in the vain hope of retrieving the matter, is dragged several yards along the ground, and eventually relinquishes the rheim, at the same time losing a good deal of the outer bark of his unfortunate hand. Away goes Blaueberg in his headlong course, tearing frantically over hill and dale, his rheim flying from his horns like a streamer in the wind. His course lies right across the middle of the Cape-Corps barracks, where about forty or fifty riflemen, who are lounging about, parade being over, rush to intercept his course, preceded by a pack of mongrel curs of every shape and size, but in vain. Blaueberg, heedless of a shower of sticks and stones hurled at his devoted head, charges through the midst of them, nor is he recovered for the space of about two hours. The rest of the team seeing driver sprawling on the ground, as a matter of their course, follow Blaueberg's example: instantly wheeling to the right and left about, away they scamper, each selecting a course for himself, some with, and others without, the appendage of the streamers. The Hottentots, well aware that it will be useless to follow Blaueberg in the usual way, as he would probably lead them a chase of four or five miles, now adopt the most approved method usually practised in such cases. They accordingly drive out a small troop of tamer oxen, with which they proceed in quest of the truant. This troop they cunningly induce Mr. Blaueberg to join, and eventually return with him to the waggon—the driver, with pouting lips and the sweat running down his brow, pouring forth a torrent of threatened vengeance against the offending Blaueberg. The inspanning is then once more commenced as before, and Blaueberg, being this time cautiously placed in a central position, well wedged up by the other oxen, whereby he is prevented from turning about, is lassoed with the strongest rheim, and firmly secured to the steady old ox who has purposely been driven up beside him. The twelve oxen are soon all securely yoked in their proper places; the leader has made up his 'fore-tow,' which is a long spare rheim attached round the horns of each of the fore or front oxen, by which he leads the team, and inspanning is reported to be accomplished."

It appears that Mr. Cumming can sleep as soundly under rather trying circumstances as did the late Mr. Ruxton when he bivouacked on the pavement of a country town in Central America:—

"On the 12th I bagged two bull wildebeests and two springboks to the northward of my camp. In the evening I took my pillow and 'komberse,' or skin blanket, to the margin of a neighbouring vley, where I had observed doe blesboks drink. Of these I had not yet secured a single specimen; which I was very anxious to do, as they likewise carry fine

horns, which, though not so thick as those of the males, are more gracefully formed. Shortly after I had lain down, two porcupines came grunting to me, and stood within six feet of where I lay. About midnight an old wildebeest came and stood within ten yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow; but, believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake, and wrapped my blanket tight round my body. Awaking at an early hour the following morning, I forgot to look for the tenant who had spent the night beneath my pillow. No blesbok appearing, I stalked an old springbok through the rushes and shot him. Having concealed him, I held for camp, and despatched two men to bring home the venison and my bedding. While taking my breakfast I observed my men returning, one of them carrying a very large and deadly serpent. I at once felt certain it was he that I had heard the previous night beneath my pillow; and on asking them where they had killed it, they replied 'In your bed.' On approaching the bedding, they had discovered the horrid reptile sunning itself on the edge of my blanket, until on perceiving them it glided in beneath it. It was a large specimen of the black variety of the puff adder, one of the most poisonous serpents of Africa, death ensuing within an hour after its bite."

The home-keeping reader will be glad of "a general rule" or two regarding the social propensities and ordinary habits of lions:—

"One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their signing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree, or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prow. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans: that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. \* \* I

remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. \* \* Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire."

After the above universal remarks, one special encounter may be selected:

"We secured the three horses to one another, as there was no tree or bush within miles of us; but these I could dispense with, for I knew very well, by the looks of the Hottentots, that they would not sleep much, but would keep a vigilant eye over our destinies. I spent a most miserable night. The wind, which had been blowing so fresh in the height of the day, had subsided to a calm when the sun went down, and was now succeeded by an almost death-like stillness, which I too well knew was the harbinger of a coming tempest. We had not lain down an hour when the sky to leeward became black as pitch. Presently the most vivid flashes of lightning followed one another in quick succession, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. The wind, which during the day had been out of the north-east, now, as is usual on such occasions, veered right round and came whistling up from the south-west, where the tempest was brewing; and in a few minutes more it was upon us in all its fury, the rain descending in torrents on our devoted heads, while vivid flashes of lightning momentarily illumined, with the brilliancy of day, the darkness that reigned around. In a very few minutes the whole plain was a sheet of water, and every atom of my clothes and bedding was thoroughly saturated. My three rifles had excellent holsters, and with the help of two sheep-skins which I used instead of saddle-cloths I kept them quite dry. In two hours the tempest had passed away, but light rain fell till morning, until which time I lay on the wet ground, soaked to the skin. About midnight we heard the lion roar a mile or so to the northward; and a little before the day dawned I again heard him in the direction of the carcass which we had found on the preceding day. Soon after this I gave the word to march. We then arose and saddled our horses. I found my trousers lying in a pool of water, so I converted a blanket into a long kilt by strapping it round my waist with my shooting-belt. The costume of my followers was equally unique. We held for the north end of the lion's mountain at a sharp pace, which we gained before it was clear enough to see surrounding objects. As the light broke in upon us we reduced our pace, and rode slowly up the middle of the vast level plain towards the carcass of the wildebeest, with large herds of wildebeests, springbok, blesbok, and quaggas on every side of us, which were this day as tame as they had been wild on the previous one. This is generally the case after a storm. The morn was cloudy; misty vapours hung on the shoulders of the neighbouring mountains, and the air was loaded with balmy perfume, emitted by the grateful plants and herbs. As we approached the carcass, I observed several jackals steal away, and some half-drowned-looking vultures were sitting around it. But there was no appearance of the lion. I spent the next half-hour in riding across the plain looking for his spoor; but I sought in vain. Being cold and hungry, I turned my horse's head for camp, and rode slowly along through the middle of the game, which would scarcely move out of rifle range on either side of me. Suddenly I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesbok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the

spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reigning in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed caps on our rifles.' This was true; but while this short conversation was passing the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay; and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die. The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast; and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her; upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. The Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn, murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot at her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men, as yet, had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing!—She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. \* \* I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely."

**STORM IN SPAIN.**—From Spanish journals we learn that on the 11th of June, a shower of hailstones caused fearful destruction about Calatrava, in the province of Ciudad-Réal. Some of the stones weighed from six to eight ounces. 22,000 olive-trees and 150,000 vines have been destroyed. The wheat crop is entirely lost. Three persons lost their lives, and several others were wounded; in the surrounding country great numbers of dead birds were found.

## ANCIENT SUPERSTITION IN GERMANY

**LEGEND OF HAMELIN.**—The following instance is so extraordinary, that I should not repeat it if the account were not attested by more than one writer, and also preserved in the public monuments of a considerable town of Upper Saxony; this town is Hamelin, in the principality of Kalenberg, at the confluence of the rivers Hamel and Weser.

In the year 1384, this town was infested by such a prodigious multitude of rats, that they ravaged all the corn which was laid up in the granaries; everything was employed that art and experience could invent to chase them away, and whatever is usually employed against this kind of animals. At that time there came to the town an unknown person, of taller stature than ordinary, dressed in a robe of divers colours, who engaged to deliver them from that scourge, for a certain recompense which was agreed upon.

Then he drew from his sleeve a flute, at the sound of which all the rats came out of their holes and followed him: he led them strait to the river, into which they ran and were drowned. On his return he asked for the promised reward, which was refused him, apparently on account of the facility with which he had exterminated the rats. The next day, which was a fete day, he chose the moment when the elder inhabitants of the burgh were at church, and by means of another flute which he began to play, all the boys in the town above the age of fourteen, to the number of a hundred and thirty, assembled round him; he led them to the neighbouring mountain, named Kopfelberg, under which is a sewer for the town, and where criminals are executed; these boys disappeared and were never seen afterwards.

A young girl, who had followed at a distance, was witness in the matter, and brought the news of it to the town.

They still show a hallow in this mountain where they say that he made the boys go in. At the corner of this opening is an inscription, which is so old that it cannot now be deciphered; but the story is represented on the panes of the church windows; and it is said, that in the public deeds of this town it is still the custom to put the dates in this manner:—"Done in the year —, after the disappearance of our children."—*Calmet.*

**MANAGERS AND THE DRAMA.**—Leigh Hunt has the following pithy and remarkably true statement regarding Dramatic Literature, in his biography:—"A manager confessed the other day that he would never bring out a new piece, if he could help it, as long as he could make money enough by old ones. He laughed at every idea of a management but a commercial one; and held at nought the public wish for novelty, provided he could get as many persons to come to his theatre as would fill it. Being asked why he brought out anything new, when such were his opinions, he complained that people connected with the press forced the compositions of themselves and their friends upon him; and being asked what he meant by 'forced,' he replied, that the press would make a dead set at his theatre if he acted otherwise, and so ruin him. I know not, it is true, how far a manager might not rather have invited than feared a dramatist of so long a standing, and of such great popularity, as Douglas Jerrold; but it is to be doubted whether even Douglas Jerrold, with all his popularity and all his wit to boot, would have found the doors of a theatre opened to him with so much facility, had he not been a journalist, and one of the leaders in *Punch*."

**AN OBSTACLE TO KEYS AND PICKLOCKS.**—During the whole of last week the officers belonging to our county prison, the Castle, were unable to lock the gate leading to the little Rodeo. On Friday last they got a smith to take off the lock, when, to their astonishment, they discovered that some bees had lived in the lock, and that every ward of it was filled with wax. This is the first time we ever heard of such a singular circumstance. —*Chester Chronicle.*

**NEAPOLITAN PRUDENCE.**—Letters from Naples mention that the King has admitted the principle of the claims for indemnity to British subjects for losses during the bombardment of Messina and Catania, and that persons are to be appointed to ascertain their amount.

## NIGHT IN SPAIN.

I was shown into a kind of loft, with a square aperture for window, which seemed by its appearance to have been in quiet possession of the hens, from time immemorial, and was, beside, insufferably close. I tried to convince the good hostess that eggs and chickens were the logical sequence of hens, but in vain; so I was obliged to content myself with bread and fruit and wine, as aforesaid. I had a table and chair set out upon the flat roof, which commanded a grand view of the whole wild district, ridge upon ridge, and valley beyond valley. Here and there, high up in the lap of some great, grim, brown and gray mountain, was perched a white hamlet, with its own green fringe of orchard,—and through a gap in the ridge towards the south-east, I could see the deep blue Mediterranean, and I could even make out some sails upon it, as they glittered against the rising moon. Meanwhile, I was rather pestered with three old women, who surrounded the table, taking huge delight in seeing me eat, and asking various questions,—such as, whether England was in France? and what I had done to my hair to make it brown? About an hour after nightfall, the various members of the family disposed themselves to sleep upon the roof; and I, thinking men's company better than hens', followed their example, and lay down close to the table, on which remained some relics of supper. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a stealthy step close by me, and, looking up, I saw a strange, wild figure of a man, all in rags. He was walking to and fro beside the table, evidently hankering after the viands thereon. At last he pounced upon them, and began coolly to break the bread and dip it in the wine. Before devouring each morsel, he held it up towards the moon at arm's-length, and waving it to and fro, muttered, "Thanks be unto thee, O Madonna, most holy." I was amused at his thus breaking two commandments, and thanking the Virgin Mary, or the moon, whichever it might be, by whose countenance he was stealing; but as he looked very lean and poor, I did not interrupt his feast by any sign of wakefulness. I had scarcely dropt to sleep again, before I was roused by a loud shriek; then there was a scuffle; all the family started to their feet; the men swore, the women screamed, and then ensued such a bewildered Babel of chattering, that I in vain tried to make myself heard, and discover the cause of the disturbance. As it was past three, I rose, and ordered the horses out. My guide (save the mark!) now acknowledged to me that he had only once travelled that way twenty-five years ago, so the landlord, anxious, as I thought, to escape from the still screaming woman-kind, volunteered to accompany me till daybreak. On the way he told me the cause of the tumult. Some ill-conditioned admirer of his daughter's had clambered in at the window of the loft where she was sleeping. It was her shriek which brought the father to the summary expulsion of the intruder. "But for your worship's presence," he said, "I would have stabbed the villain then and there."—*Clark's Tour.*

**THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISING THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.**—The nervous system, like all other parts, is most directly strengthened by exercise of its own functions. It is, therefore, of much consequence to keep the mind and feelings as fully employed, and as regularly exercised, as possible, and never to yield to the dislike for mental exertion which nervous debility generally brings along with it. And in that state, the best thing we can do, is to invite and to encourage others to stir us up even against our will at the time, particularly as the feeling of inability is always much greater than the reality; and if we act upon the feeling, we are apt to allow our whole faculties of mind and body to become weakened from a mistaken belief of their unfitness for exercise. So sensible of this am I in my own experience, that scarcely a day passes in which I do not feel positively grateful for being obliged to exert myself, and to do many things, and to see many people, that, were I left to inclination, I fear I should often neglect; and the consequence is, that the more I have to do, and the greater exertion I am making, the more I am able to do, and the happier I become. Your system obeys the same laws; and, therefore, the more you force yourself to active communication with others, and the more you exercise your mind and encourage your friends to rouse you up, the more certainly and speedily will you acquire strength of mind and health of body.—*Dr. Combe.*

## THE ARAB STEED.

ELSEWHERE, individuals of this species may be more showy, and even more powerful, but it is only in Arabia that the horse is found in a state bordering on perfection. Here he is remarkable for a small head with pointed ears, peculiarly clean muscular limbs, a corresponding delicate slender shape, rather small size, and large animated eyes, expressing that intelligence which, as in the dog, is the consequence of being constantly with the members of his master's family; in fact, he generally shares their meals. He is frequently allowed to frolic through the camp like a dog, and at other times he is piqueted at the entrance of the tent; he is exposed to the weather at all times, and compared with the treatment of his species in Europe, he is scantily fed. A meal after sunset, consisting of barley, in some parts of the country, and camel's milk in others, or a paste of dates and water, which in Nedjd is mixed with dried clover and other herbs, constitutes his usual sustenance; but on any extraordinary exertion being required, flesh is frequently given, either raw or boiled. The Bedawins count five noble breeds of horses, all, it is understood, derived originally from Nedjd, viz., the taneysse, the manekeye, the koheyl or koklani, the saklawye, and the julfa; of which the last and koklani are particularly prized. The julfa, a small active animal, capable of enduring great fatigue, belongs to the province of El Ah'sa; the other, which is larger, is from Yemen, or more properly Nedjd, and is most valued. Of the choice breeds there are many branches; there are, besides, other breeds, which are considered secondary, and every mare of noble blood, if particularly swift and handsome, may give rise to a new stock. The catalogue of distinct breeds in the desert is, therefore, almost endless, and the pedigrees of individuals are verified by certificates, which are handed down from father to son with infinite care, and not unfrequently they belong to more than one family, for there is often a co-partnership in mares, and hence arises the difficulties attending the purchase of one. It is, however, certain that the Arab horses deteriorate when taken elsewhere, although both sire and dam may be of first-rate breeds; by the latter and not the former, as with us, the Arabs trace the blood. The prevailing colours are a clear bay, sorrel, white, chestnut, gray, brown, and black; but the number of horses in Arabia is comparatively few; their places, for almost every purpose in life, being supplied by camels.—*Colonel Chesney.*

**THE DESERTS OF ARABIA.**—These unpromising tracts have probably given rise to the belief that Arabia is merely a vast arid desert, either interspersed with spots of fertile ground, or almost entirely a desert; whereas, the greater part is of the fourth kind, called Barr by the Arabs, which, in fact, is merely an uncultivated land, diversified with hill and dale, like the Dorsetshire downs. It bears the liquorice plant, and some aromatic shrubs, and thousands of sheep feed upon a thin, short grass, which grows in almost every part of the country at present known to us. Moreover, we learn from sacred as well as profane history, that the Ethiopians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, and the Egyptians, crossed the wilderness of Arabia at various times with immense armies, and, consequently, the country could not then have been a barren desert: the practicability of such movements was evident to me in my two journeys from and to Damascus. During the first, which was towards the end of the autumn of 1830, the coolness, even in the day time, rendered a cloudless sky desirable, whilst we suffered severely from frost at night: in the second journey, which was in the summer of 1837, the heat was very oppressive during the greater part of the day, but the nights were most agreeable. We were gratified also from sunset to daybreak, and more especially in the evenings and mornings, by the sweetly cheering notes of the nightingale, issuing from the liquorice bushes, which generally covered the plain; but, as we approached the lower temperature at the foot of the Syrian mountains, we no longer heard this unexpected tenant of the wilderness.—*Colonel Chesney.*

The thoughts close, and the countenance open, will go safely over the world.

POPPERY is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified.

**SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.**—Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odour of certain flowers, may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realise the poetical allusion, to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtian gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting, and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach; other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records the case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakspeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epemon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III., of France, fainted at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known.—*Millingen on Mind and Matter.*

**MOUNT LEBANON.**—It is almost entirely composed of masses of limestone, rising abruptly from the valley of Zahle and Baalbec, or Coele Syria, on the eastern side, whilst on the western, there is a succession of lower mountains forming wooded basins and rich valleys, which extend from thence to the sea-coast, northward of Beirut. As the crests of this part of the great range are covered with perpetual snow, they must have a very great elevation; on their steep sides are forests of pines, oaks, and other timber, while at the intervals are plantations of mulberries; and grain is cultivated on a succession of narrow terraces, supported by stone walls. In certain places these little gardens completely encircle the mountain basins, for which this part of the country is so remarkable, giving to them, in consequence, the appearance of gigantic amphitheatres, of which the scattered flat-roofed cottages seem to form separations between successive rows of seats. Rich and varied scenery of this kind, interspersed with convents, vineyards, villages, and towns, prevails on the western slopes of the principal chain (Jabel el Drus), which inclines rather west of south, keeping usually at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles from the coast, till, a little way south of Kal'at-esh-shukif, it is broken by the Nahr Kasiniyeh or Leontes.—*Col. Chesney.*

**PLAYING AT BALLOONS.**—This game has been not only very popular in England lately, but is quite the rage at present in France. We do not like the game ourselves, for though you begin very low, there is no knowing what it may rise to in the course of the evening, or where you will stop when once you have begun. The game is subject to too many drops to induce us to be carried away with it. We are not fond of playing so high; for let your plans be ever so perfect, the chances are that you will be completely thrown out; and, if you do win the pool, the pleasure is somewhat damped by your being thrown right into the middle of it. A French gentleman has been riding the high horse at Paris with this game, and bent on carrying everything before him, ascended with a balloon on horseback. All we know is, that we would not "bet a pony," much less a horse, upon any such jeu, which has too many "ups and downs" for our mundane taste.—*Punch.*

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

## THE DRAMA IN CHANCERY.

Last Friday, there appeared in the papers a report of the proceedings in one of the Equity Courts, which would really have made an admirable scene in a farce or comedy of the old school, where a testy guardian in a Court suit, a coachman's wig, and a gold-headed bludgeon, is refusing the request of a romping young ward in a pink sash, a white muslin frock, and a luxuriant head of cork-screw curls, for which she is indebted somewhat to Nature, and six-and-sixpence to the barber. The Court of Chancery, as everybody knows, has a quantity of wards over whom it does not always exercise immediate personal control. But the scene to which we have alluded would seem to show that Equity is resolved to play the "cross old guardy" to the life, on all future occasions.

An application was made to one of the Vice-Chancellors to allow a young lady—a ward in Chancery—to go to Boulogne during the summer, but the guardian would not accede to the proposal, from the lips of counsel, and decidedly refused the application; saying, rather testily, there were a great many wards wanting to go to Boulogne this season. Perhaps the cautious guardian is afraid that the rush of wards will send up the price of apartments at Boulogne, and thus the refusal may proceed from motives of economy; but, at all events, we dare say there were very good reasons for the determination come to by the Vice-Chancellor.

We are only afraid that if the part of guardian is played so resolutely upon the Bench, we shall be seeing a parcel of skittish young ladies tripping into the Courts of Chancery, and endeavouring to wheedle their "cross old guardy," by chucking one of their Lordships, or their Honours, coaxingly under the chin, and entreating him, in the usual farce phraseology, to be "a good kind guardy pardy, and let his little wardy pawdy go in the little boaty poaty, over to Francey pancey."

Though their Lordships and their Honours may be able peremptorily and bluntly to resist the formal applications of Mr. Hundrum, Q.C., or Messrs. Blunder, Thunder, or Dunder, of the outer bar, we are afraid that, should any of the young ladies themselves appear *propria persona* to urge their own suits, we may occasionally hear an undignified "Whew! you insinuating little baggage," chuckled from the Bench, accompanied by an intimation, that "the coaxing little hussy must have an order as prayed."

## THE CONSISTENT SABBATARIANS.

A Duet between Lord Stiggins and Mr. Mauworm.  
TUNE—"Pretty Polly Hopkins."

Lord S. Do you shave on Sunday ever,  
Reaping your chin, reaping your chin?

Mr. M. Oh, dear, no! Of course not. Never.  
It would be sin; it would be sin.

Lord S. All unshorn I go,

Mr. M. With muzzle hairy.

Lord S. Shaving is, we know,

Mr. M. Not necessary.

Both. Strictly thus we keep our Sunday,  
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. Take you tea, or any victual,

On Sunday morn, for breakfast, hot?

Mr. M. Cold, of course. What, boil the kettle?  
Certainly not, certainly not.

Lord S. Toast we won't have made,

Mr. M. With bread contented.

Lord S. Eggs—we'd not have laid,

Mr. M. Could we prevent it.

Both. Strictly thus we keep our Sunday,  
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. What have you for Sunday's dinner,  
Roast meat, or boiled; stew, or fry?

Mr. M. Do you think I'm such a sinner?  
Cookery? Fie! Cookery? Fie!

Lord S. Cold meat will suffice

Mr. M. To keep from starving;

Lord S. Nay, 'tis my advice,

Mr. M. To give up carving.

Both. Strictly thus we keep the Sunday,  
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. Wherefore all this self-denial?

Some may inquire, some may inquire.

Mr. M. Oh, it is a painful trial,  
Bitter and dire, bitter and dire!

Lord S. Sunday letters we

Mr. M. Having arrested,

Lord S. Our consistency

Mr. M. Must be attested.

Both. Strictly thus by keeping Sunday,  
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

## THE ECONOMICS OF SMOKING.

BY JOSEPH FUME.

THE man who smokes half his cigar, and puts the remainder by, knows nothing about smoking. The man who carries no cigar-case has no right to levy contributions on those who do.

Never buy a cigar at a chemist's, they are sure to remind you of their origin. I once knew a chemist, who also sold wine and cigars, and I am sure he could only have had one workshop for his three businesses, and that was his laboratory.

Mistrust the tobacco that is given in half-payment of a bill. Such dealers may be clever in drawing a bill, but it is rarely that their cigars are distinguished for being good "drawers."

The man who smokes with wine is quite capable of taking sugar with oysters.

THE ALARMING SACRIFICE OF HYDE PARK.—"Down with your dust!" is the appeal of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations. The entreaty will be echoed by the London public, resorting for air and exercise to Hyde Park, when the multitude with which it will be crowded shall have worn its turf away, and pulverised its soil. By-the-bye, why should the turf of Hyde Park be wasted? As it must inevitably be walked off, why not cut it, and sell it, and let the proceeds go in aid of the Exhibition, which, we fear, is not supported with the liberality a project so laudable in itself deserves,—owing, no doubt, to the obstinate disregard of public opinion shown by its promoters in their determination to inflict this preposterous building on the Park.

GETTING UP A BULL-FIGHT.—One day I was present at a *funeo de novillas*—a kind of juvenile bull-fight, in which young beasts are brought to be bullied, and, if possible, killed by young men. It is a kind of parody of a real bull-fight—nothing of its pomp and circumstance and danger; a farce instead of a tragedy—very grotesque and ludicrous. For instance, a man in night-gown and night-cap is brought in upon a bed, shamming sickness, and is placed in the middle of the arena. Then a young bull, with his horns sheathed in corks, is let in; of course he rushes at the only prominent object—the bed, and turns it over and over; the sick man taking care so to dispose the mattresses and bolsters that the animal may spend his fury upon them, and not upon him. At another time several men are set upright in round wicker baskets, about five feet high, with neither top nor bottom. The bull charges these, one after the other, knocks them down, and rolls them along with his horns. It is great fun to watch the evident perplexity of the beast when he sees their spontaneous motion. Then, when his back is turned, the attendants jump over the barrier and set the baskets on their legs again; and the same joke is repeated till one is tired of it. The unpractised matadors generally fall in attempting the fatal stroke; so the poor defenceless animal has to be despatched by means of the *media luna*, an instrument, as its name imports, shaped like a half-moon, and attached to a long pole. Armed with this, a man comes slyly behind and hamstring him; after which he is feloniously slain with a knife plunged through the spinal vertebrae. We could not refrain from loudly expressing our disgust at this barbarity, to the great amusement of our neighbours, to whom the spectacle was familiar. An English lady was sitting not far off, and looked on without the slightest change of colour. I charitably hoped that she was rouged for the nonce.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

A REAL ADMIRER.—The bookseller should have given you the Plate with your Numbers. We know of no way so good as advertising for the object you mention, and getting some one in London to take in the letters, or they can be directed to you. Gunter resides in

Bond-street, but we do not know of our own knowledge that he keeps any such register. If the young person could get any lady in London to interest herself, the situation might soon be obtained. We regret that we are not in a position to further your object.

CHARLES EDWARDS.—From your statement regarding the lady, we should say that you have nothing to do but to pop the question, with a certainty of an affirmative reply; but, as a principle, it is very indiscreet to marry one older than yourself—you say "much older," and that makes it worse. How would you feel some ten years hence with a wife in the vale of years, and you a young man still? We advise you to think of that before you put your toe in the way of being trodden upon, lovingly, by the lady again.

RUDIGER (Hampstead).—You may top and lop the trees upon your estate that you rent, but you must not cut them down. With regard to the culture of the grape in pots, the following appeared in the "Gardeners' Chronicle," which is an authority upon the subject, and to which we refer you for further information upon the subject:—"Can Grapes be Profitably Cultivated in Pots?—I had a few eyes of Hamburgh and Welbeck Black Tripoli, which I put into pots in the first week of March, 1849; they rooted in three weeks, and were potted off singly. At the end of twenty-eight days, when they had made four leaves, they were pinched off at the top, the lateral that was afterwards produced forming the fruiting plant. The twelve plants were kept in a strong moist heat of from seventy degrees to ninety degrees; they were twice shifted during their summer growth, and by the end of September they had each made seventeen feet of wood. They were then removed to a south wall; very little water was given them, and on the 1st of January, 1850, they were put into a pit heated by hot water. They broke regularly from the pot to the top of the plant, many of the eyes showing two bunches of fruit, and some of the plants had thirty bunches of fruit on them, but these were reduced to seven bunches to each plant. They ripened perfectly, and I commenced cutting on the 12th of May. When the fruit was removed, the plants were liberally supplied with strong manure water, and they are now in a fair way to bear a good crop next season. *River Head, Louth, Lincolnshire.*"

AN ATTENTIVE READER.—The subject of the sketch renders it quite inadmissible. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to make the person an historical character. It is smartly written.

W. B.—Yes.

A MECHANIC would be much obliged if we could inform him if there is any truth in the paragraph he encloses, and which we print below. He says he cut it from the columns of a weekly publication famous for finding mares' nests, and for the inculcation of insanity in the shape of mesmerism and religious fanaticism:—"The Impulsoria.—This ingenious method of applying animal power to the working of railways, so as to supersede the costly locomotive engine, has lately been invented in Italy, and exhibited experimentally upon the South-Western Railway. It consists of introducing the animals into a kind of coach, called *Impulsoria*, by which they transmit their acting power to the leading wheels. This transmission is conveyed by very simple means, rendering useful both the driving power of the animals and their own weight. The horse being thus introduced into the *Impulsoria*, is placed upon a perfect rectilinear, artificial ground, or platform, turning so easily that the animal, which is yoked to the shafts, when it walks does not itself advance; but, what amounts to the same thing, the platform itself is pushed backward. By this artificial ground platform a tree is moved armed with a pulley, from which, by means of a rope, the motion is conveyed to the axle-tree of the leading-wheels. The varying proportions between the diameter of the pulleys give different degrees of speed. The horses are to be worked always at their usual pace, whilst the new locomotive will be able to run at any requisite speed, even at sixty miles an hour, without ever altering the usual walking pace of the horses, which are inside the *Impulsoria*, as on the floor of a room, sheltered from the weather. The *Impulsoria* runs either way, like the steam-engine; but the driving horses do not change direction or movement."—We have taken some pains to answer the inquiry of our correspondent, and have to state that the pretended invention from Italy, was patented some thirteen or fourteen years ago in London, by a Mr. Harsleben, a Prussian gentleman, the agent for the patent being a highly intelligent engineer named Toplis. The thing failed, we believe, practically, after being tried upon one of the lines of railway on a small scale. Our correspondent will find the specification, with drawings of the whole affair, in the Enrolment Office, Chancery Lane; so, after all, it is a mare's nest.

A MANCHESTER FAMILY.—The Beulah Spa, is at Norwood. You may reach it on the South Western Railway, or on the Croydon line.

A YOUNG BOTANIST.—Yes, certainly; the Botanic Garden at Chelsea will repay a visit. It is the property of the Society of Apothecaries and you must get an order at Apothecaries Hall to view it; it will not be refused to a polite application, particularly from a student.

IF SO, WHY SO?—We cannot engage to prove to our correspondent the accuracy of a Tide Table. Study astronomy—the higher branches of mathematics—and a few kindred sciences, and you will be able to find out why so.

W. W.—Declined with thanks.

CURIOSUS.—We have before had occasion to state that the Leaders and the Articles on the Months are by the Editor, and written expressly for this MISCELLANY from time to time.

**A LADY IN A COUNTRY TOWN.**—We can only extract the recipe you require from Soyer. It is as follows:—"Grouse Pie.—Roast, very underdone, a couple of nice plump grouse; when cold, cut into joints, being the two wings, two legs, and the breasts into two pieces each; season them lightly, and lay them in a pie-dish, building them to form a dome, then break up their backbones and other trimmings, which put into a stew-pan with a glass of sherry, a bay-leaf, an onion in slices, a few sprigs of parsley, and three or four allspice; set the stew-pan over the fire a few minutes, until the wine boils, when add half-a-pint of brown sauce, and half-a-pint of broth, stir it over a fire until again reduced to half-a-pint, when strain it through a sieve over the grouse; when quite cold, cover with paste and bake in a warm oven; about half-an-hour would be sufficient, as the paste requires to be laid on thinner, the contents of the pie having been previously cooked."

**A COUNTRY READER.**—The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is closed six weeks from about the middle of September.

**AN ARCHITECT.**—We are glad to perceive by the public prints, as well as by your letter, that the roof of Westminster Hall is not to be trifled with. It would be quite a desecration, for the hall stands unrivalled as a monument of old times, notwithstanding its very bad situation.

**A YOUNG METAPHYSICIAN.**—Your communication would not be relished by the mass of readers. We have been amused by it to some extent. Sydney Smith, taking a very similar line of argument, says:—"Who can prove his own personal identity? A man may think himself a clergyman, and believe he has preached for these ten years last past; but I defy him to offer any sort of proof that he has not been a fishmonger all the time."

**A RELIGIOUS LADY.**—To your first question, decidedly not. To your second—Clement I. was born at Rome, and was one of the first bishops of that place; it seems he held about sixteen years, from the year 64 or 65 to 81. He was remarkable for having written two epistles, so excellent, and so highly esteemed, by the primitive Christians, that the first was for some time considered canonical. Clement was sentenced to work in the quarries, and afterwards, having an anchor fastened about his neck, was drowned in the sea, as they say, but of the truth of the story we should be sorry to vouch.

**A LOVER OF ANIMALS AND OF ALL LIVING CREATURES.**—We entirely concur with you in your sentiments. If you look back through our Numbers, you will find a Leader upon the subject. It was Sydney Smith who said, in answer to some one who remarked "Why is it that the ass, of all animals, is subject to ill usage?" "Because Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem upon one, I suppose." Nothing could be well more severe.

**AN ARTIST.**—You ought to know better than we can tell you. There was an Exhibition of the works of Ancient Masters, at 49, Pall Mall; but we do not know if it be there still or not.

**A LADY.**—We have before had to state, that the garden near the Annerley Station on the Croydon line is attached to a tavern, and that there is free admission.

2.—It would be a violation of confidence.

**INQUIRER.**—Celery (*apium graveolens*).—This plant is known in its wild state by the name of smallage; and is frequently found by the sides of ditches and brooks, and near the sea, where it flowers from July to September. The fresh roots, especially in their native watery places, are acid and unwholesome. Culture alone corrects its noxious qualities, and renders it mild and esculent. The lower parts of the stem and leaf-stalks are blanched, by being covered up with earth; they thus become useful either raw, stewed, or boiled in soups; and are excellent antiscorbutics.

**A STUDENT.**—Yes; the "lamented Hayden" did paint some execrable pictures—vide, the walls of the Pantheon.

**A DAKIN.**—Your son has no power to sell your property. How was the property disposed of at his father's death? You need not be under any apprehension. No one would risk buying goods of such a person, with so doubtful a title to them. If your son annoys you, we advise you to do at first what you will have to do at last to so heartless a personage—summon him before a magistrate, which you can do under the Police Act.

**JOVE.**—Our correspondent with so highly Olympic a signature, has sent us a specimen of his verse. We must confess that we cannot see anything likely to take mankind by storm in the lines. Rhyme is not poetry.

**I. F. S. (Winchester).**—Declined with thanks. Poetry is decidedly not the vocation of our correspondent.

**M. A. T.**—It is contrary to our rule to give medical recipes. Any respectable chemist will supply you with the information you require, upon your satisfying him that it is for professional purposes. Write to the Editor of the "Lancet" asking for the receipt; but you must prove you are what you say you are.

**A CITIZEN IN THE COUNTRY.**—You will find some difficulty and have to incur considerable expense in getting a fountain of any pretensions upon your lawn. We cannot recommend any particular house of business to which you could go with confidence. As regards swans, the following from the "Gardeners' Chronicle" in answer to a correspondent with the initials of W. C. will answer you:—"Swans.—I believe a swan may be kept on a piece of water of almost any size; though if W. C.'s pond is very small, it will be necessary to feed the bird, at all events, in winter. Eight swans, four old birds and four cygnets, have done very well here, on about four acres of water. I think a single swan, if pinioned, would remain quietly, for one of mine was 'sent to Coventry' by the rest, and has since remained by himself on a small stream within sight and reach of

the other birds, without attempting to associate with them. The water here is subject to the 'green scum' of which W. C. complains; it always rises to the surface in very hot and calm weather. The swans are most useful in keeping down other weeds, but I think they do not eat the 'green scum'; at least, not in any appreciable quantity, though, from their size and strength, they are able to swim through it, and break it up, when it is gradually carried away by the current. If W. C.'s pond has no stream running through it, I fear the swan alone will not do much good. Yarrell, in writing of swans, says, 'their food consists of water-plants, &c., and occasionally small fish; a swan has been seen to eat a small roach.' I infer from this, that fish is not their usual food, and as far as my own observation goes, I believe they do little or no harm to my trout. The large trout, however, devour many of the small ones."

**A. Z.**—Declined with thanks.

**JANET C. C.** begs that we will allow her an opportunity of laying her unhappy situation before the readers of the MISCELLANY. She is an only daughter, and aged eighteen.—Having had the misfortune to lose her mother about six years ago, she was thrown entirely upon a father's care, and she had nothing to complain of in the way of fatherly love and attention until within the last twelve months, when her father married again. Then began Janet's cares, and since then she has led the most wretched life, for her mother-in-law perseveres in a systematic course of slighting, snubbing, and positive ill-usage to her, all of which her father puts up with and will not hear of, as he is completely under the control of his second wife. Janet would esteem it a great favour if the Editor or any of his correspondents would advise her how to get away from a home which she thinks, in another year, would drive her almost mad.—It is an unhappy case, and we can only say, that Janet had better, as she seems to be an educated girl by her writing and style of composition, get some lady friend to procure for her a situation as nursery governess to young ladies—don't go where there are boys—and we think Janet will find such a situation much more desirable than such a home as the one she pictures. It amounts to positive criminality in any man with a family marrying a woman whom he thus will allow, for a moment, to step between her and his children. We do not mean to say but that there are many highly estimable mothers-in-law, but the risk is great.

**A LADY (Brentford).**—We never think it a trouble to oblige a correspondent, and if you favour us with the few literary and scientific queries you mention, you may depend upon an immediate answer from us. Of course, when we say immediate, we mean in the next correspondence sheet that goes to press after the receipt of your note.

**AN AMATEUR.**—There is a talk of removing the Dulwich Gallery of Paintings to London. It would require an Act of Parliament to do so. The benefit, we think, would be great, as there are some rare works of art there.

**UNFORTUNATE GEORGE.**—The County Court forms your only remedy, in the case you mention. You must be the best judge of whether the party has a sufficient answer to your claim or not. We are much obliged for the kind commendations.

**C. H. E. F.**—We cannot name to you any bookseller in London who would purchase second-hand books. They all profess to do so, but a bookseller, when he buys a book, gives the price of waste paper only. It is only when it gets into his hands that it becomes of value. Our opinion is, that unless the books are quite new, or very rare, you would get no offer for them at all.

**CAMILLA.**—We cannot help thinking that Camilla has been strangely indiscreet to make an engagement with one whom she never saw and who never saw her. We so understand or misunderstand the statement in the letter. We think both lady and gentleman cannot be very rational. We advise Camilla to accept the first offer she feels inclined to, from some one whom she does know, and who, likewise, has had the advantage of seeing her. We hope we have not misunderstood our correspondent. Many apologies if we have; but so runs the letter.

**A YOUNG LADY.**—You will do no harm to your Rhododendron, now that it is out of bloom, in breaking off the unsightly remnants of the blossoms. The plant is a native of India, as the following account of it by Captain Munro, will show:—"Rhododendron arboreum grows on the Himalayas in disintegrated granite, mica slate, and gneiss, without anything approaching to peat. Rhododendron nilagiricum, a species first indicated by Zenker, and one I believe generally considered distinct from arboreum, does, in the Neelgherries, grow in a thin stratum of peat, which, however, is frequently not more than six or eight inches in depth, and, consequently, the roots must soon pass through into the soil below. The finest mass of Rhododendron arboreum I ever saw was within five hundred feet of the top of Dodotolia, a hill, ten thousand feet high, in Kumaon, between Almorah and Sireenugger, on the Bhagaurtelle river, growing in company with Quercus Kamroopi, and just above the Deodar. Here every possible variety of colour capable of being produced by a mixture of crimson and white was to be found amongst the Rhododendrons; the whole side of the hill was one blaze of colour. A thirst-exciting ascent, in the middle of the day, 23rd April, made me search eagerly for water, which I could only find in the shape of some unmelting snow on the north side of the hill in a shady nook, till I descended at least five thousand feet, to the stream in the valley below."

**B. B.**—We are compelled to decline.

**LIZZY** has had an offer of marriage, provided she will wait until next October, as the gentleman has a visit to make at as far off a place as Stockholm, where he has some relations. Now, Lizzy is quite willing to go to Stockholm with him, as she is rather fond of going about, but he don't seem to take all her hints to him upon the subject, and she is so vexed she don't know what to do. "Would the Editor advise her to speak out plainly, and insist upon marrying at once and going to Stockholm, or would he advise her to wait patiently until October?"—Wait patiently until October, certainly, Lizzy. Your intended may have many reasons for not taking you with him, to say nothing of the expense. Besides, it would be very unfeminine of you to hurry forward the marriage by speaking out, as you say.

**ALARM.**—We are not positively inclined to join in the alarm of our correspondent; but we are certainly of opinion, that if the estimate for building the great house, for the Exhibition of Prince Albert's Industry is one hundred thousand pounds, that it will not be completed for two hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Barry has a finger in the pie. Is not that sufficient?

**A SCHEMER.**—There can be no doubt that if you have, as you say, a scientific and mechanical genius, you should not turn your attention to anything that would be more profitable to you, and important to society, than the subject of lighting dwelling houses cheaply, and efficiently. Oil and candles are alike inefficient and execrable, and the objections to gas are numerous. The subject has courted much attention, and recently the following appeared in the "Daily News": "Parisian Correspondence. Of course, neither that respectable journal nor ourselves, vouch for the truth of the concern:—"A rapid and scientific mode of lighting and extinguishing public gasburners has been invented by a person named Villatte. The opening of the burner of each lamp is covered with a piece of soft iron, mounted upon a hinge. In connection with this is a wire extending from a galvanic battery the entire length of the service of the gaslamps, and close to the orifice of each burner is a small slip of platinum. The soft iron, becoming a magnet when acted upon by the electric fluid, opens or closes the orifice according to the motion imparted to it; the platinum ignites when it is necessary to light the lamps, and thus every lamp in a large town may be lighted simultaneously, or extinguished in the same way, by a different action on the magnetized iron."—This is not the first time by many that the fruit of such a discovery being made has been rife in the scientific world.

**MARGARET IN HER TEENS** having observed that several gentlemen have made the MISCELLANY a vehicle for breathing their admiration of the ladies, and their matrimonial intentions, begs to say that she is quite willing to marry out of spite—yes, out of spite, for Charles and she have parted for ever and ever, and she is quite resolved to restore all his letters, and sincerely hopes he will burn her lock of hair. She, therefore, hopes that some matrimonial feeling gentleman will immediately offer himself, as she should just like to let Charles see how soon she can get married. Does the Editor know any one he can recommend at once?—No.

**MUNDANE B.**—Our correspondent is entirely mistaken.

**LEGALIS.**—We believe it is legal for the crown to make what alteration it may please in Royal residences, but not to absolutely destroy. We know that Osborne and Buckingham Palace, particularly the former, owe a great deal to the Royal depredations of the Pavilion at Brighton, which, in our opinion, is too much abused.

**A CLERK.**—We have no doubt in our own minds that the time is not very far distant when the fees now taken at the doors of public buildings, will be wholly abolished. Of course, there must be some sort of distinction as to who is admitted. The following is from the "Daily News," which always lends its aid to any liberal feeling:—"Church and State Exhibitions.—A return was presented yesterday to the House of Commons, showing the number of persons admitted to the Tower, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court Palace, &c., during each month of the last five years, and also showing the amount of fees taken by the Chapters of St. Paul's and Westminster, for the exhibition of those cathedrals. It appears that during 1849 no less than 168,000 visitors repaired to Hampton Court, and 137,000 to the Kew Botanic Gardens. In July nearly 50,000 visited Hampton Court. To Kew the largest number of visitors was in August, when 31,100 persons took their pleasure in the gardens. The Tower does not appear to be by any means so popular a place of public amusement. The number of visitors to the Armoury last year was 45,500; the number to the Jewel House 41,400. The receipts, at sixpence each person, fell somewhat short of the expenses. With regard to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, it seems that the total sum received for fees at the Abbey in 1849 was nine hundred and sixty-eight pounds eight shillings and sixpence. Of this amount, seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds was paid to the tomb-showers, thirty-four pounds was paid for cleaning the monuments, and one hundred and ninety-five pounds was carried to the 'Ornamental Fund,' from which, it seems, all the recent improvements and decorations in the choir have been made. At St. Paul's last year the amount of fees taken was only four hundred and thirty pounds, the whole of which is given to the vergers. This exhibition seems to be a declining one. Since 1845 the receipts have fallen off every year, and last year they had decreased one hundred and fifty pounds upon the amount then received."

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[THE FAILURE OF THE COUNTESS OF ALPINE TO INGRATIATE HERSELF INTO THE DUCHESS'S FAVOUR AGAIN.]

## THE DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER LIV.

SHOWS HOW THE DUCHESS BEGAN TO FEEL MORE TRANQUIL.

Clint had placed Marianna upon a chair, and had propped her head up with the pillows from the bed. It was a strange thing to see that once bold and vicious man kneeling now at the feet of the young and gentle girl, holding her hand in his, and looking in her face as though his life depended upon the return to it of the hues of health.

She clasped her hand over her eyes for a moment.

"You are ill," he said. "My darling, you are ill!"

"Oh, no—no! But I am so confused. I am trying to think. I know how I came here; but you, father—I cannot imagine how you could be in this place."

"It is a long story, Marianna. I, too, feel the same absolute confusion regarding your presence here, and I dread to let go your hand, for fear you should flit from before my eyes again, and I should awaken but to find it all a dream, and that I am again most desolate."

"Nay, father, do not think that. It is no dream. I am, indeed, and in truth, here. But I might well think it past all belief to find you: and how pale you are."

"Yes, I have been ill—sick almost unto death. But Heaven surely has spared me for the joy of seeing you once again, and of feeling that all appreciation of goodness had not left me."

"You must not speak thus, father. But you will tell me how it is that you came here, and then I will tell you my history."

Clint suddenly sprang to his feet.

"Hark!" he said. "Did you hear nothing?"

"Oh, what?—what?"

"A footstep. It is his footstep. I know it well. Tell me, my child, are you here with the connivance of Horton or not?"

"Horton? Who is Horton?"

"Ah! I must hide you from him. Quick! Get into yon corner—there, behind the screen. He comes—he comes! Do you not hear the key in the lock?"

"I do—I do!"

Quick as thought, Marianna hid herself in the place pointed out for her by her father, and Clint himself lay at length upon the sofa, and put on a look of extreme languor and debility.

The door of the room was opened, and Horton peeped into it—with such a look of malignant villany, that it was awful to see him.

It would have been a pity if Clara, Duchess of Pangbourne, after passing through the events of that truly dreadful night upon which the Earl of Carlton had visited Pangbourne House, should not feel somewhat relieved from the mental afflictions that had so long clung to her.

It was quite evident that upon that night the terrors and the afflictions of the Duchess were to reach their climax, and it was equally evident that from the moment that she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, a decidedly favourable change took place in the circumstances surrounding her.

The words of comfort and consolation that had been so very judiciously spoken to her by Doctor Thorne, were eminently calculated to produce the very best effect upon such a mind as Clara's, which was ever ready to receive judicious impressions and healthy ideas.

It will be recollected that the worthy Doctor and Mr. Oliver were to have a long consultation together, and that on the following morning they were to breakfast with the Duchess. Regarding the long consultation, we need say nothing, but that it was highly satisfactory to both parties; for, luckily, Mr. Oliver had been put into possession of such facts, by the visit of Theodore to him, that he was enabled to clear up much that was mysterious to the Doctor and to the Duchess.

We will at once, therefore, now conduct these high contracting parties to the breakfast-room at Pangbourne House, where, after a day of rest and a calmer night's repose than she had had for a long time, the Duchess was awaiting them.

Of late, the course that the Duke had pursued had been attended with so many eccentricities, and so many divarications from everything in the shape of regular habits, that his absence from his house for a couple of nights and a day, did not excite that degree of personal apprehension concerning him which, in other times, it would have done, in Clara's mind; but still, it was an intense sadness for her to think what it was that kept him from his house.

As yet, it must be borne in mind that Clara was still completely under the delusion that Herbert had been carrying on some intrigue with an individual named Marianna; for circumstances had been such, that she fancied—as who would not, if they

had been situated as she had?—that of such a fact she had abundant proofs.

That source of grief, therefore, still clung to her.

Yet the words of the Doctor had sunk deeply into her heart, and for the first time in her life, Clara understood the philosophy that so few can gather from affliction, which ought to teach it to them, that is far better to reflect upon, and to be thankful for, the blessings that life affords, than with a morbid feeling to dwell upon its disappointments and its miseries.

Certainly, it said something for the altered feelings of the Duchess, that she appeared at the breakfast table, looking decidedly more calm and serene than she had now done for many a day.

Both the Doctor and Mr. Oliver were men of business, and they were true to their appointment to the minute; nor did the Duchess keep them waiting, and quite a feeling of rejoicing ran through the house, at the altered aspect which its mistress wore upon that morning.

The moment Doctor Thorne looked at her, he said—

"Oh, I may as well go."

"Go, sir?" said the Duchess. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I see that I have no patient."

"Ah, no! Do not say that. It is not the time for the wise physician to leave the patient the moment he sees that his medicines are doing good."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Oliver.

"Ah, Mr. Oliver," said the Duchess, turning to him, "you are quite welcome to Pangbourne House!"

"I thank your Grace, and can only say that my best services are entirely and freely at your Grace's disposal."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "Oliver and I have talked all that over, and he feels with me that he ought not to hesitate a moment in hearing the legal advice of the Duchess of Pangbourne, since the Duke has employed another attorney."

"Has he so?"

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Oliver. "By sheer accident it has come to my ears that a Mr. Trapp, of Lincoln's Inn, has been employed by the Duke to draw up a deed of gift, to one Charles Horton, of the principal estate of the Dukedom."

"Can that be possible?"

"You may well feel a sensation of surprise at it, madam; but it is strictly true. A clerk of mine had it from a clerk of Mr. Trapp's, and I feel certain of the fact."

"Alas! how strangely things come to pass," said the Duchess. "It was but a little while ago, that Herbert spoke with abhorrence of the efforts that a man of the name of Trapp had made to get into his confidence as his legal adviser."

"And yet, you see, madam, how people change."

"They do, indeed, Mr. Oliver. Which estate is it that he has given to Horton?"

"The High Knoll Estate, your Grace."

"Well, I never saw it, and, now, never shall; but it does amaze me to think what mysterious power that wickedest of men has over the Duke."

"Yes, madam. That at present remains one of the mysteries of the metropolis; but I hope it will not remain so long."

"Never mind whether it does or not," said Dr. Thorne. "The coffee is getting cold."

Upon this, the breakfast was commenced, for the doctor had prohibited Oliver from telling the Duchess the news they had in store for her, until she had breakfasted. "Both good and bad news," he said, "were best upon a moderately full stomach;" so he insisted upon its postponement until the Duchess had eaten and drank sufficient, in his judgment, against any sudden access of feeling.

The breakfast, after all, though was more a matter of form than of substantiality, for the Duchess, although much pressed by the Doctor, could not eat much, and Mr. Oliver was in too anxious a state of mind concerning the affair that was submitted to his consideration, to bestow much attention upon the elegant repast that was laid before him.

"Well," said the doctor, "I see that you will, neither of you, take any more, so we may as well proceed to business."

"Not here," said the Duchess. "If you will follow me to the little room which I call my own, and in which I am at peace, so far as an interruption is concerned, we can discourse of my griefs more at leisure. How selfish it is of me to engage you both upon such a subject."

"Not at all," said the Doctor. "I am the body curer, and here is Mr. Oliver, the man who is the physician of peoples' estates—who feels the pulse of their income, and adjusts, with his skill, the civil affairs of the individual, in the same way that I strive to adjust their physical ones. We only need a parson here, and you would be quite surrounded by all the safeguards, both from this world and the next, that could be procured—with the difference that Mr. Oliver and I do understand a little of what we are about, and the parson nothing."

"We will dispense with your scepticism, Doctor," said Mr. Oliver, with a smile, "if you please."

"Oh, of course," said the Doctor; "it's no business of mine."

The Duchess led the way to the small apartment she had had fitted up for herself in Pangbourne House; and then, when they were all three seated, Mr. Oliver said, gravely—

"Madam, I have been informed of so much by Dr. Thorne, that I think, to spare you the pain and the trouble of a recital of events that may distress you, I had better ask you such questions as I may find necessary, in consequence of little deficiencies of information."

"I will answer you freely, Mr. Oliver," said the Duchess.

"That's right," said Dr. Thorne; "who can advise, unless he knows the case that demands his judgment?"

"Then, madam," added Mr. Oliver, "what do you know of this Mr. Charles Horton?"

"But little. The first I saw of him was upon the occasion of his appearance in Soho, where we lived, and that was directly after the unhappy maniac who had murdered the late Duchess of Pangbourne sought his death by a wild leap from the window of our apartment."

"But the Duke knew him?"

"Oh, yes, well. The recognition was immediate and mutual. It appears that they had known each other from boyhood, but had lost sight of each other entirely, in consequence of the natural shyness of Herbert in disclosing to any of his old associates the destination to which we were reduced."

"Now, Madam," said Mr. Oliver, "it is very important that you should come to as correct a conclusion as you can regarding the conduct of the Duke in that first interview with Charles Horton that you saw. Did the Duke appear constrained or anxious upon that occasion? Did it seem to you that the meeting with that man, Horton was a disagreeable shock to him, and that he (Horton) had then some secret power over him?"

"Certainly not. Nothing could be more natural than the pleasure he experienced, after he had got over the shock of being found in so low a state at seeing an old acquaintance."

"Pray pardon me," said Mr. Oliver, "for being thus categorical; but did he not show, by any shrinking from Horton, or by any faltering of voice, or confusion of manner, that there was a secret intelligence between them that he had cause to dread?"

"Certainly not."

"It is strange."

"It is so; but well acquainted, of course, as I was, with every tone of Herbert's voice—alas! he was the plain Herbert, and much happier than he is now—I could not be deceived. There was nothing in his manner as regarded Horton then, but the free, frank, and unassumed nature that always characterised him."

"Well, Mr. Oliver," said Doctor Thorne, "what do you say to that?"

"It is very difficult to come to a conclusion. When, Madam, did the manner of the Duke in regard to Horton change?"

"The next day. They went out together, and Herbert did not return until the next morning. From that time he has been an altered man, and feelings of dread, and of fear, and hatred of Horton, have alternately held sway in his bosom."

"Then it is quite clear," said Mr. Oliver, "as I have all along suspected, that the event, be it what it may, that placed the Duke so unhappily in the power of Charles Horton, took place during his absence from home with that person upon the occasion that the Duchess mentions."

"It looks like it," said the Doctor.

"Such," said Clara, "is my own impression. From the conduct of Herbert upon his return, it was quite evident to me that his soul was burdened with some secret. What it was, I dared not even guess; but that it was a secret that induced the consequences of criminality, his incoherent expres-

sions, and his dread at every footstep that approached our wretched home sufficiently evinced."

Mr. Oliver nodded.

"Not a doubt of it," he said. "Charles Horton is a gambler, and a sharper—a man who, to use a popular expression, lives by his wits; and I should not be at all surprised if, upon that evening, he in some way implicated the Duke in some robbery, the consequences of which he now is ever threatening him with."

"And the gift, then," said Doctor Thorne, "of the High what-do-you-call-it Estate—"

"High Knoll."

"Yes, High Knoll Estate, is, I fancy, to pay Horton to hold his peace for ever."

"Probably; but it will not have that effect. The man who could play the part that this Horton has evidently played by the Duke, will be satisfied at no sacrifice. He will be insatiable in his demands, and his cupidity will increase with the food that it is fed with. If the Duke thinks to rid himself of him by such means, it will turn out to be a fatal mistake."

"But what is to be done?" said Doctor Thorne.

"The case is full of difficulties."

"That," said Mr. Oliver, with a smile, "is just the sort of case for you to manage, Doctor."

"Yes, I grant you that, when it happens to be in my own line."

"Never fear but that we shall be able to meet this case in some way. It is quite clear that the Duke must be released from this man, Horton, in some way."

"Excuse me, Mr. Oliver," said Doctor Thorne, "but it is the Duchess that you and I are now acting for."

"But I am sure, Doctor Thorne, nothing will be more pleasing to the Duchess than to free the Duke from that subjection to Horton which has, no doubt, been the principal cause of all his strange behaviour."

"You do but speak my sentiments," said the Duchess.

"Of that I felt assured, Madam, and the sentiments are Doctor Thorne's, likewise, I am certain, if he will but consider the matter a little. It will be necessary to adopt some means of tracing the proceedings of the Duke and Charles Horton upon that night, step by step; and I daresay that some trouble and industry will suffice to enable us to discover nearly exactly what happened."

"Well," said Dr. Thorne, "be it so. And now, I think, you ought to relate to the Duchess the news that you have for her."

"News for me?" exclaimed Clara, changing colour.

"Yes, madam; but not any news that ought to distress you," said Mr. Oliver. "On the contrary, although I grant that it may have the effect of complicating this business a little, I feel quite sure that it will give you satisfaction."

"Oh, tell it to me, then, quickly."

"I will. You will excuse me for saying that you believe you have cause to feel a pang of proper jealousy at the Duke's supposed attachment to one of the name of Marianna—so Dr. Thorne informs me?"

"He has informed you rightly, Mr. Oliver. I have it all but in too plain language from the Duke's own mouth, that he is infatuated with some one of that name, and that he will not give up communication with her."

"I think, madam, that I shall be able to rid you of that source of uneasiness, and to convince you that you and the Duke, in your conversations upon that head, have been completely at cross-purposes."

"Oh, no—no: that is impossible. He even went so far as to say that he hoped I would extend to her the hand of kindness and patronage."

"Exactly," continued Mr. Oliver; "and I hope you will."

"You, sir?"

"Yes, madam; and what is more, I know you will, when you know the whole circumstances of the case. Will you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes, while I relate to you what I know?"

"Most willingly, sir."

"Then, your Grace is aware that the young man named Theodore, who was ousted from his title by the accession of your Grace's husband to the Dukedom of Pangbourne, has been for some time sought for in vain?"

"Oh, yes—yes."

"He is found, and in so strange a manner, that it is necessary I should tell you at length all that has

passed between that estimable young man and myself."

The Duchess lent an attentive ear now to Mr. Oliver, while he detailed to her how he had been called upon by Theodore, and all that he had related to him of the young, and gentle, and innocent Marianna, who was the creature of the Duke's bounty at Miss Juke's school. He expatiated upon the description that Theodore had given of her, and upon her evident innocence. He likewise took care to draw the attention of the Duchess, delicately, yet forcibly, to the difference in the ages of the Duke and of Marianna, which would silence the supposition that she might be his daughter; and he concluded by saying—

"From all this, madam, you will see, I am sure, with me, that in all that has passed between you and the Duke respecting this young girl, there has been much misapprehension, and that we can charge him with nothing in the whole transaction but of doing good too much by stealth."

The Duchess melted to tears, and wept silently.

"Come—come," said Dr. Thorne, "none of that."

"But I cannot help it."

"You must, though. Now, you see what mistakes people make in the world, Madam. Why, I shall begin to like the Duke in a little while, I do believe."

"That, I am sure," said Mr. Oliver, "we should all do, if his better nature were not so completely crushed, as it is, by his mysterious connection with the villain, Horton."

"Oh, Herbert—Herbert!" said the Duchess, "if you would only do me the justice that I am willing to do you, in for ever discarding from my heart all suspicions, we might—"

"Be happy yet!" said, or rather sung, Dr. Thorne, with the most comical attempt at a tune that ever was heard.

"No doubt of it," said Mr. Oliver; "but the fact is, that parties whose general aim and business it was to sow the seeds of dissension between you, have been at work, and have but too well succeeded in doing so."

"To be sure," cried the Doctor. "You don't know what they have said to him, and persuaded him of, to make him believe you guilty."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried the Duchess. "I shall go mad!"

"No, you won't, because you will recollect, that if it be possible, as you see it has been, to thoroughly disabuse you of your suspicions of the Duke, it will be equally possible to disabuse him of his suspicions of you."

"Gentlemen, I can assure you that that name of Marianna has been most insidiously repeated to me."

"Not a doubt of it," cried the Doctor; "and I can guess pretty well who it was who thought it her business to repeat it. It was no other than—"

"The Countess of Alpine, Madam," said a servant, opening the door at this moment.

"Talk of the—he!" said the Doctor, "and he is at your elbow."

"I gave orders not to admit her," said the Duchess.

"Yes, Madam," replied the servant, "but she has forced her way into the hall, and is coming up stairs, in spite of us; and—you see, Madam, we shrink from using force. Here she is."

With a dash past the servant, who shrank aside to get out of the way, the Countess of Alpine entered the room, and rushing up to the Duchess, cried—

"Oh, my dear Clara, how are you? You don't know how I have been agitated upon your account, and how cruelly, too, I have been deceived; but I said to myself, I will take no rebuffs—no refusals, but I will go at once to that dear, good, confiding Clara, and have a thorough explanation with her."

"Well, that's kind of you," said Doctor Thorne.

"Oh, Thorne, is that you?"

"As large as life my lady."

"And—and," added the Countess, looking at Mr. Oliver through her eye-glass, "who is your friend in the wig?"

"Well, if that don't beat everything," said the Doctor.

Mr. Oliver only smiled, but poor Clara was so completely astonished by the assurance of the Countess, that for a few minutes she wanted nerve to act as her sense of injury dictated. The Doctor was about to say something, and so was Mr. Oliver; but this sudden prostration of the manner of the Duchess did not last long, and she rose with a

grace and dignity that was the gift of nature, and looked in the face of the Countess.

"Ah, my dear Clara," added the latter, "how you must have suffered! But you must tell me all about that imprudent visit of Carlton here. He is not dead, as I at first heard. Come, you will soon find what a friend I have been to you."

"Madam," said Clara, "I know it."

"Oh, but you are in error. I know perfectly well all you are going to say. But are these two persons confidential friends?"

"Quite so," said Clara; "and, therefore, before them I make no scruple in saying, Lady Alpine, that feeling and knowing that you are a disgrace and a shame to the name of woman, I forbid you my house. Go, Madam; and take with you no other feeling than that of contempt, which would be more intense than it is, were it not tempered by that pity which I hope I shall ever feel, even towards the most guilty and degraded."

"Bravo!" said the Doctor.

"Good!" whispered Mr. Oliver.

Even through the paint upon her cheek, the Countess flushed to a deep red, and the blood retreating from her face, left her of a death-like paleness, except where the rouge, in bold relief, showed where it was daubed over her wrinkled skin.

"Are you mad," she said, "that you speak to me in such a style?"

"No," said Clara, "I would that I could say for you that it was insanity that made you the despicable thing you are!"

"Thing?" shouted Lady Alpine, and she clutched her hands together.

"Come, come, my lady," said the Doctor, "I will for once give you advice, gratis, and that is, to be off, or you will injure the delicacy of your constitution."

"And how dare you, you ruffian, speak to me?" cried Lady Alpine. "You hoar-headed wolf!—you hypocritical old crocodile!"

"Go on, my lady—Capital!—Go on."

"Leave this house," said Clara, as she rang the bell. "Leave this house, woman!"

"Woman?—Oh, this is well. The beggar who was dragged from the kennel, by a freak of fortune that may cast her into it again, calls me woman! Ha, ha! But, beware, Duchess of Pangbourne; weak fool that you are, you are making an enemy who has the power to injure whenever she has the will."

"As the solicitor of the Duchess of Pangbourne," said Mr. Oliver, "I feel myself bound to take notice of any threats that may be uttered against her Grace."

"Oh, you are the lawyer, are you? Ha! ha! Well, I will have you struck off the rolls; and as for you, Doctor Thorne, I will take such measures concerning you, as shall shut every respectable door in London against you."

"Then it will not shut yours, my lady."

"Ha! ha! Quite witty. Well, Clara, I came to be of use to you, and you might yet have found me a friend. You take your own course, and make me your enemy. A little time—ha! ha! ha!—a very little time will show, perhaps, which is the most desirable of the two."

With these words the Countess, who could not but see that the game was completely up as far as she was concerned at Pangbourne House, turned, and bounced from the room, to the great terror of the footman, who still there lingered to see if the Duchess had any special orders to give concerning the intrusion of the interdicted visitor.

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE DUCHESS AND HER ADVISERS ADOPT A COURSE OF ACTION.

Nothing could be much more truly repugnant to the nature of the amiable and gentle Duchess of Pangbourne than this fracas, for it amounted to one with the Countess of Alpine; but then it was as impossible to get rid of the Countess without some such a scene as the going through it was disagreeable to Clara.

When her Ladyship of Alpine was fairly gone, poor Clara looked really ill, and Doctor Thorne, with a look of great vexation, said—

"Now, is it not monstrous that a person is to be bravaed in their own house in this way?"

"It is," said Mr. Oliver; "but there is no redress for it. According to the English Law, as it is

understood by the English police, every ruffian may walk into any house, and sit down, and the police will not remove him."

"Indeed!"

"No. The owner or occupier of the premises may remove him, but the police will not, so that any strong scoundrel has nothing to do but to walk into a house occupied by the aged or the infirm, or by females, and sit down as long as he likes. A case of this sort came under my own cognisance a short time since."

"Well, if that is the law," said Dr. Thorne, "the sooner it is altered the better. But don't you allow yourself, my dear Madam, to be vexed about the threats of the Countess of Alpine. She will, upon reflection, be much more terrified at what we can do than we need be at her impotent malice."

"One thing," said Mr. Oliver, "is satisfactory to think of, and that is, that you and I, Doctor, happened to be here."

"Yes," said the Duchess, "your presence gave me courage that I should hardly otherwise have had; but yet I am afraid I was too harsh."

"Too harsh!" cried the Doctor. "If you had thrown her out of the window, perhaps you might have said so, but not otherwise. But heed her not. She is gone, and she is not worth another thought. Let us decide upon what we had better do in respect to the affairs of the Duke."

"My most earnest wish," said the Duchess, "is to see this Marianna, whose innocent name has been made use of to produce so much confusion."

"That is a natural wish," said Mr. Oliver, "and it is particularly inopportune that at such a time she should be hidden from us."

"But where can she be, Mr. Oliver?"

"If I might hazard a guess, upon which, as regards its accuracy, I would stake something, I should say that she is in the power of Horton."

"Oh, yes—yes—it must be he," cried the Duchess. "Who else could be the foe, to such an extent, of innocence and virtue, but Horton?"

"Then what do you advise?" said the Doctor.

"That we all go to the school at Hammersmith, the address of which I have got from Theodore, and get from the mistress of it an accurate a description as we can of the person who took Marianna from her protection. We know this Horton sufficiently to be able to decide from that description, if it were really he that took Marianna away; and being so decided, as I think we shall, I will take such measures as will speedily bring about a result."

"Yes," said the Duchess, "it is perfectly consonant to my feelings to make the call that you advise at Hammersmith, Mr. Oliver; and, at the same time, I would be glad to see this Mr. Theodore."

"That will be as you please, Madam. When at the school, you will be quite close to the cottage where he is residing, and where, no doubt, we shall find him, along with a faithful old servant of the family, who, in the downfall of his fortunes, has yet clung to his service."

"But his fortunes," said the Duchess, "should have had no such very serious downfall. There is wealth enough attached to the Dukedom of Pangbourne to have given him the estate and the means of a gentleman, if he would but have conquered the haughty pride that denied its acceptance."

"Nothing can be more true, Madam. I was authorised by the Duke to offer him an annual sum that would have placed him in an enviable position, but he refused it."

"Well, I will see him. He may yield to my solicitations, if not to what, perhaps, he thought looked too much like bounty from the Duke. You will go with us, Doctor?"

Doctor Thorne shook his head.

"I would I could, but there will be an outcry for me at some of those doors that Lady Alpine is going to shut against me, and until she succeeds in so doing, I feel that I ought to walk in as usual."

"They will be strange people," said Mr. Oliver, "who take the advice of Lady Alpine, as to whom they admit, and whom they exclude from their houses."

"I think so, too. But I must take my leave; so good morning. I will call again soon upon you, my dear Madam; and in the meantime, recollect that a stout heart is everything."

"I will, Doctor."

Doctor Thorne left Pangbourne House, and in a very short time the Duchess was ready to accompany Mr. Oliver upon the interesting visit to Miss Juke's establishment at Hammersmith. They

went in the Duchess's private chariot; but still, private as it was, the aristocratic air of the equipage was such that it could not be mistaken for any other than of the highest character and rank.

And now how different were the feelings of Clara to what they had been only a few short days before. Then, there had not appeared to be one ray of hope penetrating the gloom of the future, but now all was radiant sunshine; and with the feeling that the Duke would soon find friends about him, who would free him from the manacles of Horton's persecutions, and that, like herself, he would be freed, too, from the vague and frightful suspicions that had found a home in his bosom, she could not but feel a gush of happiness, to which she had been long—very long a stranger.

The feeling, too, that she was now not without friends—that there were others, and those men of sense and power, too, who had taken up her cause, was sufficient to impart an elasticity to her hopes, that in its turn acted upon the expression of her features, so that Mr. Oliver, as he looked at her, saw her as she would always have been, but for the dark cloud of sorrow that had dimmed her young days.

"How strange it is, Mr. Oliver," she said, "that a few hours should make such changes in our feelings."

"It is so; but as from all things we may, if we choose, draw the moral of a true philosophy, so from such a fact we may conclude, that even in the moments of our direst misfortunes, we may have light near at hand of which we dream not."

"It is so, sir; and I begin to think that, after all, we suffer ten times the misery in this world on account of what does not happen, than on account of what does."

Mr. Oliver smiled.

"That is a fragment of wisdom," he said, "which a man ought to write upon his heart. And now, if it be not repugnant to your Grace, will you tell me how it is that Lady Alpine became acquainted with you?"

"Simply by force. She intruded herself upon my society; and without some such scene as that which you were a witness to so short a time since, it would not have been possible to shake her off."

"That I can easily imagine; but what an escape it is, even at such a sacrifice of feeling, to have got rid of her!"

By the time they had settled these little fragments of discourse, they had reached the school; and the smart appeal to the gate bell made by the Duchess's footman soon produced a response.

To be sure, it was not a very unusual thing to see a plain chariot at the gate of Miss Juke's establishment, for the pupils belonged to a class of society where such conveniences on four wheels were tolerably abundant; but yet, when one did come, the officials of the seminary were ever ready to accord to it and to its occupants unbounded respect.

People, too, in the line of life of Miss Juke, have an eye for coronets; and the Ducal arms upon the panels of the chariot that conveyed the Duchess to the door of the school, were not likely to be overlooked.

The word ran through the whole establishment—like Nelson's celebrated "England expects that every man this day will do his duty!"—that a Duchess was at the gate. Poor Miss Juke, who had been in a state that she herself denominated "flutter," ever since Theodore's last visit, made a wild rush up stairs for her shew turban. Miss Price, even, was much agitated: and the young ladies were dismissed into the play-ground, the only principal regulation connected with which was, that they were by no means to play in it.

The servants, by the time that all these arrangements were perfected, had shown the Duchess and Mr. Oliver into the reception-room—that same room which has been the theatre of several scenes already in this domestic drama.

Mr. Oliver handed the trembling Clara—for she did now tremble—to a seat; and as the servant lingered, he turned to her, and said—

"Be so good as to inform Miss Juke that it is the Duchess of Pangbourne who would be obliged if she could spare her Grace a few minutes of her valuable time."

"Yes, sir."

The servant made a grand rush up stairs to Miss Juke with the news of who it was; but, unhappily, that lady had just emerged with equal speed from her dressing-room, with the turban upon her head, but rather in a ticklish state of insecurity, and the result was, that as she rushed into the arms of the

servant, for they could neither of them stop themselves, the tremulous turban fell over the balustrade with a soft feathery and blondy and silky crash into the hall.

"Oh, Madam," said the servant, "it's the Duchess of—"

"My turban—my turban!"

"Pangbourne, Madam."

"Pangbourne! Then we are all lost, for she has come about Marianna to a certainty. Oh, what can I say to her? And the Duke is with her, likewise, I suppose?"

"There is a gentleman, Madam."

"Oh, yes—yes—yes—of course. I shall have, now, to give up my establishment, and to retire into that obscurity—which—which—that is, that obscurity—"

Miss Juke, like many other people, was in want of a climax; but what the simile wanted in euphony was amply compensated for by the genuine sincerity of emotion with which it was uttered. The schoolmistress saw nothing now before her but the absolute ruin of that establishment, the fame of which it had been the study of her life to build up.

Miss Price now made her appearance.

"Oh, Price," said Miss Juke—in her confidential moments she always called her Price. "Oh, Price, the Duke and the Duchess of Pangbourne have come about Marianna."

Miss Price shook her head solemnly.

"Alas—alas! It was an evil hour in which she came to the establishment; but if we are all forced to emigrate—"

Here Miss Juke's tears began to flow.

"Emigrate, ma'am?" said Miss Price. "Oh dear, no! Rather than do that I—would—get another situation. My character, thank Heaven! still remains intact—I may say intact—quite intact."

Miss Price had got hold of a sharp-cornery kind of word, in that "intact," and it was quite clear that she meant to make the most of it. Poor Miss Juke saw that she was to get no real sympathy from the second in command; but she did not forget that intact little speech of Miss Price's.

The servant had made a grand rush down stairs, and recovered the turban, so that the schoolmistress was soon again properly arrayed for the interview with the Duchess; and then, as there had been some delay, she thought it would look better to send an apology for it, as a sort of peace-offering before her. The servant was, therefore, desired to go and say that Miss Juke had been rather indisposed, and sincerely apologised for keeping the Duchess of Pangbourne waiting, but would be with her Grace in a few moments.

The truth was, however, that Clara had not been at all sorry that she had had a little time given her in the reception-room to compose her spirits, which, she scarcely knew why, had sunk, as she crossed its threshold. Perhaps, and that is the most likely solution of the mystery, the thought that she was about to receive additional proof of the cruel injustice she had been induced to do the Duke in supposing that there was any social criminality in the affair of Marianna, had affected her; but certain it is that she did tremble.

Mr. Oliver observed her emotion, and spoke cheerfully to her.

"Calm yourself, Madam," he said. "I do not doubt but that everything you will hear from the lady who is at the head of this establishment, will have the effect of confirming the story that was so ingenuously told to me by Theodore."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Oliver."

"You will hear from Miss Juke such particulars as will place the conduct of the Duke in an amiable, if rather a mysterious light; and we must not blame any one for being eccentric in his mode of doing good."

"No," said the Duchess, "we will not; but I cannot help thinking that the story of the young girl has something to do with the frightful ascendancy that Horton has over the Duke."

"That there is such an occult connexion, I—"

The Duchess placed her finger upon her lips. The door of the reception-room was opened, and poor Miss Juke, humbled and trembling, made her bow upon its threshold.

(To be continued in our next.)

## BURGOS.

I SALLIED out; for the scanty strip of shadow in the street had now widened to a comfortable breadth, and the town was waking, after its own drowsy fashion. Here and there I saw a dame or damsel, wearing a mantilla, and that awful, don't-speak-to-me countenance which ladies generally assume on their way to church. I followed one of these black angels accordingly, for my first object was the cathedral; and I was not mistaken,—in two minutes I stood before the gate of the south transept. Enter; and what a change "from glow to gloom!"—from the common glare of day to a charmed twilight!—from prose to poetry! Then you can feel the joy with which the weary traveller in the desert flings himself down to rest on the far-seen, long wished-for oasis, by the fountain beneath the palms. And those vast pillars, with that arched roof, are more impervious to the sun than the trunks and leaves of any banana, and those streams of gentle music flow sweeter than falling water. In a southern climate the exigencies of nature aid the endeavours of art, and endue the cathedral with a new significance. The fierce sun and fiercer sirocco, against which no common dwelling is proof, are not felt in the house of God. It is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The superstition which in England consigned the north side of the church, with its dank mould and green lichens, to the evil one, is unknown in other and sunnier lands. "On the north side," says the great prophet, (as true to nature in the one capacity, as he is true to God in the other,) "On the north side lieth the city of the Great King." The north side is ever the chosen place for beggars, the halt and the blind, who, else homeless, gather under the shelter of its liberal shadow. For a moment after you enter the church all is night, but gradually its glories dawn upon you one by one. Round the massive pillars are clustered niches and canopies, rich in fantastic tracery, and from each an Evangelist with a book, or bishop with pastoral staff, looks down on a few worshippers who kneel below, almost as motionless. The grand old Gothic—that catholic mould in which all Christian Europe has striven best to express its devotion—is varied here by details which epitomize the character and the history of Spain. The stern, grave figures cut in the white stone represent well the patricians of Old Castile, proud of their unblemished honour, and unconquerable resolve; the costly and varied marbles, and graceful foliage unwreathing many a tomb, and the altar screens blazing with gold, recall the days when Spain had at her command the quarries of Carrara, the plant-fancy of Genoa, and the untold treasures of the New World. You will be roused from your day-dream by the cessation of the music and the pattering feet of the departing worshippers, or probably by some hobbling old verger, who taps you on the shoulder with his wand, and intimates that, vespers over, he is now at liberty to serve Mammon in a small way, by showing you the chapels. Let us go with him by all means—we shall not grudge the fee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us now turn down to the great square, the Plaza Mayor, of late re-baptised "de la Constitución." It is quite empty, excepting the grim statue of some dead king or other in the centre. All round is an arcade, in that ragged, tumble-down state that artists love; and underneath are a number of diminutive shops, in which the smallest possible amount of business is transacted. Business! There is no business in Castile, except the barber's. Elsewhere, custom is most unfrequent, saving "the custom always of an afternoon!" These little shops are so still and quiet, that they might be Columbia or Egyptian tombs, and the master, stretched motionless on the counter, might be the mummy—smoking a cigarett. When abroad, I always read the names over the shop-doors. It's so improving. In the course of this interesting investigation, my eye fell upon the inscription "Don Pedro Smith," over a haberdasher's. I started, like Robinson Crusoe when he discerned the foot-print of a fellow-man in the desert island. I entered, for I hoped to get some useful information, in English, from Mr. Peter Smith. He was a little fat man, loling on his counter as lazily as any Castilian of them all. This was discouraging, yet I ventured to address him in English. But, no! though he did not deny his father, and had not forsaken his name, he had forgotten the ancestral language of all the Smiths, and was merged in the Don Pedro. So I left him, with the usual blessing, which was all I took by the motion. It is a marvel to me how Don Pedro and his fellows get their bread. They toil not; neither do they

EVERY experiment will teach caution; and mis-carriages will shortly show, that attempts are not always rewarded with success.

spin. They are so supremely indifferent, that I am sure two hundred of a trade might live together in the most perfect agreement. They pass their lives in the same dull routine, varied, at far intervals, by some such scene as this:—Let C stand for customer, D for dealer (be the wares what they may.) D is discovered lying at full length on the counter, smoking. Enter C.—Ave Maria purissima. D.—Sin pecado concebida (without disturbing himself.) C.—Have you got such-and-such a thing? D.—God knows. Does your worship want to buy it? (A pause.) Well, I'll look by-and-by. (He finishes his cigarett, and proceeds slowly to examine his stores.) Then, somewhat surprised, Holy Mary, here it is! we have got it. C.—What's the price? D.—God knows! Will your worship call again to-morrow, or next day, and I'll tell you?

C. and D. *Quede* } Usted con Dios. *Exit C.*  
D. *Vaya* }  
D lies down again in his former position, and rolls another cigarett.—*Clark's Tour.*

### DUTCH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE following is one of Southey's gossiping letters, written from Holland:—

"My dear Edith,—This is our manner of life. At eight in the morning Lodowijk knocks at my door. My movements in dressing are as regular as clock work, and when I enter the adjoining room, breakfast is ready on a sofa-table, which is placed for my convenience close to the sofa. There I take my place, seated on one cushion, and with my leg raised on another. The sofa is covered with black plush. The family take coffee, but I have a jug of boiled milk. Two sorts of cheese are on the table, one of which is very strong, and highly flavoured with cummin and cloves; this is called Leyden cheese, and is eaten at breakfast laid in thin slices on bread and butter. The bread is soft, in rolls, which have rather skin than crust; the butter very rich, but so soft that it is brought in a pot to table, like potted meat. Before we begin, Mr. B. takes off a little gray cap, and a silent grace is said, not longer than it ought to be; when it is over, he generally takes his wife's hand. They sit side by side opposite me; Lodowijk at the end of the table. About ten o'clock Mr. Droesa comes and dresses my foot, which is swathed in one of my silk handkerchiefs. I bind a second round the bottom of the pantaloons, and if the weather be cold I put on a third; so that the leg has not merely a decent, but rather a splendid appearance. After breakfast and tea, Mrs. B. washes up the china herself at the table. Part of the morning Mr. B. sits with me. During the rest I read Dutch, or, as at present, retire into my bed-room and write. Henry Taylor calls in the morning, and is always pressed to dine, which he does twice or thrice in the week. We dine at half-past two or three, and the dinners, to my great pleasure, are altogether Dutch. You know I am a valiant eater, and having retained my appetite as well as my spirits during this confinement, I eat everything which is put before me. Mutton and pork never appear, being considered unfit for any person who has a wound, and pepper for the same reason is but sparingly allowed. Spice enters largely into their cookery; the sauce for fish resembles custard rather than melted butter, and is spiced. Perch, when small (in which state they are considered best), are brought up swimming in a tureen. They look well, and are really very good. With the roast meat (which is in small pieces) dripping is presented in a butter-boat. The variety of vegetables is great. Peas, peas of that kind in which the pod also is eaten, purslain, cauliflowers, broad beans, kidney beans, carrots, turnips, and potatoes. But besides these, many very odd things are eaten with meat. I had stewed apples, exceedingly sweet and highly spiced, with roast fowl yesterday; and another day, having been helped to some stewed quinces, to my utter surprise some ragout of beef was to be eaten with them. I never know when I begin a dish whether it is sugared, or will require salt; yet everything is very good, and the puddings excellent. The dinner lasts very long. Strawberries and cherries always follow. Twice we had cream with the strawberries, very thick, and just in the first stage of sourness. We have had melons also, and currants; the first which have been produced. After coffee they leave me to an hour's nap. Tea follows. Supper at half-past nine, when Mr. B. takes milk, and I a little cold meat with pickles, or

the gravy of the meat preserved in a form like jelly; olives are used as pickles, and at half-past ten I go to bed. Mr. B. sits up till three or four, living almost without sleep. Twice we had a Frisian here, whom we may probably see at Keswick, as he talks of going to England on literary business. Halbertsma is his name, and he is a Mennonite pastor at Deventer. Twice we have had the young Count Hoogmandorp, a fine young man, one of the eight who for six weeks watched day and night by Mr. B. in his illness; and once a Dr. Burgman, a young man of singular appearance and much learning, drank tea here. My host's conversation is amusing beyond anything I ever heard. I cannot hope to describe it so as to make you conceive it. The matter is always so interesting, that it would alone suffice to keep one's attention on the alert; his manner is beyond expression animated, and his language the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Even my French cannot be half so odd. It is English pronounced like Dutch, and with such a mixture of other language, that it is an even chance whether the next word that comes be French, Latin, or Dutch, or one of either tongues shaped into an English form. Sometimes the oddest imaginable expressions occur. When he would say 'I was pleased,' he says, 'I was very pleasant;' and instead of saying that a poor woman was wounded, with whom he was overturned in a stage-coach in England, he said she was severely *bleesed*. Withal, whatever he says is so full of information, vivacity, and character, and there is such a thorough good nature, kindness, and frankness about him, that I never felt myself more interested in any man's company. Every moment he reminds me more and more of Dr. Bell. I gather by one word which dropt from him that Mrs. B. is his second wife. They are proud of each other, as well they may. She has written a great many poems, some of which are published jointly with some of his, and others by themselves. Many of them are devotional, and many relate to her own feelings under the various trials and sufferings which she has undergone. In some of them I have been reminded sometimes of some of my own verses, in others of Miss Bowles's. One would think it almost impossible that a person so meek, so quiet, so retiring, so altogether without display, should be a successful authoress, or hold the first place in her country as a poetess. The profits of literature here are miserably small. In that respect I am in relation to them what Sir Walter Scott is in relation to me. Lodowijk (thus the name is spelt) is a nice, good boy, the only survivor of seven children. He is full of sensibility, and I look at him with some apprehension, for he is not strong, and I fear this climate, which suits his father better than any other, is injurious to him. Tell Cuthbert that the oeyevaar has paid him another visit, and that Lodowijk's other playmate is a magnificent tabby cat, as old as himself, who, however, is known by no other name than puss, which is good Dutch as well as English. English books are so scarce here, that they have never seen any work of mine except Roderick. Of course I have ordered over a complete set of my poems and the history of Brazil; and as E. May is in London I have desired her to add, as a present from herself to Mrs. B., a copy of Kirke White's *Remains*. I can never sufficiently show my sense of the kindness which I am experiencing here. Think what a difference it is to be confined in an hotel, with all the discomforts, or to be in such a family as this, who show by every word and every action that they are truly pleased in having me under their roof. I manage worst about my bed. I know not how many pillows there are, but there is one little one which I used for my head till I found that it was intended for the small of my back. Everything else I can find instruction for, but here is nobody to teach one how to get into a Dutch bed, or how to lie in one. A little bottle of brandy is placed on the dressing-table, to be used in cleansing the teeth. Saffron is used in some of the soups and sauces. The first dish yesterday was marrow in a tureen, which was eaten upon toast. I eat everything, but live in daily fear of something like suety pudding or tripe. About an hour before dinner a handsome mahogany case containing spirits is produced; a glass waiter is taken out of it, and the little tumblers with gilt edges, and we have then a glass of liqueur with a slice of cake. Deventer cake it is called; and an odd history belongs to it. The composition is usually intrusted only to the burgomaster of that city, and when the baker has made all the other ingredients ready, the chief magistrate is called upon, as part of his duty, to add

that portion of the materials which constitute the excellence and peculiarity of the Deventer cake.

### BALLOONS.

It may perhaps be considered matter of surprise, that after so long and persevering a practice of the mystery of ballooning, that machine should have done so little in the cause of science, and been turned to no account for any other useful or intelligible purpose. On summer evenings these light aerial locomotives may be seen sailing above our cities through the unrowded thoroughfares of the sky, with an ease and steadiness that might suggest the possibility of their being made applicable to some useful end. With the exception, however, of the balloon excursion of M. Gay-Lussac, and the balloon freight sent out to aid in the search for Sir John Franklin, we have never heard of the appropriation of this beautiful machine to any use which attempted to justify the cost and labour that have been expended on it. Failing any valuable object, it seems to have been thought necessary that an object of some kind should be found for this peculiar vehicle; and science having neglected to appropriate it, it has been taken possession of by the fools. These gentry have appropriately used it to make themselves more than commonly ridiculous, and to lift their absurdity above the heads of the crowd. We will make no unkind allusion to the fate of poor Mr. Cocking, who perished miserably some ten years ago, in London, in the attempt to descend from a balloon by means of a parachute, scientifically contrived to insure his destruction—because that unhappy gentleman's folly had a worthy motive, and is predicable only of the means, not of the end. Nor are our above remarks intended to include the folly—for it was a folly—of Messrs. Barrel and Bixio, who went skyward on a mission from the French Academy of Sciences, neglecting to take with them any one who had ever driven a balloon before—and whose balloon, as might have been expected, ran away with them, and upset them in a vineyard. Neither will we be severe on Lieut. Gale, who some evenings ago took an airing in his balloon above the Sussex coast, and was blown out to sea from Shoreham. But we beg of the police to keep their eyes on the aeronautic mountebanks who make the balloon a stage for the conspicuous exhibition of their idle feats, and we solicit the attention of the Society for the Punishment of Cruelty to Animals to the tricks of one madman of this class, that they may be on the alert, in case there should appear any symptoms of an imitation in this country. So long, we repeat, as these ascents had the scientific or experimental motive, rash as they may have seemed, they were worthy of honour. But then began the mere amateur fool-hardiness of taking up fireworks, and discharging them under the balloon, to make a gratuitous increase of the danger. We know how contagious a thing is folly, and how one great absurdity suggests a greater. Not many weeks ago, a worthy of the school of Folly—in France or America, we forget which—took it into his head to ascend with his feet tied to the balloon, and that foolish head downwards! That the gentleman's head was not turned by such a proceeding is accountable by the obvious fact of its having been turned before. But all these clever persons risked only their own lives, or those of volunteers. The gentleman for whom we have above bespoken a special audience took with him an unwilling and terrified companion, and perilled, for the enhancement of his folly, a life more valuable than his own. A M. Poitevin has been making balloon ascents in Paris on horseback—that is, the horse which he rides being attached to the balloon in the place of the car, and with its feet hanging in the air. We think we see this gentleman sitting jauntily on his horse high above the people—thinking himself, no doubt, in his egregious folly, a good imitator of Bellerephon—waving his hand condescendingly in the excess of his cleverness, and taking no account of the mortal anguish of his floating steed, and of the blood that rushed from its mouth and nostrils. Then the rider, while in the air, left his horse to climb a ladder up to a platform six or seven feet high, on which was deposited the basket that held his ballast, performing, with great satisfaction, the feat of a clever bricklayer. Now, it is a question how far the people are to be restrained by authority in the perilous exercise of their ingenuity or their limbs, and we certainly would be among the first to complain of any unnecessary interference. But two principles seem to be laid down as an established compromise of the question. Both of which are applicable in 3

case like this. The law restrains suicides, and exercises also restraining right over fools and children. Certainly, if we were to see Phaeton again about to venture on driving the chariot of the Sun, we should call in the police. But, at any rate, if the heads in question be thought not worth protection, we claim an unquestionable right to protection for the horse. Again we beg that the Society whom we have above invoked, and the police, will both keep a good look out in case this folly should pass the Channel.

#### THE LATE MRS. GLOVER.

ON Friday, the 18th of July, was celebrated, to use the only proper word, the long announced benefit for Mrs. Glover—to which subsequent events have given a mournful significance. The retirement of the veteran actress from the theatrical stage preceded by only a few days her retirement from the stage of life. Like Molière, she may be said to have been dying before the audience. The most eminent members of the profession had assembled on the night in question to assist at the last public appeal of “the Mother of the Stage,”—and a brilliant audience was gathered together to answer it. Even then, however, the triumph had its shadow—flung from an awful Presence that was close at hand. Mrs. Glover had taken to her bed for a fortnight previously, and it was with much difficulty that on that night she went through her allotted task. It may be doubted whether she should have been permitted to attempt it;—but it is stated that her medical advisers were of opinion that “the nervous irritability arising from severe illness would have rendered it more dangerous to check the impatience which she felt to keep faith with the public, than to yield, however reluctantly, to her strong anxiety. Mrs. Glover had announced that she would appear,—and, with thorough English courage, she did appear.” But, though she got through the character of *Mrs. Malaprop*, she proved unable to deliver the farewell address prepared for the evening. Instead of this, the curtain was drawn up, and the exhausted actress was seen seated in a chair, and surrounded by the most eminent of her contemporaries. There were many apprehensions in the house which saw dimly the Shade that mingled in this final tableau,—and made it at once awful and affecting. On the Tuesday following the object of this final show had passed from the realities of life. We understand that the receipts on Friday were very large, and will go far to relieve the necessities of the large family which the veteran actress leaves behind her. Mrs. Glover was emphatically a member of the old school of actresses. Her name connects itself with that of Betterton, the contemporary of Garrick and Quin. She was of that family,—so it is believed—at any rate, of that name. Julia Betterton was born in Newry, Ireland, on the 8th of January, 1781. Commencing her theatrical career at the age of six, we find her belonging to the York Circuit in 1789. She then appeared as the *Page* in Otway's tragedy of ‘*The Orphan*,’—and shortly afterwards as the *Duke of York* to Cooke's *Richard the Third*. In 1796 she had risen into reputation; and played, at Bath, *Juliet* and *Lydia Languish*, with such success, that Mr. Harris engaged her for Covent Garden in the year 1797, at a salary of twelve pounds per week, for five years—which was afterwards progressively raised to eighteen pounds. Her first appearance at this theatre was on the 12th of October, 1797, in the character of *Elvina*, in Hannah More's stupid tragedy of ‘*Percy*’; in which, notwithstanding the weight of the part and of the play, she is recorded to have had immense success. But Miss Betterton had soon to yield to a Miss Dampson, from Dublin, whose tragic excellence compelled the former to turn her attention to comedy. During the days of Kean's triumphs at Drury Lane, Mrs. Glover formed one of the company at that theatre, and supported the great actor in many of his best parts. As time wore on, the extended range of characters which she played settled into assumptions of such characters as *Mrs. Heidelberg* and *Mrs. Malaprop*; and in these she commended herself afresh to the discerning critic, who detected in her performance of them new merits. Failure, indeed, with her was unknown—for her acting derived directly from nature, and was truth itself. On the 20th March, 1800, the celebrated actress married Mr. Glover. We may state finally that Mrs. Glover was an intense student of Shakspeare, and that her readings of the great poet were justly esteemed. “Take her for all in all,” it will probably be long ere we shall “look upon her like,” as an actress, again.

#### FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A COOL PIECE OF RAILLERY!—Among the estimates brought forward last week, the House was considerably startled by the demand of no less a sum than twenty-four thousand pounds for a railing for the front of the British Museum. This was a pleasantry beyond the digestion of the members:—and the matter was postponed. Now, when a movement is actually making to get quit of some of our railings, and a desire is exhibited to throw out great public edifices open to esplanades, it is something of a stultification to set up another—and pay twenty-four thousand pounds for it. An inclosure of iron-railing is a very questionable accessory to any great public building. If, however, a railing the Trustees of the British Museum must have, we suggest a compromise. The press has not been able to rail down the railing of St. Paul's,—but the Dean and Chapter are, we know, sensitive to a money argument. By an experiment on that sensitiveness, it is not impossible that the public might get the open space around the Cathedral which they desire, and the Trustees a handsome railing at the price of old iron.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—It has been decided by the committee to try the effect of lowering the roof of the new House of Commons. Mr. Barry has undertaken to have a temporary inner roof of light timber erected, the cost of which will not exceed one hundred pounds; and when this alteration is made, it is proposed to test the acoustic properties of the chamber in another sitting before the end of the session.

ICE FROM NORTHERN EUROPE.—An arrival of a large cargo of ice has taken place, comprising several hundred tons weight of this peculiar article of merchandize. This importation possesses unusual interest, as being the first instance in which a British ship has been employed to bring a cargo of foreign ice into this country, from the north of Europe.

AGRICULTURAL PHENOMENON.—A withering of the twigs of the larch tree appears at present to prevail over the counties of Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness. It was noticed in 1847, when it appeared only a few days later in the season, and in that year the trees soon recovered their vigour.

THE BENCH AND THE PRESS.—Three of the judges on the bench commenced life as reporters for the public press, namely, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who was long engaged on the “Morning Chronicle;” and Mr. Justice Talfourd, who was reporter for the “Times;” and Baron Alderson.

THE FOUNDLING CHAPEL.—The choir of this chapel has undergone a complete alteration. The hiring of theatrical female singers has always been an objection to it on the part of serious churchmen, and the governors of the hospital have at length substituted the voices of singing boys, which they have cultivated from among the children of the institution, and the choruses are sung by the entire establishment of children.

A VENERABLE TORTOISE.—A large land tortoise has been brought home by the Geyser steam-sloop from the Cape of Good Hope, as a present for her Majesty, and was placed in Buckingham Gardens on Monday. The tortoise is in remarkably good health, and during the voyage it took its regular promenades upon deck, making no apparent difference in its walks, although a full-grown person sat on its back. Its age has been handed down in the families in whose possession it remained until sent to this country; and it is thereby known to be 179 years old. It subsisted during the voyage on pumpkins.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.—A goldfinch had been reared, by the young family of the groom to Sir Augustus Warren, Bart., of Warren's-court, to be exceedingly tame, and was a most beautiful singing bird; the eldest son of the family came to see his father and mother from Macroom, where he keeps an extensive cloth shop, and was so attracted by the beauty of the little songster, that he, with great difficulty, prevailed on the young children to part with it. He accordingly took it away late in the evening, the cage being covered with a cloth, and carried him safely to Macroom, where he received every attention, but all in vain; no feeding, no coaxing, nothing could induce him to sing a note; he evidently was pining for his young companions. This went on for some time, the little bird every day getting worse, when, fortunately for all, one day his door was left open, and in a very short time afterwards the young family near Warren's-court were made happy by their little

favourite's appearance, perched on the dinner-table, and showing by every testimony in his power the happiness and delight he experienced on seeing his old friends. It was mutual. He is now in perfect health, sings as before, and certainly will not be parted again. Now, Warren's-court (a bird's flight) is six miles from Macroom, the cage was covered up, it was night when he was conveyed away; and was not his coming home wonderful?—J. B. Warren, Warrenstown.

CHINESE FIREWORKS.—A vessel which has just arrived in the docks from Canton has brought several cases of fireworks, as a portion of her cargo, consigned to order. The importations from that quarter are now much more various than was formerly the case; but this appears to be a totally novel arrival from China.

#### THE BUILDING FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THE long deliberations as to the building to be erected for the exhibition of 1851, have been terminated by a decision in favour of Mr. Paxton's design and estimate. We have before described this gentleman's plan, but as the present decision in his favour will attract general attention to the exact character of his propositions, we may repeat that Mr. Paxton suggests a building chiefly of glass—in fact, a huge but elegant glasshouse. The great feature in its erection is, that no stone, brick, or mortar will be necessary. All the roofing and upright sashes will be made by machinery, fitted together, and glazed with rapidity, most of them being finished previous to being taken to the place, so that little else will be required on the spot than to fit the finished materials together. The whole of the structure will be supported on cast-iron columns, and the extensive roof will be sustained without the necessity for interior walls for this purpose. If removed after the exhibition, the materials may be sold far more advantageously than a structure filled in with bricks and mortar, and some of the materials would bring in full half the original outlay. Complete ventilation has been provided by filling in every third upright compartment with luffer boarding, which would be made to open and shut by machinery; the whole of the basement will be filled in after the same manner. The current of air may be modified by the use of coarse open canvas, which by being kept wet in hot weather, will render the interior of the building much cooler than the external atmosphere. In order to subdue the intense light in a building covered with glass, it is proposed to cover all the south side of the upright parts, together with the whole of the roofs outside, with calico or canvas, tacked on the ridge rafters of the latter. This will allow a current of air to pass in the valleys under the calico, which will, if required, with the ventilators, keep the air of the house cooler than the external atmosphere. To give the roof a light and graceful appearance, it is to be on the ridge and furrow principle, and glazed with sheet glass. The ridge and valley rafters will be continued in uninterrupted lines the whole length of the structure, and be supported by cast-iron beams. These beams will have a hollow gutter formed in them to receive the rain water from the wooden valley rafters, which will be thence conveyed through the hollow columns to the drains. These drains will be formed of ample dimensions under the whole of the pathways throughout. The floors of the pathways to be laid with trellis-boards, three-eighths of an inch apart, on sleeper joists. This kind of flooring is both economical, and can always be kept clean, dry, and pleasant to walk upon. The gallery floors are to be close boarded. No timber trees need be cut down, as the glass may fit up to the boles of the trees, leaving the lower branches under the glass during the exhibition; but Mr. Paxton does not recommend this course, as, for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, he would engage to remove and replace every living tree on the ground, except the large old elms opposite to Prince's-gate. Only a few years ago the erection of such a building as the one contemplated would have involved a fearful amount of expense; but the rapid advance made in this country during the last forty years, both in the scientific construction of such buildings and the chief manufacture of glass, iron, &c., together with the amazing facilities in the preparation of sash-bars and other woodwork, render an erection of this description, in point of expense, quite on a level with those constructed of more substantial materials.—*Daily News*.

## LIONS IN AFRICA.

MR. CUMMING, whose book we recently reviewed, recounts how a Hottentot servant was carried off by a lion, while reposing by the fire. The narrative is thrilling with horror.

## THE DEATH OF HENDRICK.

About three hours after the sun went down, I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him; and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could.

My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and going at him, disclosed his position: they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! oh, God! men, help me!" after which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion, he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he had laboured him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman

had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendrick!

## WALTZ WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

I TOOK the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up the stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank; which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallow.

As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me; but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest; and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I were a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and, cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get it in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rheum from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree: I then took my rifle and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead.—*Cumming of Altyre.*

## INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE most curious of all opinions, respecting the understanding of beasts, is that advanced by Père Bougeant, a Jesuit, in a work entitled, "Philosophical Amusement on the Language of Beasts." In this book he contends that each animal is inhabited by a separate and distinct devil; that not only this was the case with respect to cats, which have long been known to be very favourite residences of familiar spirits, but that a peculiar devil swam with every turbot, grazed with every ox, soared with every lark, dived with every duck, and was roasted with every chicken.

Observe what the solitary wasp does. She digs several holes in the sand, in each of which she deposits an egg, though she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg, and still less that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages), and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited,

When the wasp-worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready made; and, what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it till it attains the period of wasp-hood, and can provide for itself. This instinct of the parent wasp is the more remarkable, as it does not feed upon flesh itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for, by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows: and yet, without the slightest education or previous experience, it does everything that the parent did before it. Now, the objectors to the doctrine of instinct may say what they please, but young tailors have no intuitive mode of making pantaloons—a new-born mercer cannot measure diaper—Nature teaches a cook's daughter nothing about sippets. All these things require with us seven years' apprenticeship; but insects are like Molière's persons of quality—they know everything (as Molière says), "Les gens de qualité savent tout, sans avoir rien appris." \* \* \*

There is another circumstance, very decisive of the nature of instinct, and which goes strongly to show it is something very different from reason. I mean the uniformity of actions in animals. The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer; the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was two thousand years past: and the baboon is still as unable to read and write as persons of honour and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth. \* \* \*

A third method, in which man gains the dominion over other animals, is by the structure of his body, and the mechanism of his hands. Suppose, with all our understanding, it had pleased Providence to make us like lobsters, or to imprison us in shells like cray-fish, I very much question if the monkeys would not have converted us into sauce; nor can I conceive any possible method by which such a fate could have been averted. \* \* \*

I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle: do it lightly and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call upon you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it.—*Sydney Smith.*

CONVEYANCE IN OLD TIMES.—The use of hackney-coaches was but very trifling in 1626, having their origin only in the first year of this reign. Captain Bailey, an old sea-officer, started four hackney-coaches with the drivers in liveries, with directions to ply at the Maypole in the Strand, where now the New Church is, and at what rate to carry passengers about the town. A successful rival, however, soon appeared to divide the popularity with the old tar, the king giving a grant to Sir Sanders Duncumb, expressed in the following terms:—"That whereas the streets of our Cities of London and Westminster, and their suburbs, are of late so much incumbered with the unnecessary number of coaches, that many of our subjects are thereby exposed to great danger, and the necessary use of carts and carriages for provisions thereby much hindered, and Sir Sanders Duncumb's petition, representing that in many parts beyond sea, people are much carried in chairs that are covered, whereby few coaches are used among them: wherefore we have granted to him the sole privilege to use, let, or hire a number of the said covered chairs for fourteen years." For this lucrative grant the king, so careful to provide against his liege subjects being run over by the excessive number of four hackney-coaches, no doubt received a douceur of good and sufficient weight, for the patent was followed by a more stringent proclamation against hackney-coaches, commanding, "That no hackney-coach should be used in the City of London, or suburbs thereof, other than by carrying of people to and from their habitations in the country, and that no person should make use of a coach in the City, except such persons as could keep four able horses fit for his Majesty's service, which were to be ready when called for, under a severe penalty."

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The Spitalfields Government School had a very satisfactory anniversary on Wednesday, when the Earl of Carlisle distributed the prizes. His lordship addressed the meeting in commendation of institutions of this kind, and the report of the proceeding year was agreed to unanimously.

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## DEPARTED WORTH.

A SHORT time since we devoted a Leader to the purpose of a slight inquiry regarding the somewhat extraordinary social fact, that the appreciation, by the mass of mankind, of genius and excellence, did not arise from such genius and excellence being patent to the world as a consequence of their own power, but from some extraneous circumstance, having nothing whatever to do with such qualities, and being, for the most part, accidental.

In that brief sketch, we took living examples of this most singular propensity on the part of human nature. We showed how the domestic virtues of one individual became great, because she had a fine voice for singing. How another person was "a pattern to mothers, and an example to all womankind," because her uncle's daughter died, and so on. We might extend the examples to the "crack of doom," but a few are sufficient for the purpose of practically pointing the moral of our remarks.

The present inquiry is of a kindred character to that to which we have now called the attention of the reader; and we think that, if our readers will be so good as to think, they will be remarkably struck by the sudden facility with which the world finds out the merits of departed celebrity and worth.

The only pity is, that the world insists, as one of the conditions upon which the genius and the worth will be acknowledged, shall be *death*. It was said of Sir Walter Raleigh, that nothing in life became him so much as the leaving of it; and so we may say of Statesmen, Poets, Painters, Actors, and Divines, that nothing becomes them so much as being dead, for then it is that the great world shakes off a drowsy appreciation of their virtues and their excellences, and becomes wide awake to the amount of genius and worth it before was very much inclined to Pho! Pho! as of a doubtful character.

A North-countryman, it is said, was condemned to death, and his attorney believing in his innocence said to him, "Never you mind, my fine fellow. Just you let them hang you, and I'll work them afterwards!" to which the North-countryman replied "That if the working were done beforehand, so as to enable him to escape the scaffold, he would much prefer it!"

In the same way we may fancy the Shades of Departed Worthies sighing to each other, "Ah! if the world had only been half so liberal in its construction of our motives, and in its appreciation of our genius in life, as it is now when we are but shivering vapours, how gratifying it would have been to us!"

But no. A man must "shuffle off his mortal coil" before his dear friends find out really who and what he is. The mere fact that they can know nothing more of him than they did know, seems to be sufficient to alter the complexion of the whole of that knowledge. The black spots in the character of the departed disappear; and, like the lady who lost the "nagging" husband, and who lamented that she should have "nobody to tease her now," the world becomes sentimental over its former animosities.

An eminent statesman lives, and speaks, and walks about, and nobody takes much notice. Indeed, there are folks who do not scruple to insinuate rather bad things touching the truth—the political honesty—the private motives, &c., of the eminent statesman. He dies, and lo! like a dissolving view, the whole aspect

of affairs changes, and he becomes such a man that it is quite clear it was the shame and the disgrace of England that he was not the darling of the Sovereign—the pet of the Commons, and the admired of everybody. In fact, it is found out in one short week, that there never was such a man, and there never will be. Oh! shame upon the State and the people, who, when they had the priceless treasure in their hand, allowed it to sit upon a cross bench, and sometimes laughed jeeringly at its words, and many times pretty broadly hinted at its no-confidence-engendering conduct. Confidence? Good gracious! It is evident that all the world had the greatest confidence in the oracle, and yet—Ah, well! he is dead, so the film has fallen from men's eyes.

Some short time ago an artist, who, from the great inequality in his works, combined with a shocking bad temper in the man, and an amount of personal vanity that always hovered upon the confines of insanity, did not meet with the "appreciation"—that is the word—that he desired, committed suicide. Mind, reader—the artist committed suicide, because he was neglected—and then, who but he? Men who had darted into shops and round corners when they saw him coming, rather than be exposed to his querulous complainings, rushed forward with tears in their eyes to lament him, and the whole country rang with the merits and the excellences of the man who committed self slaughter because nobody said anything about him—in fact, from mortified vanity. Oh, you worldlings! One puff of the flattering incense you scatter in such cloudy volumes around his tomb would have fooled the living man to "the top of his bent," and he would have lived smilingly on, and felt himself appreciated.

An author—a poor hack author—we do not mention names, but the reading public will readily understand to whom we allude—in his despair at the rich man's contumely, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," with disease and want in his dwelling, in a mad moment lets loose that spirit which never again can be lured back to its mortal tenement, and lo! society is up in arms with its usual howl of dismay, and it would not have lost such a man, not it, for the wealth of the East. Brother literati, who would gladly have smothered him, if he got an article preferred to one of theirs, found out that he was a brilliant genius, and that everything he wrote was so exquisite, so urbane, so kindly, and yet so philosophical, that future ages would rank him with the highest worthies. Alas! alas! Nay, one periodical romance writer had the impertinence to print, that he was all but upon his road to relieve the distresses of the lost one, and that if he had only suffered a little longer, the time was just coming when his literary friends—oh, lamentable!—were upon the point of handsomely providing for him.

A second-rate actor goes down in the wreck of some steam-packet, and behold! he at once becomes so great a loss to the profession, that those who would not look at him in life are ready almost to cross the fabled Styx to tell him what a combination of Garrick, Kean, and Macready he really was, only they did not find it out—until he was dead, poor fellow!

And to descend still lower in the social scale: How many poor hard-working clerks are there who are only found out to be "such a treasure" to the establishment when they are no more! How many an ancient servant is regretted with a shake of the head, who, in life, was only a piece of furniture, and born to be snubbed and slighted!

What can be the meaning of all this? Is it really true that the fact of a man leaving the world

has the mysterious effect of opening people's eyes to his merits? or is it all pretence, and merely done and said with the hope on the parts of those who do and say such laudations, that they, too, will come into a posthumous wealth of popularity in the fulness of time?—or is it that in life the jealousies and the vanities of existence—the grasping at gold and power—warp men's faculties, and they pretend not to see that which they do see? Are the dead praised because it is so safe to praise them, since they cannot turn round and demand any practical act consequent upon the praise? Is it a piece of cold hypocrisy to laud the departed statesman, who will never again require a vote—a piece of delicate deceit to glorify the poor dead painter, who cannot expect a commission for a picture—a glaring lie to praise the departed author, just because the head and the brain are still, that otherwise might produce an article to compete with the poor lucubrations of the fulsome adulators. A nice and well-sounding thing to speak highly of the defunct clerk, who cannot ask us, in consequence, for a rise of five shillings in his humble wages? Alas! can it be that human nature is so bad, or so dull? Think of it, reader, we pray thee!

## THE FASHIONABLE ORGANS.

LATTERLY two of our morning contemporaries have been engaged in an ignoble competition for the doubtful honour—and possible profit—attached to the position of the fashionable organ, whose practice it is to perform the task—and pocket the contingent cash—of chronicling not exactly the "small beer," but the dancing teas, &c., &c., of those whose ambition it is to get classed—at the rate of a guinea a paragraph—among the votaries of fashion.

We really blush for our brethren of the press when we witness the paltry style of literature to which the two journals addict themselves, for the mere sake of the few shillings that are to be picked up by announcing the postponement of Lady Mushroom's *Matinee*, or Mrs. Smythe Smith's intended *fete* in her grounds—six yards wide, by twenty-three feet long—at Picnic.

We shall really be delighted when the season is fairly over, that we may be spared the *nausea* of reading the weekly list of the "Fashionable arrangements" and "further arrangements" in the columns of the namby-pamby newspapers. Who cares to know that "Lady Timkinson threw open her *salons* to about 150 male and female nobodies, among whom the penny-a-liner has "particularly noticed"—because he has been paid for particularly noticing—a small bundle of fifth-rate outsiders of the world of rank or fashion?

What matters it to us, or to the world, that the Baroness de Bombaseen has "postponed her *dejeuner*"—or whether she turns her *dejeuner* into a dinner, or whether she ever gets any breakfast at all, or whether she rushes into a late supper of bread and cheese and onions, or, in fact, who cares what the old woman either does or refrains from doing?

In this practical age of common sense, we think it would be much wiser for the idle and useless decently to keep their mode of passing their lives out of the notice of the world at large, which is beginning to estimate people by the worth of what they do, and not by the means they possess of doing nothing.—*Punch*.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTURED IN CALIFORNIA.—On Saturday we had put up in this office the first printing press ever manufactured on the "Pacific side," and for which we intend to bespeak a small niche in the temple of fame alongside of the press rendered sacred as the one used by the immortal Franklin. It is of a size to print a foolscap sheet of paper: the frames and ribs are of wrought-iron, the bed and platten taken from a medium sized copying press; the bed enlarged by a wrought bar of iron welded to the sides, and planed down to an even surface.—*Pacific News*.

## COUSIN CECIL;

OR,

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

## CHAPTER XIX.

## COUSIN CECIL MAKES A LITTLE PROPOSAL TO THE DESERTER.

THE situation of Cousin Cecil, alias Mrs. Williams, alias Mrs. Anson, was critical. It will be remembered that the deserter intruded his presence to the library in a manner that was sufficient to induce a strong opinion that he had heard more than was intended for his ears. Migsley, with an expression of rage, advanced towards him.

"What do you do here?" he said. "I left you with a strict order to remain where you were. What do you do here, I say?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing. Only you were so long gone that I was afraid—"

"You always are."

"That something had happened to you. That is all."

"Oh, that is all, is it?"

"Kill him," whispered Cousin Cecil.

"Pho! pho! Hark ye, comrade: this lady, from sheer force, mind me, helps us to the swag. You know, now, from what you have heard at the door, who she really is."

"I didn't hear anything but voices, and I wasn't at the door above a moment before I put my head in. Who is she?"

Migsley looked keenly at him, and then in a low tone, he said—

"It may be so."

Cousin Cecil, too, looked fixedly in the face of the deserter, and she, too, muttered a doubt, after which she took Migsley by the arm and led him aside.

"John," she whispered, "go from this place at once. Do not fear but I will meet you at the spot you mention. I will give this young man enough to amply satisfy him, and as for yourself, you will not want the produce of a few ounces of plate. Go, oh, go."

"But does he know?"

"Everything, I fear, and may be my ruin here, and if so, your's, for if I remain not here, how can I supply you with the gold I have promised?"

"That's true. Confound him, and yet I doubt it."

"He was listening, and you were so full of your gibes and jests upon me, and so elated at the idea of meeting me again, that the words 'wife,' and Mrs. 'W.,' were each moment upon your lips."

"Ah, how easy it is to say too much; and yet there's just a chance. I tell you he's a bad one; and if he knows enough to torment you, he will do it. I tell you what, now—you used to be cunning enough to circumvent the devil himself. Now I'll leave this place, and wait for him outside, on the lawn. You can keep him to give him some more plate; and, while you have him here, find out what he knows."

"I will. He shall not escape me."

"Good. I'm off, then."

"John!"

"Well, what now?"

"I'm glad that we have met—very glad to find you alive—and—and—"

"Gammon!"

Migsley turned from her, and approached the deserter.

"Hark ye, comrade. This lady will give you some more bits of tin for the melting-pot. I will wait for you close to the window in the long room, yonder, and on the outside, understand. I'm afraid of some alarm being given, that's all; and it's better for me to watch while you fill the bag—do you see?"

"Yes—yes. I will follow you quickly."

With a significant glance at Cousin Cecil, to remind her of what she had to do, Migsley left the room, and she was alone with the deserter. Stepping to the door, she half opened it, and listened to catch the sound of his retreating footsteps; but she could hear nothing. The muffled tread of the housebreaker defied her powers of observation. She turned to the deserter, and in a quick voice she said—

"Wait."

"Oh, no—no! Do not leave me!"

"Hush!"

She darted across the hall, and peered into the dining-room. Migsley was not there, she felt satisfied. A cold current of air swept across the hall. It came from the open window in the large room looking on to the lawn; and she felt more at ease upon the point regarding his absence. He had fairly gone, and was not hiding to listen to what she should say to the deserter. With a slow and shuddering step, she crept back to the library.

The expression of fear upon the face of the deserter was rather ludicrous; but Cousin Cecil was in no mood upon that eventful night to enjoy a joke, and rushing right up to him she said—

"Who are you?"

"Who am I?" said the deserter. "Oh, I'm—I'm—nobody."

"How long have you known that man?"

"What, Migsley?"

"Yes! Don't be stopping to choose among a hundred lies which one you will tell me, but say at once how long have you known him? Speak quickly."

"A few days, perhaps."

"And you love him—you admire him—you are quite infatuated with him—Is it not so? Speak out at once."

"Why as to that, I came with him for what I could get."

"Yes, and rather than anything should happen to him, you would allow yourself to be taken and hanged, I know you would?"

"Would I? Then you know much more than I do. Every one for himself, is my idea. Hanged for Migsley? That's good. I'd rather see him hung ten times over than get myself into any trouble. But where's the plate I am to have?"

"Oh, you shall not want that; but why should you not have it all?"

"Give it to me, then."

"You misunderstand me. Speak low, and to the purpose. We have not much time now. I mean, why should you share it with Migsley?"

"Oh, that's another thing. Because I can't help it, I suppose, is all I can say."

Cousin Cecil shifted the light so that the beams of it fell upon the face of the deserter, and left her own in darkness.

"Listen to me now," she said: "I am going to confide in you. Your association with this man, Migsley, is solely one of plunder. You have no feeling towards him, whatever, and so, I tell you, he will betray you, and leave you to be hanged for his own crimes after he no longer wants you, as he has left others."

"As he has left others?"

"Yes—I know him. Didn't you hear sufficient to feel that I knew him well?"

The deserter smiled.

"That's enough. Pho, pho! He would have it that you were too much of a fool to listen to what might be worth the knowing."

"Did he?"

"Yes, to be sure; but from the slight glance I took of you, I knew your character better—you did listen. That nod is sufficient. Well, I am his wife, as you overheard him say, and nothing will satisfy him but some large sum yearly, which I can and must pay him, if you do not help me."

"Me help you?"

"Yes, I would rather you had it, for, understand me,"—Cousin Cecil here spoke very rapidly—"I do not like to see him leading you to the gallows as he has done others, there to leave you to suffer for his crimes; and, so, I say, that—if Migsley were dead—dead—"

"Dead!" said the deserter as he glanced with fear around him. "You said dead, I think?"

"I did. If he fell by your hand, the first one thousand pounds that you would have to lead a life of pleasure with, would be yours within four-and-twenty hours after the commission of the deed. What do you stare at? Rouse yourself: you are young, and have all the world and all its joys before you. You quite understand me? I would save both you and myself from that man—myself from the perpetual terror of his presence, and you from death at the hands of the hangman: for that will be your fate as it has been the fate of others. Did you hear me say a thousand pounds?—a large sum just to begin with! Why, there is not a gratification in the world that you could not call your own. You could always come to me for money, you know—always; and I should be but too happy to supply you. Care you would have none, but each day your only thought would be what new pleasure you could discover; and a thousand pounds

to begin with, instead of the halter that he would bring you to."

The deserter sat down and dashed his hand across his face.

"You want me to murder him?"

"Well?"

"I'll—I'll do it. What is he to me?"

"Nothing."

"I'll do it. How hot this room is. I'll do it. A thousand pounds to begin with? Curse him, what is he to me? I'll do it. He'll lead me to the gallows, and then leave me, as you say he has done others. I can easily do it. A thousand pounds to begin with, and plenty more at the back of that? I'll do it."

"You will? Indeed, and in truth you will?"

"When I say I will, I will: I always keep my word. Besides, what is he to me? I hardly know him. He wouldn't have said a word to me, I dare say, if he hadn't wanted me to come here to help him. I'll—shoot him?"

"Yes, that will do. Only assure me that he is dead, and then come to me for your reward. Take with you the plate that you have, and tell him that a little alarm in the house prevented you from getting more."

Cousin Cecil paused a minute or two, and then she said—

"Are you provided with the means of doing the deed?"

"No! but I must get them somehow. I'd rather shoot him, for that's over, you know, in a moment, and he won't be able to turn upon me then, as he might do if I tried it in any other way."

"Stop a moment. Are you afraid of the dark? No, surely not. Wait for me. I will not be long gone from you. You will be quite safe here."

"Yes—yes; you won't be long?"

"Hush! Do not stir nor speak."

Cousin Cecil left the room, and proceeding hastily up the staircase to the bed-room of the late Colonel Danvers, she took from a drawer in the dressing-table a pair of pistols.

"One will suffice," she said, and with one of them in her hand, she again sought the library. The deserter was tremblingly awaiting her return, and he drew a long breath of exquisite relief when he saw her.

"Not very long," he said.

"No—no. Take that weapon. He told me you were a deserter from the army, and so you know the use of it well."

"Ah! it is loaded."

"That will do then; and now go, for he will be impatient at the delay. Go, and let me see you in the morning. Come boldly to the house and ask for me; or, stay, I will meet you somewhere. Where shall it be?"

"In a gravel-pit not far from here."

"Ah! you know that?"

A meaning smile passed over the features of the deserter.

"You will find there," he said, "the proof that I have kept my word."

Cousin Cecil staggered a little; but then she said in a firmer voice than her appearance indicated she could have commanded—

"Be it so. I will come to that place, but I cannot name the precise hour. You will wait for me?"

"I will, and you may look upon it as good as done; and as for the thousand pounds you speak of—"

"They shall be brought with me in an order upon a London banker in your favour, so that you will have only to go to the metropolis, and at once commence a career of pleasure."

The deserter's eyes sparkled at the idea of what he might do with just a thousand pounds to begin with, and such a purse to draw up as that from which it came. The murder of Migsley appeared to him but a poor price to pay for such advantages, and his determination to do the deed grew each moment in strength. He hid the loaded pistol in the bosom of his apparel, and then grasping the bag with the plate that was in it, he stepped to the door of the room.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will wait for you; but you will come as soon as you can, for it won't be very agreeable to be quite alone in the pit with him after what will happen."

"I will not lose a moment unnecessarily. Expect me early. And now good-night. We shall be great friends."

"Oh, very great. I always thought some piece

of luck would turn up for me some day or another, and now it has come."

"Go—go."

The deserter left the room, followed by Cousin Cecil. He was, for the moment, confused whether to turn to the right or to the left, but she directed him in the proper route, and in another moment he was gone.

The deserter had thought that she looked like a ghost as he had first seen her creeping down the great staircase in her somnambulist state; but how much more like a ghost she looked now as she stood in the hall of Larchins, after that hour of intense excitement! Her face was bloodless. Her eyes were unusually prominent, and had about them a glassy lustre. Her lips were parted, and the hot breath came past them in a seething vapour. She hesitated whether to repair to the landing again, or to go to her chamber. It was well that she decided upon the latter course, for scarcely had she reached it, than she fell to the ground in a swoon, leaving the door swinging open behind her. The candle rolled to a distance, and fortunately striking against a piece of furniture, was extinguished, or Larchins might have been in flames.

The first dawn of daylight was peeping in under the blind of her chamber window, when Cousin Cecil opened her eyes, and with a cold shudder gazed about her upon the various articles in her chamber. For about five minutes it was a puzzle to her to know how she came to be there at all upon the floor; and then the sensation of positive illness that she felt, convinced her that she must have fainted. She rose with difficulty, and creeping along the floor until she reached a cupboard, she indulged herself with a stimulant, that had the effect of dissipating the deadly sensation of sickness that was enough each moment to cast her down again into another swoon. The blood now no longer languidly flowed in its wonted channels, but again the colour of general health visited the cheeks and lips of that most strangely mistaken woman—mistaken in her route to happiness. She felt still very cold, though, and she crept into her bed, covering herself up shudderingly; and then, with a gush that almost made her give a scream of surprise, there came to her recollection the events of the night: the attempted robbery—her own sleep-walking—the recognition of her by Migsley, and her own proposal to the mere lad who had been with him for his murder.

"Mad! mad!" she cried. "I shall go mad!"

With both her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, she now tried to think; and out of the chaos of events and conflicting feelings and sensations she strove to extract some steady line of resolution, which should carry her unscathed through the perils that surrounded her.

For a time, the frightful hazard she had run in proposing to the comrade of Migsley to murder him, rose up before her with the aspect of a gigantic indiscretion; but, by degrees, when she came to consider the manner in which the proposal had been received, and the evident utter heartlessness and cruelty of disposition of the young soldier, and the immense advantages that would accrue to her from getting rid of Migsley, she got much more reconciled to the affair; and, after a time, she taught herself to view it as a piece of special boldness that might extricate her from her difficulties.

If the deserter were successful in accomplishing the death of Migsley—and what could hinder him if he had the will to do so—the next question was, how was she to dispose of the murderer?

"I will be sure," she muttered, "that he has done the deed, and then I must think of the means of ridding myself of him. I must, in a plausible manner, get him arrested for the murder. But then he will denounce me as his instigator; but who will believe him? Who would listen to the wild story that he would have to tell, without one voice to corroborate the tale? The whole affair would simply stand, that two robbers had stolen certain plate from Larchins, and then quarrelling over the division of the spoil, one shot the other with a pistol he had stolen from the house. And yet it would not be well that such a story should go forth to the world. I must think—yes, I must think further before I decide. Perhaps I might terrify him into a rapid flight; and although he might still be the creature of my bounty, it must not be extended beyond what will suffice for a bare support. Oh, I must think deeply—deeply, yet."

Cousin Cecil was, in good truth, rather bewildered at the complication she had brought upon herself, and, probably, she was not, after what had occurred,

in her usual cool and calculating condition of mind, or she might have hit upon some course of conduct that would have been a little more promising, in the way of execution, than the vague generalities that she dealt in. But we must leave her now, to all the mental conflict she was suffering from, while we trace the progress of other events that made that night memorable.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE DESERTER EARNS HIS THOUSAND POUNDS OF COUSIN CECIL.

WHEN the deserter, after the rapid and rather agitating interview he had had with Cousin Cecil, left the hall, he soon found his way to the large room, through the window of which he and Migsley had made an entrance to the house. Migsley was waiting for him without, in no small impatience at the length of time that he had so to wait.

"Confound you!" he said. "What have you been about?"

"Trying for more plate; but there's some one up in the house, and I have had to hide for a time before coming away."

"Ah! indeed. Well, I don't wonder, after all that has passed, that there has been something like an alarm. Where's the lady?"

"Gone off somewhere; but she told me to get out of the house as quickly as I could, for it wasn't safe to stay longer—that's all; and here's the bag."

"Come on, then."

Migsley expected to hear from Cousin Cecil in the morning, the result of her interview with the deserter, which, as he supposed, was for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of the knowledge he had obtained by listening to their rather startling interview at the library-door; so he did not confuse his young companion by putting to him any troublesome questions, but at once led the way from the grounds of Larchins.

They did not exchange a word until they had left the house so far behind them, that the idea of any danger from its aroused inhabitants, which had been asserted as a fact by the deserter, was out of the question. They were both busy with their own thoughts. Migsley's mind was travelling back to the past—for the meeting with Cousin Cecil had naturally had the effect of awakening a host of recollections and feelings, such as had nearly slept in oblivion in his brain; and the whole imagination of the deserter was intent upon the crime he had undertaken to commit.

An entire selfishness of principle, and a contempt for every human life but his own, characterised that man; so that we are not to suppose that any very serious compunctious visitings came over him at the frightful deed of treachery and murder that he contemplated committing. If the truth must be told, he rather sought to discover the safest mode, and the safest moment, in which the hideous crime could be consummated.

Migsley broke the silence as they neared the verge of the gravel-pit.

"It's the nineteenth, now," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't I tell you that the eighteenth of this month was a strange day to me always, boy?"

"Oh yes, you did, to be sure. I didn't at the moment think of it. You ain't at all afraid of the nineteenth, then?"

"Afraid? No; and for the matter of that, I can't be said to be afraid of the eighteenth; but the idea that something is going to happen that you don't expect you can guess at, keeps you on the fret, so I'm always glad it's gone for a year. I don't know how I came to tell you about it, though, for I don't admire you over-much; and, to speak the truth, master soldier, you are a bit of a coward."

"It's right enough for a fellow to take care of himself, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, and wise enough, I dare say; but we won't fall out about that. Come on, and mind your foothold. The rain has made the path down to the bottom of the old pit slippery; and if once your feet go from under you, there's nothing to save you till you get to the bottom."

"One might be killed."

"Yes; but not likely."

"I shouldn't wonder, though, that if one happened to come by death down there, one's body might stay awhile, before any one would find it."

"Stay awhile? It would stay till all was blue. Who could see it? There's lots of twigs, and wild flowers, and bushes, and crags to hide it from any

one looking down, and there's not many that try the descent, I should say. Come on."

"Yes; I—I am coming."

"Why, what's the matter with you? Your teeth are chattering, and you speak as if you hadn't breath enough to do it with. What's up now?"

"Nothing, only cold, that's all."

"Oh, cold, is it? Well, there's a drop of brandy in a hole in the wall, down below yonder, and that will warm you up a bit. Hush!"

"Oh, what is it?"

"Silence idiot. It's only the church clock chiming at Hampton. There go the four quarters. Hold your row, will you? One—two—three! That's all. Three o'clock. In two hours it will be daylight. Come on."

"In two hours," said the deserter. "Why, it will be twilight before that, I should say, Migsley. How slippery it is, to be sure. Once or twice I have nearly gone over with a run."

"Have you got the bag all right?"

"Oh, yes—yes. I think it steadies me a little. What do you suppose now what we have in the bag is worth?"

"From fifty to sixty pounds. That's all."

"Not much of a night's work, then. Don't you think a thousand pounds would be a good sum of money to have all at once?"

"Why, yes, it would, lad; you might live like a king and a half while it lasted; but it would soon go. And now I suppose you are comfortable, as we are at the bottom of the pit?"

"Oh, very comfortable, indeed. But the sooner I get some of that brandy you speak of the better pleased I shall be."

"This way. Just keep your hand on my arm, and I'll take you to the little cave in the wall. How the rain has swelled the pool at the bottom of the old pit, to be sure. Can't you see it thereaway, as the light clouds drift over the sky?"

"No—where?"

"Do you hear that?"

Migsley picked up a pebble and cast it into the pool of water at the bottom of the pit, and the splash came distinctly upon the night air.

"Oh, yes, I hear that."

"Then here we are at home. Walk in. Precious dark it is, to be sure; but I know every nook and corner of the old place well, and here's the brandy. Have you got it?"

"Yes, yes."

The deserter took a hearty draught from the flask, and then Migsley indulged himself with the remainder. They then, by feeling about, got possession of the two little barrels that served for seats.

"Now, my lad," said Migsley, "you recollect that we are to leave the swag here for a little time, but in the morning I'll get you to be off to London to make a call where I know the money can be got for it, and—"

"Oh, no—I can't go to London. My regiment is close there, and I don't want to be clapped up in limbo."

"Well, then, you can go to the tents of the gips and get something to eat from them, you know, and bring me something in that line, for now that the flask is empty, and there's no cupboard here, it will be but cold work."

"But are you going to stay in the pit?"

"Up to about the middle of the day I shall, perhaps, if I don't alter my mind between this and then, boy. But tell me now—what did you think of the fair lady of Larchins?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You do know, if you will say."

"No, I don't. The fact is, I was thinking of the swag, and how to get off with it all right, and that was quite enough to occupy me all the time. But I suppose, now, you have had other pals before me?"

"A few."

"And what became of them?"

"Some of 'em went to see the other side of the world at the government expense, and one or two of them danced upon nothing at the Bailey."

"Hanged?"

"Well, that's about it; but, somehow, I didn't knuckle to any of 'em as I do to you, boy; you are a bad 'un, I know—a bit of a sneak, and not over full of bravery. I don't feel quite sure that you'd stand by a pal to do him a bit of good; but yet—it's a folly, I know—but yet I seem to look to you somehow—I wish I hadn't come across you, boy."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I do, for I don't know how it is—old times keeps coming back to me, and people that are dead long ago seem to march past me in long troops; and

now and then there comes quite sharp upon my ears old tones, as if some one called to me out of another world."

The deserter had his hand plunged deeply into his bosom. It grasped the pistol that Cousin Cecil had given him.

"You—you think, then, there is another world?"

"Boy, I do. There was one time when I was fond of telling myself that all was chance, and that the great world, and the trees, and the ocean, and the rivers, and the bright blue sky, and the drifting clouds—all got jumbled together by chance; and I wouldn't have it that there was one greater than all who made and fashioned all; but one day they nabbed me, and put me into a jail right away in Wales, and an odd sort of place it was, and a little girl came into the prison to sell vegetables to the coves as was there. Well, she brought with her a little plant in a tiny bit of a broken garden pot, and I gave her a penny for it, and the old turnkey let me keep it. Boy, that was the first thing that made me think."

"How do you mean?"

"I will tell you. I got to love that little plant, a poor and sickly thing it was, too; and being all alone, I used to place it in the crevice between the bars of my cell, where a little whistling streak of fresh air off the dewy mountains came to kiss it, and shake its little leaves till they seemed to laugh again; and when they brought me my jug of water, I spared it a drop; and when the soft rain came down with a gentle sound, I held it out at arm's-length, and it caught a few drops of the shower. I got to love that tender plant."

"Love a plant?"

"Yes, boy, I loved it, I tell you. You may love many a worse thing than a little plant, and you may take up your time with many a worse thing. Well, I hadn't much thought of the lesson I was a learning of, boy; but one day when the bright sun just burst in a long streak of laughing light, right into the dungeon, as if it would say, 'What are you doing of, Joe Migsley?' there burst open a little bud upon the plant, and it shook out to the warm air some little tinted leaves, all shaded with bright carnation, and with little eyes of gold and purple that seemed to say, 'Joe, look at us.' I—did look at them. I saw how the bud came, and how it covered up the tinted leaves; I saw how the green sheath flew off to the wind when it wasn't wanted, and I saw how the little flower danced on its fair stem, and how everything was fit and proper and right about it to make it what it was; and then it seemed as if something had said to me, 'Joe, is this a chance jumble? Who fashioned this?' It was as if the little delicate thing, as it bobbed with the breeze against the prison bars, cried out to me, 'Who made my tinted leaves? who fashioned the deep purple, and the azure, and the little golden streaks, and the rich crimson that was wrapped up in the green sheath that has withered and gone far away?' I—I kissed the little flower, and I knew that no one but God could have fashioned it. I have been happier since then, boy, though I am a bad fellow; but that, you see, was how I got converted."

"Well, I wouldn't have thought of that."

"No; and I don't know why I go telling you such things that I never tell any one else; but here I am like a fool, with the hot tears gathering about my eyes, feeling like a man in a dream; and I know that you are a bad un, too—that makes the wonder."

"Why, only look," said the deserter, suddenly. "It's getting light."

Migsley sprang to his feet, and went out from the cavern into the open air.

"It's the first bit of morning light," he said. "Come out, lad, and look at it. It's worth the seeing on the edge of the old pit. There it is. In half an hour's time it will be a new day, and I can say truly that the eighteenth has gone."

"Yes," said the deserter, as he stepped out of the little cave, and stood in the soft twilight of the morning air. "Yes, the—the eighteenth, as you say, is past."

There must have been something very peculiar in the tone of the young man, for Migsley turned upon him at once, and after regarding him for a moment or two in silence, he said—

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"The matter? Nothing."

"Where's all your colour gone? How has your cheeks offended your blood, that not a drop of it will come near them? Why, you are as white as—as—I don't know that I ever saw anything so very white as you look—such an odd white."

"It is the morning light."

"No, it ain't. I have seen lots of faces, honest and dishonest, in the morning light, and in all sorts of light, but I never saw one like yours. What's your hand clawing at your chest in that way for?"

"Nothing. I—I—will go a little way up out of the pit, and see how the young day looks."

The deserter went on a short distance, but Migsley, who seemed to have been musing about his looks, called out to him.

"Stop, lad. There's a something on your mind, I know—I can see, but I don't know what it is. I know you are on the fright or the fidget about something. Come this way—come back."

"No—no."

"But I say you shall. How do I know what that she-devil has put you up to? Ah! that's it. By Jove I didn't think of that, but I have it now. Come back, will you?"

Migsley ran on after the deserter, and when he was within a few feet of him, the young man turned suddenly upon him, and, withdrawing his hand from his breast, with the pistol in his grasp, he said—

"Take it, then!" and fired.

"Oh, God!" said Migsley, and he placed his hands upon his chest: but he did not fall.

The deserter turned, and fled. The noise of the report of the pistol was multiplied by echoes in the pit, until it sounded as though twenty weapons had been discharged; and a cloud of wild birds darted out from the bushes and little mossy hiding-places, and flew, screaming, to the surface ground. The deserter plunged and floundered on in his anxiety to get away, and still, with both his hands pressed upon his chest, Migsley followed him.

"No—no," cried the deserter. "Don't! Oh—help! He will have me yet!"

With his head averted fearfully over his shoulder, to watch the progress of Migsley, he made what speed he could along the steep, intricate little path, and then he fell. On—on came Migsley, but he did not speak. He was within a couple of paces of his murderer, and the deserter uttered a yell of terror, as he struck at him with his foot.

"Off—off!" he cried. "Keep off! What do you mean? Why don't you speak? It was accident! Off! Oh, God!"

"Yes—God!" said Migsley.

A gush of blood came from his mouth, and he fell back, and bounded from ledge to ledge of the craggy side of the pit, till he reached the pool, at the bottom of which all that was mortal of that strange mixture of good and evil fell with a mournful splash. The bullet from the pistol had penetrated the lungs, and the first effort to speak had caused instant suffocation.

The deed was done!

The deserter lay upon the path, shaking as though some violent convulsion had come over him: but that soon subsided; and, as the soft gray light of the early dawn assumed a yellow tint and all was still, the frightened birds came twittering back to their nests again, and the murderer, with a shudder, rose, and looked into the deep abyss at his feet.

"It's done!" he gasped. "It's done! She said a thousand pounds. I'm sure she said a thousand pounds, and a life of—pleasure—yes, she said pleasure. Well, it's done now, and you know it can't be helped."

As he uttered these words, he glanced around him, and finally up to the brightening sky, as though he were trying to excuse himself to accusing nature.

"No—I—that is—it's only a life. We must all die some day. The plate is in the cave. Dare I go down? He wouldn't lie in the pool of water if he had any life in him. A thousand pounds is a large sum. What is he to me? He might have shot me some day, if any one had offered him a thousand pounds for doing it—and didn't she say he led all who trusted him to the gallows? Oh, mercy! Oh, I did not do it! No—no! I—I—What was that?"

A little displaced pebble had come rattling and scattering down the side of the pit. How it terrified that guilty man! If it had been launched by an avenging heaven at his heart, it could not have produced more effect than at the moment it did upon him. Faint and sick with terror, he crouched down upon the path with the hope that he was hidden. In vain he tried to still the agitation that shook his limbs—in vain he tried to dash from his face the heavy dew of fear that hung upon it.

All was still again.

\* Slowly, after about five minutes of great agony of fear—it was only from abject fear of detection,

not compunction, that shivered his heart—the deserter rose again.

"I must leave here," he said, "I must go. Yes, I can't go down now for the plate. Another time, perhaps, when they have found the—the body and taken it away, and when the rains have washed away all the blood, and I am better able to—to try it, I may then go down again, but not now—not now."

With his eyes fixed upon the dead body in the pool, he tried, by feeling his way, to crawl up the path. He felt as though if he took for a moment his eyes off the body, it must inevitably rise up and come again after him. More than once, his excited imagination made him believe that it moved; and each time that he had such an idea, he gave a short, sharp cry of terror. His progress was slow, but he did get on, and, sooner than he expected, he found that he was near the mouth of the pit. Then he heard a voice, and it said, "Is it done?"

Dizzy and frantic, he caught by the long blackberry stems to hold himself from falling, heedless of the innumerable wounds they inflicted upon his hands: and half maddened by apprehension, he turned his gaze upwards. The morning light was full and free upon the face of the earth, and the sky was breaking into a thousand little streaks of dappled blue and snowy whiteness. Cousin Cecil stood upon the brink of the pit.

The dress of his tempter was widely different to what he had seen her in, but he knew the form at once. She now wore a gray cloak, that covered her from head to foot. Rather than endure the suspense of waiting, she had at that early hour left the house by the secret passage from the Strangers' Chamber, and sought the mouth of the pit, to know if the deed were completed or not; and now crouching down, she again whispered to the murderer, who was some half-dozen feet below her—

"Is it done?"

"You said a thousand pounds to begin with?"

"Yes—yes, I did. Is it done?"

The deserter pointed to the pool. Cousin Cecil shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked long and earnestly at the dark object that could be but dimly seen from where she was. Her lips were tightly compressed together, and her eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets. The murderer still pointed with a shaking finger to the dark object so far below.

Is—that—?" gasped Cecil.

The deserter nodded.

"It's done," he said then. "It's done!"

Making, then, a sudden effort, he got completely out of the pit, and crawling some few paces from the verge, he sat panting on the green turf that was then wet with the night dew. He seemed to think that he was still in danger of falling to the bottom of the pit, where the body of his victim lay, for he twined the long grass in his fingers, and held on by that as though it would suffice to save him.

Cousin Cecil, with a slow and tottering step, left the verge of the excavation, and stood a pace or two from the murderer, gazing at him.

"You are quite sure?" she said.

"Here," said the deserter, pointing to his breast, "the bullet went—"

"Enough—enough. You shall have your reward; but, remember, such a deed as this is not done without some risks. If I were to treble the thousands that I mean to give you, it is just possible that some circumstances might occur to fix upon you suspicion—"

"Suspicion upon me? Oh, no—you didn't say that before."

"It was not surely necessary to point out to you what was so very obvious. But listen to me. If that suspicion should arise—I do not think it will—but I say, if it should, you may depend upon my aiding your defence with all the funds that can command the greatest chances of your escape."

"But—but how can I be suspected? You only know of the deed, and if I am accused, you will be—"

"How so?"

"Why—why—I should be obliged to—to—"

"Denounce me as the person who promised to pay you for the crime? Oh, fool—fool! By so doing, if you were inclined, you would only involve in ruin with yourself the only person who, by a vast expenditure, might save you, were you ten times as criminal as you are. No—if you are apprehended—"

"Apprehended? Oh, you don't think—you don't imagine—"

"I think nothing of the sort—I imagine nothing

of the sort; but I only, for your great present comfort, tell you that if such should be the case, I will spend thousands upon thousands, rather than a hair of your head should be injured. I will suborn witnesses in abundance. I will purchase, by a lavish expenditure, such as you have no idea of your impunity; but—"

"But what?" said the bewildered villain, faintly.

"You must be secret as the grave."

"Oh—yes—I—of course—as the pool—I mean the grave."

"To denounce me is to confess your own crime, and deprive yourself of all chance of safety; for if you were, at some weak or wicked moment, doubting wrongfully of my power or my will to aid you, to mention me, I have laid my plan so as to enable me to prove the falsehood of the charge, and then I leave you to die the death of a murderer!"

"Oh, no—no!"

"Yes; but you will not be so mad—oh, no. As you say, you are not a lunatic; but I thought only that it was as well you should know what a dependance you had, in order that you might feel more comfortable. That was all."

"Comfortable?"

"Yes; and I am glad you understand me; for if you should be apprehended and convicted of this crime, I will save you, even at the foot of the gallows."

The deserter groaned, and hung down his head.

"I didn't think of all that," he said; "but it's done now."

"A wise philosophy. It is, as you say, done now, and you want the thousand pounds to begin with, you know. Ah! my friend, you were forgetting that, and the career of pleasure it would open to you."

"I shouldn't have forgot it; but when you begun to talk about apprehending and convicting, I could think of nothing but the hangman."

"Let that pass. The little explanation was necessary, in order that you should know how very safe you might feel yourself, and what a full purse, and firm and powerful friend you had in me."

"Oh, yes, I understand all that."

"That is a mercy. And now will you wait for me in the pit?"

"What! down there? Oh, no—no—anywhere but there!"

"Very well. It has a murky look deep down there by the pool. There is a plantation on the south side of Larchins, and beneath a tree there, is a rustic seat. The dense vegetation hides it from the house."

"I know it well."

"Wait there for me, and all will be well. I will bring you ready money for your journey from the place, and the cheque for the thousand pounds to begin with, and I shall expect that you make that amount last you a year."

"I should think it would do that," said the murderer, recovering a little at the idea of having a thousand pounds a-year to spend. It seemed to him an incalculable sum; and the fears that had been engendered in his mind by Cousin Cecil, were gradually fading away, as he considered how impossible it was that any one could have seen the deed done, that the old gravel-pit hid the evidence of.

"Don't be long," he said, "for the air about here seems to have a scent of blood in it."

"Hush! no more of that. Go to the spot I have mentioned, and I will soon be with you again. Be secret, and all will be well with you. The very memory of this deed will pass away in time."

"I hope it will."

"Be sure that it will. Go, the morning is getting each moment lighter, and we must not be seen together, as that might, in the end, destroy you."

Cousin Cecil turned abruptly from her companion in guilt, and sought the house. He looked after her for a few moments in silence.

"Save me at the gallows' foot," he muttered, "No, if I swing, or come near the swing, you, my lady, shall have your neck in the same noose. But it's all safe enough. Nobody saw me do it. A thousand a-year! A whole thousand, to begin with!"

He ran along the side of a hedge, and soon reached the spot where Cousin Cecil told him to remain until she again sought him.

(To be continued in our next.)

## DISTANT ASPECT OF JERUSALEM.

WHEN approached by the ordinary pilgrim route, Jerusalem has something of a desolate appearance, presenting at the top of a stony valley a range of turreted limestone walls, above which appear only a few of the most elevated dwellings, and some of the cupolas and minarehs; whilst, like most other eastern cities, the interior is but a succession of dull streets and dead walls, sloping eastward, interspersed, however, with gaudy churches and heavy-looking convents. But when raised from the heights on the eastern side, the effect is particularly striking, the whole city being seen from thence in complete detail. The Mount of Olives, or Jebel-el Tur, commands, to the southward, a view towards Bethlehem and some of the hill country of Judea; and eastward is seen part of the valley of Santa Saba, with the Dead Sea glittering beyond, at the foot of the mountains of Arabia Petraea. But, westward, the scenery is still more remarkable; in this direction, Mount Olive descends rapidly into the ravine of Kidron, on the slope near the bottom of which is the garden of Gethsemane, and a little lower the tomb of the Virgin Mary; also those of Jehosaphat, Absalom, and Zachariah. On the sloping crest beyond this deep and narrow valley stands the city itself; which, in addition to many public buildings, contains upwards of three thousand good houses, distributed in four separate quarters, which cover as many hills, the whole being enclosed by lofty walls, flanked by square towers. The city has the shape of an irregular lozenge, whose western side skirts the valley of Gihon, while its southern side runs along that of Ben Hinnom; the northern side is near the hill of Titus; and, lastly, the eastern side runs almost north and south along the valley of Jehosaphat, having in the centre the gate of St. Stephen; just southward of the latter, rising above the walls, is Mount Moriah, whose buildings are the foreground and principal part of the panorama. The quadrangular terrace on which they stand occupies about one-fifth of the area of the city, being about 500 yards from north to south, with an average width of nearly 300 yards from east to west. Almost in the centre are the graceful minarehs of the mosque of 'Omar, which with its arcades, courts, and innermost enclosure, almost rivals the great and costly edifice of Solomon, which it has replaced.—*Col. Chesney.*

## RESEARCHES IN THE ISLANDS OF LAKE NICARAGUA.

BY AN OFFICER.

ONE hour's hard pulling, and we were among the islands. Here the water was still and glassy, while the waves dashed and chafed with a sullen roar against the iron shores of the outer rank, as if anxious to invade the quiet of the inner recesses,—the narrow verdure-arched channels, the broad crystal-floored vistas, the cool, shady nooks in which graceful canoes were here and there moored.

Perhaps a more singular group of islets cannot be found in the wide world. As I have before said, they are all of volcanic origin, generally conical in shape, and seldom exceeding three or four acres in area. All are covered with a cloak of verdure; but nature is not always successful in hiding the black rocks which start out in places, as if in disdain of all concealment, and look frowningly down in the clear water, giving an air of wildness to the otherwise soft and quiet scenery of the islands. Trailing over these rocks, and dropping in festoons from the over-hanging trees, their long pliant tendrils floating in the water, are innumerable vines, with bright and fragrant flowers of red and yellow, mingled with the inverted cone of the "gloria de Nicaragua," with its overpowering odour, with strange and nameless fruits, forming an evergreen roof so dense that even a tropical sun cannot penetrate. Many of these islands have patches of cultivated ground, and on such, generally crowning their summits, relieved by a dense green background of plantations, and surrounded by kingly palms and the papaya with its great, golden fruit, are the picturesque cane huts of the inhabitants. Groups of naked, swarthy children in front,—a winding path leading beneath the great trees down to the water's edge,—an arbor-like miniature harbour, with a canoe lashed to the shore,—a woman naked to the waist, with a purple skirt of true Tyrian dye

(for the famous murex is found on the Pacific shores of Nicaragua), her long, black, glossy hair falling over neck and breast, reaching almost to her knees,—a flock of noisy parrots in a congressional squabble among the trees,—a swarm of parrots scarcely less noisy,—a pair of vociferating macaws, like floating fragments of a rainbow,—inquisitive monkeys hanging among the vines,—active iguanas scrambling up the banks,—long-necked and long-legged cranes in deep soliloquy at the edge of the water, their white bodies standing out in strong relief against a background of rock and verdure,—a canoe glancing rapidly and noiselessly across a vista of water,—all this, with a golden sky above, the purple sides of the volcano of Momobacho overshadowing us, and the distant shores of Chontales molten in the slanting sunlight,—these were some of the elements of the scenery of the islands—elements constantly shifting, and forming new and pleasing combinations.

After toiling for a long time, we came suddenly upon the edge of an ancient crater of great depth, at the bottom of which was a lake of a yellowish green or sulphurous colour, the water of which Manuel assured me was salt. This is probably the fact, but I question much if any human being ever ventured down its rocky and precipitous sides. Manuel now seemed to recognise his position; and turning sharp to the left, we soon came to a broad level area, covered with immense trees, and with a thick undergrowth of grass and bushes. There were here some large, regular mounds composed of stones, which I soon discovered were artificial. Around these Manuel said the *freyles* were scattered, and he commenced cutting right and left with his machete. I followed his example, and had not proceeded more than five steps, when I came upon an elaborately sculptured statue, still standing erect. It was about the size of the smaller one discovered at Pensacola, but was less injured, and the face had a mild and benignant aspect. It seemed to smile on me as I tore aside the bushes which covered it, and appeared almost ready to speak. In clearing further, I found another fallen figure, but a few feet distant. From Manuel's shouts I knew that he had discovered others, and I felt assured that many more would reward a systematic investigation—and such I meant to make.

## QUACKS AND QUACKERY.

THE editor of the *Lancet*, says—We chance to have an unhappy non-medical acquaintance whose tendencies towards quackery are so strong and invincible that we are always able to use him as a kind of test or barometer to indicate the intensity of the last new form of empiricism. We will remember the time when he first began to devote himself to quackery. He commenced with easy stages, letting himself down by Buchan's "Domestic Medicine;" Combe's "Physiology of Health;" the "Domestic Management of Infants," and other similar works in popular physic, the aim of which is to make "every man his own doctor." At this stage of his mental malady, his first child was destroyed by a "domestic" dose of poppy syrup! Nothing daunted by this, he began to see truth, and wonder, and universal health, in the vagaries of mesmerism, and swallowed everything relating to it up to clairvoyance and phreno-mesmerism. The teetotalers now converted him, and he who had erst enjoyed his port and claret, became, for a time, rabid against every variety of stimulating drink. From this, the step to hydropathy was very facile, and was very quickly made. His house and grounds became a miniature copy of Graefenberg, and his aqueous ingurgitations and lavations were the wonder of his friends. When hydropathy palled upon his appetite, he took to homeopathy, and became a perfect devotee of Hahnemann and his globules. Here he rested long, keeping up, meantime, his old flirtation with his former loves, though in a faint and faded degree. The last we heard of him was, that he had become a Vegetarian, and intended to become a Methuselah upon taris and potage. If anything more novel in the way of quackery should spring up, we doubt not he will be among the very first to embrace it. Meanwhile, his wife, and children, and himself, are an odd spectacle of a family reared up on a mixture of popular medical, mesmerism, teetotal, hydropathic, homœopathic, and vegetarian principles. We believe they have also the benefit of a mixture of several religious creeds.

He that refuseth to buy good counsel cheap, shall buy repentance dear.

CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

BETWEEN MR AND MRS. JONES AND THE POST.

Being Last Scenes from the Life of a (Late) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Time.—Monday, the 22nd of July. A quarter to nine o'clock, P.M.

SCENE.—The parlour of Mr. SMITHERS, at Brixton, with Mr. and Mrs. SMITHERS, and the LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, enjoying themselves at the tea-table. The LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE occupies the place of honour.

Mrs. SMITHERS. Another cup, my dear—you really must.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh! no indeed—I couldn't really. It's getting so late. I've had a most delightful day! I really must be going.

Mr. SMITHERS. Then I'll ring for the—

[Rings without concluding his sentence. Enter Maid with tray and tumblers. Mr. SMITHERS goes to the cellaret, and brings out an elaborate liqueur case.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—no, I really couldn't—I never do. No, really—now.

Mr. SMITHERS (cordially). Pooh—pooh—come, I know if JONES were here, he'd insist.

Mrs. SMITHERS (coaxingly). Just a teetle, very sweet and weak. Remember you've an hour's ride before you.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Well, you're so kind—but I declare I had rather not.

[Mr. SMITHERS mixes a small tumbler remarkably sweet and tolerably stiff. Mrs. JONES discusses it with unconscious relish. Clock strikes nine.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh, dear, there's nine o'clock! And however I'm to venture home alone, in that omnibus? I'm sure Mr. JONES won't like it.

Mr. SMITHERS. Well, if he will go and leave his wife (he smiles), he must take the consequences. Catch me leaving Mrs. SMITHERS.

Mrs. SMITHERS. Nonsense, Mr. SMITHERS. How can you? He's such a man, Mrs. JONES!

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (proudly). Oh—so is Mr. J., I assure you.

Mr. SMITHERS. But I'll tell you what, Mrs. JONES, I'll drive you home in my pony-chaise. There!

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—but are you sure it's very quiet?

Mr. SMITHERS. Quiet as a lamb. I'll trundle you to Coram Street in half an hour.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—thank you—I'm sure.

[Exit Mr. SMITHERS, to order the chaise, and see the pony put to.

[Exit Mrs. SMITHERS, with LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, to put on "her things."

SCENE changes to the road, with Mr. SMITHERS and Mrs. JONES in the pony-chaise. The LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE is harassed with vague terrors, in no way justified by the conduct of the pony.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—there's an omnibus! Oh—he'll be running away. Do hold him tight.

[Tries to grasp the reins, for the purpose of assisting Mr. SMITHERS in holding him tight.

Mr. SMITHERS (testily). Don't—Marion—confound it—don't, or you'll upset us. I tell you he's steady as a rock—chek—chek—

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—I know—but they will shy so. I declare when J. drove me down to Kew, last Sunday fortnight, I was quite ill. He would go so close to the omnibuses and things!

Mr. SMITHERS. When do you expect JONES home?

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—I should have expected him to-day—but he hasn't written. He always writes when on his journeys—I begged him to, and I must say he has been very thoughtful. Oh—what is that white thing by the roadside?

Mr. SMITHERS (gallantly). Well, I'm glad JONES didn't come back to-day, or we shouldn't have had the pleasure of your company.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh, you're very kind, I'm sure. I should have had a very lonely day at home, so I sent the maid out, and thought I'd run down and see Mrs. SMITHERS.

Mr. SMITHERS (humorously). And me, too, Mrs. JONES, eh?

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (playfully). Be quiet, do—you foolish creature! Oh—there's something with lamps! (*During these and other such passages of mingled alarm and badinage, they have reached Coram Street, opposite Mrs. JONES's door.*) Oh, gracious goodness! Oh, dear!

[Mrs. JONES is taken very uncomfortable. Mr. SMITHERS (pulling up short). What's the matter now?

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh, look—there's a light in the parlour. Oh, look—it's going upstairs! Oh—see—it's on the first floor! Oh, there must be thieves in the house—I'm certain there are thieves! Oh, dear me!

Mr. SMITHERS. Pooh, pooh—thieves wouldn't go about with lights in that way. It's the servant come back.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. No, she couldn't get at the candles. They're locked up. She's so wasteful. It's thieves. Oh—hadn't we better go for a policeman? Oh, there's one! Here! [*About to summon A 22.*

Mr. SMITHERS. Stop—stop! Don't make a fool of yourself. Here, policeman. (*A 22 approaches.*) Just stand at the pony's head, will you, a minute—and keep an eye on the door—there.

[Pointing to JONES's.

A 22 (anticipating beer). All right.

[He takes up his position.

Mr. SMITHERS. Now, Mrs. JONES.

[Offers to hand her out.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—I daren't—I never can go in.

Mr. SMITHERS. Come along. Ain't there me, and the Policeman?

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. (*is with difficulty got out of the chaise; they pause at the door.*) Oh—I've the key somewhere. (*Institutes a rigorous but agitated search.*) Oh—no—eh? Oh—I must have forgotten it.

Mr. SMITHERS. The door's on the latch!

[Opens it, and enters, leading in Mrs. JONES.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (*in agony at the discovery*). Oh—I said it was thieves! (*A noise heard within.*) There! They're breaking things open. (*Prepares to faint on the passage-mat.*) I never can go in—no, never!

Mr. SMITHERS (somewhat blank). What nonsense! Where are the lucifers? But if you insist on it, I can ask the policeman to go in first.

[Is going towards the door for the purpose. A light suddenly appears on the first floor landing.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh—they're coming—they're coming. Oh—dear—Police—Police!

[AWFUL APPEARANCE OF Mr. JONES, ON THE LANDING-PLACE! His countenance expresses hunger and irritation. His clothes are dusty and disordered. In his right hand he holds a candlestick, in his left a silver fork much twisted.

Mr. JONES. Don't be a fool, woman! Hold your row, will you? (*To A 22, who has entered at Mrs. JONES's call.*) What the devil do you want?

Mr. SMITHERS. Why, it's JONES! Halloa—JONES, how are you? (*To Policeman.*) It's all right. It's the master of the house.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (makes arrangements for a fit of hysterics on the stairs). Oh—oh—oh—oh! How could you?—oh—oh—why didn't you?—oh—oh—

JONES (fiercely and brutally). Why didn't I?—but I did! Why didn't you, Ma'am? Here's pretty behaviour! But I won't stand it, By Jove, I won't stand it.

[He digs the fork into the dining-room door.

Mr. SMITHERS. Is the man mad? What's the meaning of it all?

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh, dear—oh, dear! Oh—JONES, dear. Oh, what have I done?

JONES. Here's a state of things! I come home after a week's journey—dusty and dirty, and tired. I find no wife—no servant—and no dinner ready—and the keys gone—and I can't find so much as a bit of cold meat! and I've pricked my fingers, and broken two of these infernal albatra forks, trying to

open the sideboard. And then, my wife comes back late at night—with a friend (*sarcastically*), and with a fierce look at Mr. SMITHERS—and calls the police to take me into custody in my own passage! Oh, by Jove, I'll not stand it!

[He repeats his assault on the dining-room door.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (*firing up under the attack*). Well, to be sure! and whose fault is it, I should like to know? Why didn't you write, and say you were coming, and not sneak home in this way, like a bad character?

Mr. SMITHERS (indignantly). I did write. I wrote on Saturday from Birmingham. I posted the letter myself. So it's no use for you to deny it.

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Oh, you base man! Oh—how can you say so? there's been no letter delivered—I believe you're deceiving me—you want to quarrel with your poor wife—you know you do. [*Sobs vehemently.*

Mr. SMITHERS (with a sudden illumination). I know—I know—it's that precious new Post-Office arrangement. It's the Sunday stoppage!

Mr. JONES. So it is—my letter won't be delivered till to-morrow! Oh—my dear MARTHA! (*takes her in his arms*) I'm very sorry I forgot myself—but I've been so uncomfortable!

LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE (with a great gush of emotion). Oh—JONES! That explains everything! Oh—I wonder (*a pause*) if LORD ASHLEY's a married man, and ever goes journeys? I only hope it mayn't come back upon LADY ASHLEY, as it has upon me—that's all!

Mr. JONES. I say, SMITHERS, you'll stop and take a glass of something comfortable? My dear, is there anything to eat in the house? For I came home at five—and it's ten now—and I've had nothing since breakfast, and you can't think how miserable I've been. Now, do see what you can do for us, there's a dear.

[Exit the LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, on household cares intent. SCENE closes.

CHARITY MADE EASY.—Lord John Russell would not accede to Mr. Hume's amendment of eight thousand pounds a-year to the Duke of Cambridge,—the Duke must have twelve thousand pounds, because he was expected to be charitable. Mr. Punch—upon his own responsibility—offers to find any number of individuals who will be twice as charitable as the present Duke upon exactly half the grant. How droll charity may be! You give a Duke a heap of money that he may be benevolent, and then laud him to the skies for this paid philanthropy!

THE EXPENSE OF EQUITY.—Lord Cottenham is about to retire upon five thousand pounds per annum—deserving it, to be sure, as much as an Ex-Chancellor could do! This is the usual superannuation allowance of Lord Chancellors—or Lord High Chancellors, as they are more properly called, for certainly they do run very high.

THINGS FOR A GERMAN TO CALCULATE.

We always thought that an American was the best person to calculate; but it seems that there is in London an extraordinary "Calculating German." We have not yet had the pleasure of hearing this wonderful Deutscher, who, we are told, throws sums and figures about, and catches them as skilfully as Ramo Samee did cannon-balls, but we take the liberty of proposing to him the following simple calculations, to which we shall be too happy to receive the proper answers.

Will he be kind enough to tell us—

When the Great German Empire is likely to be founded, and what city is likely to be the capital of it?

When those facts are ascertained beyond the fraction of a doubt, if he would endeavour to calculate the longest period the said German Empire is likely to last, and, supposing it lasts six months, how far distant that great fact will be from the Millennium of the world?

How often has Austria committed bankruptcy, and what is the sum total of its several bankruptcies, and whether it is capable of paying a kreutzer in the pound?

What is the number of political prisoners in Austria, Prussia, and the little despotic principalities of Germany?

Calculate what good the long-denounced, long-delayed Constitution has done Prussia, and whether it was worth while waiting so very long for so very little?

Calculate the revenue Nassau and Baden-Baden

derive from their own resources, and tell us how many times greater or lesser they are than the revenues they draw from those German "sinks of iniquity," the gaming-tables?

Ascertain, if you can, and tell us the name of the German who does not smoke?

Also ascertain, and pray tell us once for all, "*Was ist das Vaterland?*"—for we have heard it many hundred times, but we never could make out.

**THE FOLLY OF A NIGHT.**—This Sunday-letter-stoppage business has become so absurd, that it is almost wanting in good sense to treat it seriously; so we recommend that some great elocutionist, Mr. Jones, Mr. John Cooper, or Mr. Frederick Webster, be deputed to wait upon the Post-Office, and try to cure it of the ridiculous "impediment in its delivery."

### THE FACE.

The human face is a marvellous book;

And it opens whenever we heed:

Time hath its tale in each wrinkle and nook;

Life hath its legend in every look;

And he that runneth may read.

Our summers are deepening the dimple of mirth,

Our winters the crow's foot of care,

Till years have worn threadbare the velvet of birth,

And left it a lesson of beauty's light worth,

Of promises gone to the air.

The beatings of hearts that are breaking unseen—

The secrets of cloistered thought—

As the hand of the clock tells the working within,

The innermost hours of the breast and the brain

Are known by the furrows without.

How closely these sorrowful miniatures stand,

And preach to the pulses of youth;

For ever around us their voiceless command—

Their mute, inexpressible warnings at hand;

The passionless presence of truth.

—*Critic.*

—*Caprices.*

### MECHANISM OF THE POST-OFFICE.

#### SECOND NOTICE.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—We have stated that the newspapers, as fast as they are either delivered at the windows of the Post-office, or unpacked from the red mail-carts, which shortly after six o'clock begin to arrive, are lifted in white wicker basketsful from the great double sorting hall on the ground floor to that suspended above it. On entering, at about half-past six, these splendid apartments—which, being beautifully lighted by the sunshine of heaven, form a striking contrast to the dark and apparently subterranean, gas-smoking, sorting cavern beneath.

As the baskets in rapid succession rose from below, their contents were emptied by very powerful men upon a large table, in the middle of which, on an enormous heap,—a literary mountain in labour, composed of a celestial and terrestrial conglomerate of *Suns, Stars, Globes, Records, Spectators, Standards, Times, Herald's, Posts, Chronicles, Punches, Bulls, Examiners, Lloyd's News*, &c.—there stood a stout scarlet postman, armed with a long-handled wooden broad hoe (such as is used in the London streets for collecting macadamised mud), with which very dexterously and violently he kept pushing the white mass from the centre to the circumference, which was surrounded by red postmen, who, as quickly as they could fill their arms, carried off the papers (each hugging about seventy) towards the sorting-tables. In doing so, they unavoidably dropped several on the floor; and thus, beneath, above, in the pigeon-holes of all the sorting-tables, as also moving about in all directions, there was to be seen that astonishing creation of English newspapers which, like the rays of the sun, enliven and enlighten every region of the globe. On Friday evenings, the mountain is increased by above half a ton of "*Sunday*" publications, to be delivered in the country on Saturday.

As the processes of sorting are, generally speaking, similar to those of the letters below, we will not weary our readers by detailing them, but will merely observe that, in order to ensure the utmost possible attention to this public work, in which not only the British people, but the whole family of mankind are interested, it is notified on a board hung up in as nearly as possible the middle of the hall, that for every paper mis sent, the man who shall have made the mistake will be fined a penny, which, at the end of the quarter, is divided among his comrades.

All newspapers for foreign countries, as fast as

they are collected, are despatched through a zinc shoot into the "Foreign Department" below.

In arranging the multitudinous mass which remains, one of the most important duties that the sorter has to perform is to detect any fraud on that indulgence of the imperial parliament which liberally allows them to circulate, even to India, postage free. Under the old system of heavy charges on letters, there were innumerable attempts to carry on an illicit correspondence by means of newspapers. One of the most common of these frauds was, commencing at the beginning of the first page, to underdot consecutively with ink, or to undermark, by little holes made with a pin, each letter needful to make up the several words of the fraudulent communication.

Letters, and enclosures even of plum-cake, are still very commonly concealed within newspapers; but by very ingenious means, which it would not be proper for us to reveal, they are usually detected, and, wherever it is possible, punished. The present Postmaster-General is also making very strenuous exertions to suppress a species of petty larceny by which a few "household words," which many of the writers no doubt consider as perfectly innocent, are inscribed, sometimes openly on the envelope, and sometimes confidentially within. The following are a sample of the punishments which have been inflicted—

FOR WRITING ON THE ENVELOPE.		FOR MERELY WRITING IN THE INSIDE.	
Postage charged by weight.		Postage charged by weight.	
	s. d.		s. d.
With speed .....	1 2	From John [not Lord John] .....	1 0
Send soon .....	1 0	My love to Jersey ...	1 2
To be punctually forwarded .....	1 4	My sweetest .....	1 4
With my compliments .....	1 2	All's well .....	1 0
It is requested that this paper be delivered without delay, otherwise a complaint will be made to head-quarters .....	1 0	Do come .....	1 2
Postman, you be honest and true .....	1 2	One o'clock on the 10th .....	0 10
		No news yet .....	1 0
		Mrs. B. is suckling .....	1 4

Of what strange and minute materials is the enormous revenue of the British empire composed! At seven minutes before a quarter to eight the newspapers, which throughout the upper halls have by this time been all sorted, are, almost simultaneously, according to their destinations, packed into leathern bags, a few of which are tied, sealed, and then dropped through a wooden shoot to be conveyed at once to the termini of the several railway stations; the remainder are also put into bags, which, without being closed, are, at a quarter to eight precisely, lowered in charge of scarlet postmen, via the machine, into the great sorting halls beneath. As fast as they arrive there, the letters belonging to each sack (the letter carrier holds it open while the sorter fills it) are super-packed in strata above the newspapers, until by about three minutes to eight the bags are not only all sealed, but are to be seen, eight or ten in a lump, on the shoulders of postmen, who, appearing almost as if they would break down from the loads they were standing under, completely block up, like ladies waiting for their carriages, the passages which lead to the main exeunt-door. As soon, however, as the clock, which has been attentively watching the operations, benevolently strikes eight, the president's authoritative voice is heard from his elevated desk to utter very distinctly the monosyllable "Go!" on which the door flies open, the mass of white and brown bags, of scarlet cloth, red faces, and horizontal backs, moves on, and in a very few minutes the great sorting halls above as well as below are all empty! The night-scene outside of stuffing the bags into accelerators, often leaving therein merely room enough for the guard, is very soon concluded, and thus by a very few minutes after eight, the last sharp exclamation of "All right! drive on!" having already died away, the whole of the letters and newspapers from the Inland Department of the London Post-office are in various directions rumbling through the streets towards their respective destinations.

### THE MONEY-ORDER OFFICE.

AMONG the list of social advantages which Mr. Rowland Hill's penny postage system has conferred upon the community, may be enumerated the extension and increased facility it has afforded to the transmission of money-orders, an arrangement which,

from its original establishment in September, 1838 (when it was composed of three clerks), has now grown into a vast banking system, identical in dimensions with the United Kingdom, by which, at a very trifling charge, and with almost perfect safety, any small sum can by any person be transmitted from and to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Guernsey, or Jersey. The number of postmasters and receivers authorised to issue and pay money in this manner amounts to 14,487, forming altogether a series of branch banks, ready at any hour of the day to communicate with each other, or with the London office, for the accommodation of the public. The growth and practical utility of this department of the post-office may be sufficiently shown as follows:—

In the quarter ending April 5, 1839, the total amount of orders issued in England and Wales was .....	£49,496 5 8
In the quarter ending Jan. 5, 1850, they amounted to .....	£1,830,907 17 5

The number of ledgers used at one time in 1838 was four, of 330 folios of sixty-one lines each. In 1847 it was eighty-one, of 550 folios of sixty lines each. Since 1847, by a simplification of accounts, these ledgers have been nearly got rid of. The amount paid at the money-order windows of the London office alone, on the 21st of January, 1850, was four thousand eight hundred and nine pounds, three shillings, and ninepence. Average payment of the last month about three thousand five hundred pounds per day. The money-orders issued in London alone have increased as follows:—

For the quarter ending 5th April, 1839 ...	£7,160 19 4
Do. do. 5th January, 1850 ...	£263,386 9 4

Finally, it may be observed, that if the present cost of the money-order office were to be deducted from the gross amount of poundages lately received for money-orders issued throughout the United Kingdom, there would remain a small profit or revenue.

The enormous business transacted in this branch of the post-office may be faintly exemplified by the fact that every morning's post usually brings to the chief office in London (in which there are employed 178 clerks) no less than 12,000 advices, amounting to nearly four millions a year! The present postmaster-general lately determined to reduce the dimensions of these advices from a semi-sheet of foolscap to about half that size, by which act of apparent insignificant economy a saving of no less than one thousand one hundred pounds a year has been effected, although the government is supplied with paper at a notoriously cheap rate. By another alteration, which his lordship has lately effected in the form of the correspondence of the money-order department, the number of packets transmitted on that service to the inland London office, has been reduced about 45,000 a week, and of course the expense and trouble of receiving, of conveying, and of sorting these letters on their arrival at the London inland office, have also been saved. The latter effect, however, although included in the estimated results, was subsequently overlooked; and accordingly, shortly after the alteration had been effected, it was observed with no little alarm that there was an apparent decrease in the correspondence of the country with London! The cause of this sickness for a short time remained an inexplicable mystery, until on a scrutinising analysis it was suddenly discovered that the deficiency was not only created by, but nearly tallied with, the reduction of letters from the provincial postmasters to the London money office, as created by the alteration we have described.

In consequence of these as well as other reductions, and the adoption of a more simple system of accounts, the services of about one-fourth of the clerks of the money office have lately been dispensed with, and a saving of about eleven thousand pounds a year effected.

### THE MEDALS FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The prizes for the best designs have been awarded as follows:—Mons. Hippolyte Bonnardel, of Paris; Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, of London; Mr. G. G. Adams, of London; Mr. John Hancock, of London; Mons. L. Weiner, of Brussels; Mons. Gayard, of Paris. The first three will consequently receive one hundred pounds each, and their designs be adopted; the last three fifty pounds each for the next best designs, not accepted.

**ODD MISPRINT.**—In the report of the Agricultural Society's prizes in the *Times*, there is an award to "*Bulls carved* previous to the 1st of January, 1848."

## A SNAIL FEAST.

THE chemical philosophers, Dr. Black, and Dr. Hutton, were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of matter and manner. The geologist was the very reverse of this: his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? They are well known to be nutritious and wholesome, even sanative in some cases. The epicures of olden times enumerated among the richest and raciest delicacies the snails which were fed in the marble quarries of Lucca: the Italians still hold them in esteem: in short, it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers; who had either invited no guest to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de resistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them: but philosophers are but men, after all; and the stomachs of both the doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other: so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black at length, 'showed the white feather,' but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. "Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor,—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?" "D—d green, d—d green, indeed,—tak' them awa', tak' them awa'," vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. And so ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine*; and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea than honour can set a broken limb.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Chancery Student's Guide.* By TERENTIUS CARRIGHAN, Solicitor. Wildy and Sons.

This is certainly one of the most daring flirtations with the Muses that we ever heard of. Listen to the author—

"Of Bills and Answers, and of fees,  
Demurrers filed, and also Pleas,  
Of Issue join'd and Evidence,  
Of Scandal and Impertinence,  
Of Notices and Motions made,  
Of Costs and Charges, tax'd and paid,  
Injunctions and Contempts of Court,  
Of orders to confirm Report,  
Of Bills confess'd, Revivor Suit,  
Decrees and Orders absolute,  
Of orders made on long Petitions,  
Exceptions follow'd by Submissions,  
Of Country causes and of Town,  
Of Registrars in Wig and Gown,  
Of Infants lacking friends to right 'em,  
Of Guardians in the Suit ad litem,  
Of causes heard and then appeal'd,  
Of Fi. Fa. Writs and others seal'd,  
Of Chancellor's and other Courts,  
Where Judges do review Reports,  
Of strife and litigation dire  
In lower Courts and those up higher,  
*I sing.*"

Heaven help us! He then apostrophizes Apollo, the God of Music, in a mistake for Mercury, the God of Thieves, now residing, we believe, in Thavies' (the philology also corrupted) Inn, Holborn, and tells how writs are gotten and served, and what time is allowed for answer. Thus,—

"Six weeks he hath, believe my rhyme;  
But should he wish a further space,  
And Master ask with brazen face,  
He'll give him surely three weeks more,  
Or e'en a month, if him he bore."

Masters have ever been reckoned about the big-

gest bores in civilisation. Next follows an "Attachment," quite different from a love affair, and more lasting than the generality of the affectionate *liaisons*; and after much fencing and many delays on either side,—

"Would the Plaintiff, (ill at ease,  
From out Defendant's conscience squeeze  
A FURTHER ANSWER; then he must  
Subpoena serve, as at the first."

And so they begin again, *de novo*. And,—

"Should IMPERTINENCE OF SCANDAL  
Contained in Answer give a handle,  
The Plaintiff may Exceptions file  
Against the pleading found so vile;  
But reference then he must obtain  
Within six days, or he's to blame—  
Report of Master too in space  
Of fourteen days he must embrace."

And,—

"Now should it be the Plaintiff's will  
To SERVE Defendants with COPY BILL,  
Within twelve weeks it must be done  
From filing Bill, on every one—  
Defendant then may freely choose  
T'appear, or, if he likes, refuse."

If he happens to be a Lunatic, which seems probable from his falling into such an insane course of life and law, he must have a Guardian appointed; and then follows another series of orders and proceedings too tedious for us to recapitulate, but ending someway as follows:—

"Should Plaintiff no commission crave,  
Or not in time his bacon save,  
Defendant may to Master go  
And have the Writ, and 's Costs also."

But even now the whole case may be revived, and the whole battle be fought over again; for after twenty farther turns and doublings,—

"A new DECREE (the second one,  
Deciding who hath lost or won.  
The Costs and Charges of the Suit  
It now disposeth of to boot;  
On nature of the Suit it hangs,  
Whether it's out of Master's hands,  
For Court (indeed it's often true)  
May want another Report or two.  
Should such turn out to be the case,  
Another Decree the Suit may grace.—  
And now, the subject being dry,"

Like the unhappy clients purse, there is an end of it

A NIGHT WATCH IN AFRICA.—I took up my position for the night, which was mild and lovely, with good moonlight. After watching several hours I fell asleep. About midnight, my light sleep was disturbed by the tramp of approaching wild animals. I peeped from my hole, and saw a herd of about twenty shaggy blue wildebeests, or brindled gnoss, cautiously advancing to the water. They were preceded by a patriarchal old bull, the finest in the herd. I fired at him, and heard the ball tell upon his shoulder, upon which he and the whole troop galloped off in a northerly direction, enveloped in a cloud of red dust. Being thirsty, I then walked up to the eye of the fountain, and having imbibed a draught of its sulphurous waters, in a very few minutes I was once more asleep. On the 23rd, I stood up in my hole at dawn of day, and having donned my old gray kilt and Badenoch brogues, I took up the spoor of the herd of brindled gnoss. After I had proceeded a short distance, I perceived the head of the old bull looking at me over a small rise on the bushy plain. The head disappeared, and I heard a loud noise of tramping, as of an animal endeavouring to gallop upon three legs. On gaining this rise, I again saw the handsome head, with its strangely-hooked, fair-set horns, gazing at me from the long grass some hundred yards in advance. He had lain down. I held as though I intended to go past him; but before I neared him he sprang to his feet, and endeavoured to make off from me. Poor old bull! I at once perceived that it was all over with him. He was very faint from loss of blood, and one foreleg was broken in the shoulder. He made a tottering run of about a hundred yards, and again lay down, never more to rise. I walked up to within eighty yards of him, and sent a bullet through his heart. Receiving the ball, he rolled over on his side, and expired without a groan.—*Cumming of Altyre.*

## DISCIPLINE FOR INSANE DESIGNS OR ATTEMPTS.—

"The young man Walker, who avowed his determination to assassinate the President of the Republic, and who is now in the Hospital of the Bicêtre, is subjected to the discipline exercised in similar cases of derangement. A large quantity of cold water is every morning let fall, by way of *douche*, on his head. The volume of water weighs very heavily. This is a treatment Walker had by no means calculated upon, and it is of all others that which is most disagreeable to him. He expresses the utmost repugnance to the *douche*, which, perhaps, before long will completely wash away the monomania that affects him."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

LUCILLE would be much obliged if the Editor would favour her with his advice as to whether she ought to marry a widower of forty years of age, or not. Lucille is twenty-two exactly, and the widower is certainly a gentleman, and one of the quietest, mild-spoken men she ever met with. He is well-to-do—and has but one child by his former wife. Lucille is afraid people will laugh at her and turn her to ridicule, should she marry him, and yet she feels that he is every way worthy. She will take the Editor's advice.—Marry the widower, Lucille, and let the people laugh. You can laugh who win. We think, from your description of the gentleman, that it will be a very eligible match for you, indeed. Do not hesitate about it, but marry him at once, if he urge you to the step.

A LOVER OF SPORT.—A Lover of Sport cannot likewise be a reader of our MISCELLANY, or he would never have written to us in the style he has. Sorry, indeed, should we be, to see the morals and the feelings of the people of this country subjected to the excitements of foreign cruelties called sport. Things are done in England already, under that name, bad enough. Read the following from the "Daily News."—"Madrid. The last bull-fight here was extremely fertile in incidents. Besides the ordinary number of horses killed, and picadores bruised, a municipal guard was gored to death, and a celebrated bull-fighter, named the Habanero, had his skull cleft. The municipal guard was on duty outside the barrier, when a bull, one of the famous breed belonging to the Duke of Veraagua (the lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus) rushed against the barrier, broke it down, and tossed the unfortunate soldier into the air twice, each time goring him in a manner that would have let out twenty lives, if he had had them. The Habanero is one of the picadores. The horse that he mounted was raised from the earth with him upon it, by the same bull, and thrown against the barrier with fearful violence. These two mishaps caused a momentary thrill throughout the dense mass of spectators; but another picadore came galloping into the arena, and another municipal guard took charge of the post that his gored comrade had occupied, and the games went on, and the mad approbative yelling of the crowd at a good lance-thrust of the picadores, or a sword-stroke given according to the best rules of tauromachy by the matador, went on, as if every one was perfectly oblivious that a few moments before two of their fellow-creatures had been sacrificed."—We do not ourselves think this is quite so bad as cursing; and if we felt inclined to say little about any one species of sport over another, it would be that in which there was most personal peril. Cowardice and cruelty together are truly abominable.

A CITIZEN.—We cannot agree with you in your lamentations over the proposed destruction of old Westminster Bridge. It is exactly one hundred years since Westminster Bridge was opened. It occupied twelve years in building, and cost two hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred pounds, with one hundred and seventy thousand, seven hundred pounds additional expended on approaches. It is pretty generally known that the bottom courses of the piers of this bridge were laid or built upon floating chests, or caissons, which, when loaded, were sunk into the bed of the river. These caissons form the sole foundation for the superincumbent masonry which is unsustained by underpinning, or any other support than that of the shifting sand or gravel upon which it rests. The defects and dangers of this mode of building were discovered even prior to the opening of the bridge. "In the months of May and June, 1747, the western pier was perceived to settle very gently at first, but so much faster towards the end of July, that it was thought absolutely necessary to take off the balustrades, paving, and part of the ballast that lay over the said pier and the two arches adjoining. By the continuation of the settling, these arches lost their regular semicircular figure; considerable openings in the joints showed the arches to be in danger, and some of the stones both in the fronts and soffits were split and broken—one of them actually fell out, and another was taken out to prevent its falling." Such was the report of the architect, M. Charles Labeley; and thus we see that even before the bridge was finished, it became necessary to rebuild two of its arches. Such a state of things was sure to get worse, and now, it appears, that the bridge is positively on its last—arches. Should it fall some odd day, with all its traffic, it will abridge our correspondent's affection for it, we should think.

**A READER.**—The plant you mean is the Jessamine. It is very hardy, and will require but little attention. It has always been a favourite climber, and has specially been appealed to by the poets. The subject is a favourite one with Spanish authors.—

## THE JESSAMINE.

[From the Spanish of Gongora.]

From my summer alcove, which the stars this morn  
With lucid pearls o'erspread,  
I have gathered these Jessamines, thus to adorn  
With a wreath thy graceful head.

Their blossoms a host of bees, alarmed,  
Watched over on jealous wing;  
Hoarse trumpeters seemed they all, and armed  
Each bee with a diamond sting:  
I tore them away, but each flower I tore  
Has cost me a wound which smarteth sore.

Now as I these Jessamine flowers entwine,  
A gift for thy vagrant hair,  
I must have, from those honey-sweet lips of thine,  
A kiss for each sting I bear:  
It is just that the blooms I bring thee home  
Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.

**LOYALO.**—We beg to decline the proffered communications, without at all doubting the ability of their author, or his bona fides in making the proposal.

**AN ADMIRER.**—Shakspeare's precise age at his death is still an unsettled point. If our correspondent has any proof upon the subject, it shall meet with immediate attention.

**A YOUNG LADY** sends us some verses, which she "fears are very immature," but she requests that we will, "with our practised pen, make them fit for publication." We beg to decline—our practised pen has quite enough to do. The verses are, as our fair correspondent intimates, very immature, indeed.

**VALE.**—We cannot assist you. How could you for one moment suppose we could?

**R. R.**—Declined with thanks. The letter is neatly written, both as to style and penmanship.

**A CHURCHMAN.**—Nothing could be very well more at variance with the plan of our publication, than to print your essay. With respect to the specific question with which you conclude your letter: Eucherius, or Evortius, was Bishop of Orleans, and present at the council of Valentin, A.D. 375. The circumstances of his election to this see were considered as miraculous, and principally ascribed to a dove, which alighted upon his head in consequence of the prayers of the electors. At least, so says the legend upon the subject.

**A WITLING.**—Some of the puns sent to us are not new—we do not mean to say that they may not be quite original with our correspondent. We agree with A Witling that punning is a species of wit foolishly abused. Sydney Smith joined the outcry against punning, and yet made some good ones. He says: "Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarch*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was making game of the patriarchs." Dr. Johnson, too, notwithstanding he said that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, never scrupled to seize upon one when it came in his ponderous way.

**MISS AT BATH** begs to request that the Editor would be good enough in his own way to take some notice of how she is treated by her mamma. Miss at Bath is just seventeen, and looks a year older; but, as her mamma, who is thirty-nine, is very fond of admiration, she makes a point of keeping Miss in the back-ground as much as possible, for fear it should be thought that she has a daughter so old. The many paltry pretences—the intriguing—the petty shifts and tricks to which the mamma has recourse to engross the attention of the men wherever she goes, are really terrible to think of, and Miss feels that until some great change comes over the feelings and habits of mamma, any prospects of her getting happily married are out of the question.—What can we do further than publish your communication? It is truly a pitiable and a degrading sight to see a woman who is the mother of children, and who has reached an age that should be far past the follies and frivolities of youth, a prey to the grossest personal vanity; but nothing is more common, we regret to say, than such cases. We cannot do or say more.

**A. V.**—Certainly, there will be a Title and Index published with No. 52 of the MISCELLANY.

**LUCY.**—We decline inserting the communication.  
**ADOLPHUS.**—If you apply to Mr. Sharwood of Aldersgate Street, you will get all the information you require upon the subject of your note.

**S. S. S.**—The subject of the Sonnet is so hacknied, that, apart from other considerations, we beg to decline it with thanks.

**A TALE OF REAL LIFE.**—Declined with thanks. We have really, no space for Tales. Our regular writers fill up ten pages of the MISCELLANY weekly, and we have only the remaining six to devote to miscellaneous matter.

**P. P.**—We do not wish the accompanying Number of our work to go to press without acknowledging the receipt of your communication, but we have not yet had time to do more than glance at the verses—next week we will give an opinion.

**A FAMILY OUT OF TOWN.**—We shall be happy to afford you every assistance in our power in your country occupations. With respect to your present inquiry: Malt is grain, commonly barley, which by artificial germination, carried on up to a certain point, has its starch converted into sugar, and thus becomes not only sweet but more soluble in water. The barley is first steeped in cold water, during not less than forty hours, (as regulated by the law) and thus imbibes moisture and increases in bulk. It emits at the same time carbonic acid, and loses some portion of its substance, which dissolves in the steep-water. The average increase of bulk is about five per cent., and the average increase of weight forty-seven per cent. When the grain has been sufficiently steeped, the water is drained off, and the barley is thrown out upon the malt floors, where it is formed into a heap called the couch, and begins gradually to absorb oxygen from the air, and convert it into carbonic acid. The temperature, which is at first the same as that of the surrounding atmosphere, begins then slowly to increase, and would soon be excessive for the repeated turnings given to the bulk of the grain, and the gradual lessening of the depth of the layer. In about ninety-six hours the grain is generally ten degrees hotter than the surrounding atmosphere, and although it had previously become dry, is again quite moist, and emits an agreeable apple-like odour. This is called Sweating. Under these favourable influences germination rapidly advances, and the roots begin to appear like a small white prominence at the base of each seed, which presently divides into three rootlets, that push forth in the vain search for food for the plant that is never to grow. The very absence of food in their immediate neighbourhood seems to make them extend only the faster and the further in the hope to reach some resting-place. About a day after the appearance of the roots, the rudiment of the future stem, called *acrospire* by the maltsters, may be seen to lengthen gradually from the same end as the root, along the husk towards the opposite end, but there the maltster steps in, his object being now accomplished; the glutinous and mucilaginous matter of the grain is taken up and removed, the colour has become white, the texture so loose that it crumbles to powder between the fingers. So the maltster arrests the progress of both roots and stem, by drying the grain upon a kiln at a temperature commencing at ninety degrees, but which is raised gradually to one hundred and forty degrees or so. The rootlets are then cleared from the grain, and the malt is ready for use. The weight of malt is now lessened by about eight per cent from the original weight of barley. Four different kinds of malt are used; the pale, prepared as already described; the amber, a little darker coloured, having, in the brewer's words, more fire in it; the brown, or blown, which is subjected to a still higher temperature in order chiefly to impart flavour, but which thus becomes less fermentable; and the roasted, black, or patent malt, which is only useful to give colouring matter to porter, and which is obtained by the exposure of the grain to a temperature that almost entirely destroys its saccharine quality. Such is the process the barley undergoes in passing from the harvest-field where it grows, through the malt-kiln, to the brewery where it is used.

**A HYPOCHONDRIAC** wishes to know whether we subscribe to the opinion that all persons are at times a little mad. It is a subject upon which we have not arrived at an opinion, and probably never shall. The field of inquiry is curious, but not very inviting. Sydney Smith, writing upon a kindred subject, says, "quality enough." There are some persons quite rational in their perceptions, who are considered as deranged only from a morbid association of ideas; as in the instance of the patient mentioned in Mr. Haslam's book, who persevered in a vegetable diet because, he said, roast and boiled meat felt the most exquisite pain while any person was devouring them." Such a person might be sane enough upon other points, notwithstanding the possession of such an extraordinary crotchety.

**ANNETTA** A. is quite in a predicament: she had a beau, with whom she was for nearly two years on a very good terms, corresponding frequently; but circumstances occurred to induce her to transfer her affections to another, and about a month ago that other made to her a proposal of marriage, which Annetta A. duly accepted, and she did not think that anything was likely to occur to mar the felicity of her destiny; but only a week ago, her accepted husband made his appearance before her with three of her letters that she had more than two years before sent to the discarded beau. That individual, upon hearing of the marriage, had posted them to the intended husband. Of course, there was quite a scene, and Annetta has been very unwell ever since. She does not know that the marriage is absolutely broken off, but it is jeopardised. What would the Editor advise?—Letters against Oh young ladies, permit us once more, as a true friend to you and your happiness, to warn you against letter-writing. We fear, Annetta, that you can do nothing. The gentleman must just be left to take his own course. He ought not to break off the marriage upon such a ground; but some fastidious men would do so.

**NIOBE.**—We will consider the matter, and, if possible, let you know the result in our next publication.

**QUERY.**—Ponvoir is the French verb To be able.

**A YOUNG AUTHOR.**—We beg to refer our correspondent to the notice heading our Correspondence column. It is a statement that we feel ourselves, in self-defence, forced rigidly to adhere to.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—Sir Thomas Wilde, the new Chancellor, married a daughter of the Duke of Sussex. We do not know how far his *quæsti* royal connexion helped him up the ladder of fame. He was an attorney,

and he and his business parted company; but whether he left his practice, or his practice left him, we do not feel inclined even to speculate upon. He is what he is.

**A YOUNG LADY.**—The crest is *Toujours pret*, and means "always ready." Ready for what we don't know, but suppose, as the family is an old Norman one, ready for hard knocks.

**A STUDENT.**—We have before had occasion to warn our readers against puffing professors of the French language. The well advertised book, entitled "Le Tresor de l'Ecolier; or, the Art of Making French at Sight," by Mons. F. De Porquet, is of no possible use to A Student. It is a delusion to suppose that French can be taught by any trick of teaching. You must fag hard at the language grammatically, and then, in about two years, you may find out something about it.

**Lines to the Hot Weather.**—We feel compelled to say "Declined with thanks," notwithstanding it is a phrase that our correspondent by no means likes. His lines are defective in mechanical construction. How frequent a fault, for which we are compelled to decline many an otherwise clever contribution.

**OGG.**—The publication you mention as having inserted your effusion is anything but a recommendation to you. We would advise you to do your utmost to suppress that fact, or it will militate very much against your literary efforts to have been in such queer company.

**PAT.**—We do not agree with our correspondent respecting the qualities of the potato. Its nutritious powers are very small, and with the majority of persons, unless of the first quality, it is not digestible, and should be eaten with extreme caution. It was unknown to the ancients, and was found by Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia, and by him imported to the British Isles. By some curious and inexplicable accident, whilst the other sorts thrive in Europe, Asia, and Africa, under the name of Batata, from which our name potato is derived, this their near relation was propagated in an unknown part of the globe. Queen Elizabeth had some of them upon her table at the very moment when she received the intelligence that the Spanish Armada was destroyed. How rare and delicate they were esteemed at that time, may be inferred from Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act 5, Scene 5), where Falstaff says, "Let the sky rain potatoes and hail kissing-comfits." They were first eagerly cultivated in Ireland; and though they spread from thence over the whole of the continent, it seems probable enough now, though, that a great blow and discouragement is given to the growth and the use of the plant. What are called new potatoes are positively indigestible and injurious, producing many complaints.

**A YOUNG LADY** made a promise to her mamma upon her death-bed that she would not marry until she had attained her twenty-fifth year. A Young Lady is now twenty-one, and she is acquainted with a gentleman who is in every respect perfectly eligible, and who has made her an offer of marriage, which she, and he likewise, thinks it a hard case for her to refuse. What would the Editor advise?—We advise the young lady to marry at once. Nothing can very well be more full of prospective mischief than these bedside exactions upon the part of people who are leaving the world to those who are remaining in it, and whose peculiar circumstances it is impossible they can foresee. We wonder how any one can be so weak as to pledge themselves to any dying person in such a way; but we can imagine that the feelings are strongly acted upon to the detriment of the judgment. If such promises are ever made, they should be considered as merely words uttered to soothe the caprices of an invalid, and of no real account in the business of life. Marry, then, at once, if you please, and never mind the promise.

**A YOUNG GENTLEMAN** writes to ask us if we think there would be any impropriety in his asking his county member to procure for him a snug place in the Customs, as he is really in want of it, and don't see how he can get married without.—Ask, if you think proper, and you will receive, very properly, a polite refusal. We have been requested to insert the following letter from an M.P., and we advise you to read it attentively, as it rather meets your case:—"Sir,—I happen to be a member of Parliament, representing a district containing about five thousand electors. They are men of very liberal politics, and desire me to remain wholly independent of any Government. This I endeavour to do; but hardly a day passes without the postman leaving at my door letters from these electors, asking me to get them places under Government. If I tell them I must not compromise my own independence by asking favours of the Minister, they say within themselves (for the thought is made very apparent) 'What is the use of a member if he does not get us places?' If I send a civil reply in the negative from that unfortunate being, the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, they protest I have not done my best. Will you, Sir, by letting this letter appear, show the folly of the cry of 'Independence' under such actions? There is another evil we M.P.'s have to complain of; persons are constantly sending us newspapers. We look for something of importance, and find nothing, throw the paper away, and then perhaps receive a letter informing us that our attention has been drawn to a particular subject which appeared in a paper of — date. If persons sending papers would make a very intelligible mark against the passages they wish read, it would save much trouble to Peers and members of Parliament."

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant, M.P."

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY

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[THE HOUSEBREAKER RECOGNISES COUSIN CECIL AS HIS WIFE.]

## COUSIN CECIL; OR, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### COUSIN CECIL MAKES RATHER A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

"Now," said Cousin Cecil, as she reached the greenhouse, in the wall of which was the secret door. "Now for a consideration of the best and most natural-looking mode of bringing that man within the grasp of the law for his crimes. When he is dead, I breathe again, but not before."

By that time, the inhabitants of Larchins were beginning to be upon the stir for the events of a new day; and as Cousin Cecil paused in the greenhouse, she heard the footsteps of one of the servants in the garden.

As quick as thought, she now opened the secret door behind the statue, and crept up the little staircase to the Strangers' Room. It was no part of her policy upon that occasion to permit herself to be seen. In almost a breathless condition, from the haste she had made, she reached her own room.

To sink into a chair, and to rest her head upon her hands in deep thought, and then to remain as still as death for more than half an hour, was the proceeding of Cousin Cecil.

Who can say what strange thoughts chased each other through her brain during that period? There were moments when she could hardly, no

doubt, believe that the events of that night could possibly be real, they were so astounding in their strangeness and importance.

She had married the Vicar—she had suddenly been brought face to face with her former husband—she had suborned a murderer—and Migsley was now a corpse in the old gravel-pit.

No wonder that Cousin Cecil looked up with startled eyes, and shook just a little, as she gazed around her, even upon the familiar objects in her chamber.

And now, while that busy brain is scheming for the future—while the murderer is hiding by the skirt of the little plantation close at hand—while the moist finger of decay is touching the corpse of the murdered man in the pool at the bottom of the gravel-pit, and while Lionel and his fair sister are all-unconscious of the frightful events of the night, we may take this opportunity of giving to the reader a few sentences of explanation, which will make the conduct and position of Cousin Cecil much more plain to his apprehension, and enable a much clearer judgment concerning the extraordinary subsequent events to the murder, to be arrived at.

Miss Cecil, then, was the illegitimate daughter of the late Colonel Danvers's brother, Mr. John Danvers. This John Danvers had led an extremely dissolute life, and associated himself with a female of the most abandoned character. Cousin Cecil was his only child.

By one of those chance accidents, that shower fortune into the laps of the undeserving so frequently, a large property was left to this John Danvers, just a little before he died. Whether or not, upon the accession of such wealth, he meant to provide for his daughter and her mother, it is hard to say, but it was reported that during his last hours,

he had torn up an elaborately prepared will, and died intestate.

Of course, Colonel Danvers became heir-at-law to the property of his brother; and as he had been for the greater part of his life abroad, he knew but little of the real character of the female who bore his brother's name without the right to do so. This female commenced a violent series of litigations concerning the property, in which she was defeated; and on the very day that she felt she had no claim of contesting the succession with the Colonel, she died from the violence of her passions.

It was then that Cousin Cecil assumed the name of her mother, and made her appearance very humbly before the Colonel, and won largely, by the hypocritical arts that she was such a proficient in, upon his good graces. He, at once, without making any inquiry as to her previous career, allowed her a handsome income, and she was known in the family as Cousin Cecil.

If the Colonel had been very curious about her former career, he would have had but little difficulty in discovering that it was a most abandoned one, and that she had contracted a marriage with a man named Williams, who had been transported for his offences. Upon the death of the Colonel's wife, Cousin Cecil had insinuated herself into Larchins, and there she had remained with such sinister notions as one might expect from a person of her temper and genius.

In order to prevent, as far as lay in her power, the possibility of any encounter with Williams, she had industriously given out that she was dead, in quarters where she knew the news would be likely to reach him, if ever he did return to England. That he did so return, and heard that news,

was true, from his own confession made to the deserter.

But it will be recollected that Williams had likewise hit upon the same plan as his wife, and had reported his own death; so that when he returned to England, changing his name to Migsley, she could have no notice of his arrival, and they might have lived and died in ignorance of the fact of each other's continued existence, but for the series of accidents that brought Migsley to Larchins upon that eventful night.

The appearance of Migsley in the land of the living was fraught with absolute ruin to Cousin Cecil. It at once, should such a fact become known, crushed, as by a blow from the hand of destiny, all her schemes. Her marriage with the Vicar became a crime. The bequest of the Colonel of his property would be a nullity, as left to a person who had no existence; for there was no Miss Cecil in the case, and it would have been hard to convince the legal authorities that the late Colonel meant Mrs. Williams.

Ruin, disgrace, and despair, were in the whole affair to her, and she had seen no mode of escape, but by the desperate means that she had hit upon with the aid of the deserter.

It was the destruction of the instrument of her vengeance and policy, that she now aimed at. How to accomplish that object, without danger to herself, was the subject of her thoughts; for she had about as much real idea of giving the deserter a thousand pounds as of making him a present of the fee simple of Larchins, when she should be fully in possession of it.

Clearing from her mind, then, all other considerations, she bent all her energies to that one subject; and then she rose and paced her room, and thought deeply upon it in all its phases.

The idea that it would have been the best and the safest thing for her to have taken the life of the deserter, when she met with him at the mouth of the gravel-pit, was one that was sure naturally to occur to her, and yet Cousin Cecil shrank at that, somehow.

"I ought to have done it," she said. "It was the only obviously politic course open to me, and yet I did not. Oh, if I could only trust Anson so far as to place in his hands the destruction of that lad, all would be well; but I dare not give him such a future power over me, as the recollection of the confidence would be sure to give him—No!—no! I must keep all this from his knowledge. I dare not trust him."

She thought that she heard footsteps in the corridor outside the door, and she opened it a little way to listen. Lionel was passing along to gain the great staircase. He seemed to have been in his sister's room; but he didn't observe Cousin Cecil, and walked on, looking rather anxious and sad, she thought.

Cousin Cecil closed her door again, and resumed her march to and fro in her room. She consulted her watch, and found that it was now but a quarter to eight o'clock.

"Something must be done," she said. "Something must be done immediately, or all will be lost! What can I think of—nothing but his death, and by my own hand, too? And yet, that is what I most shrink from. If I could only decoy him to the verge of the gravel-pit, and then, with one thrust, plunge him to the bottom of it, he might die."

She flung herself into a chair, and shut out external objects by covering her eyes with both of her hands, and then suddenly springing to her feet, she cried—

"Poison!"

The utterance of that one word of awful significance, as it was, seemed sufficient to germinate in the mind of that bold, bad, woman, a host of ideas that thronged her imagination to such an extent that she found it impossible to give utterance to any one of them for several minutes. Then, again as she dropped into the chair, she said—

"Poison!"

This time she spoke in a low tone of voice, not much above a mere whisper, for she dreaded that even the surrounding air should be privy to the dark and terrible design that the difficulties of her position had marked out for her. It was, then, again some few minutes before she spoke; but her brain was clearing, and she was getting better able to comprehend the suggestion that had at first startled her guilty soul.

"Yes," she said, "what more easy than to poison him? I have the means here in my very chamber. Such men as he are ever ready to drink; and after

the deed he has done, he will court the ease that angel spirits will give, or seem to give, to his conscience. I will poison him!"

She glanced round with an aspect of fear, as she dreaded that she was really not alone; but the stillness of her chamber re-assured her, and she spoke again.

"I will go to him," she said, "with words of sympathy upon my tongue, and tempting liquor in a flask, into which I shall have infused the deadly drops that are such a foe to life, that the moment he takes them, he is no more? It is almost a charity so to put him out of the struggling world. Oh, yes, I will poison him, and then how safe shall I be! Williams dead, and the instrument by which I compassed his destruction, destroyed! Oh, yes, I shall then feel more at ease than I have done for many a day."

Cousin Cecil, no doubt, meant to insinuate that, notwithstanding the report that she, in common with others, had heard that Williams, alias Migsley, was dead, she had had in the recesses of her own mind a trembling doubt upon that subject, which it would be a great relief to set at rest.

Why, or wherefore, Cousin Cecil had poison in her chamber, must remain a mystery. In what dark phase of her chequered conscience she had thought it might be useful to her, we shall probably see, as we proceed; but suffice it for the present that she had possession of such a subtle drug as she mentioned.

Each moment, now, the desire to carry out the awfully diabolical suggestion of her criminal imagination grew stronger, and she set about the preparation of the means by which she was to do it.

From a full bottle of ardent spirits, that she always kept in her chamber for her own use, she nearly filled a small flask, which was defended by a case of wicker-work. Then from a small phial that she took from a secret drawer in her writing-desk, she, with her face averted from its very fumes, dropped a few drops of colourless liquid into the brandy.

To replace the stopper in the little phial, and tie it down again carefully, and restore it to the secret drawer from where she had taken it, was the work of a few moments, and then she drew a long breath.

"It is done!" she said, as she corked the flask, and gave its contents a shake. "It is done, and the deadly drops have now impregnated the contents of the flask. But a weak draught of it will do the work of death. It is done—it is done!"

With great care she tied down the cork of the flask, and then hiding it in the breast of her apparel, she prepared to seek the man whom she wished to make her secret victim, within the short space of four-and-twenty hours.

It was still very early, and although, no doubt, the inhabitants of Larchins were up and stirring, yet it was not very likely that at such an hour, any of them would be in the grounds. The distance from the greenhouse to the spot where she had told the deserter to wait for her, was not by any means great, and she thought that she might easily, in the dark coloured cloak that she had worn when she met him on the brink of the old excavation, flit through the garden and reach the verge of the plantation.

Cousin Cecil's face wore an awful expression as she now hastily put on the cloak and glanced at herself in the glass before leaving her chamber. She started at the corpse-like look of her own face.

"What is this?" she said. "Is the heavy hand of sickness about to be laid upon me? Can it be possible that in the period of my greatest acts and my greatest triumphs, my strength is about to fail me? Oh, no, no! It is want of rest only, and the varied excitements of the night that has passed away. I shall be better soon. Much better soon."

Truly, the scenes of excitement that she had gone through within the last few hours had been enough to try any nerves, and it was no wonder that they had had an effect upon hers; but, still, it was with an iron resolution that she now stepped to the door of her chamber to go forth upon that expedition of death.

Of course, it was of paramount importance to her that she should not be seen, for should she succeed in murdering the deserter—and she did not doubt but that she should—his body would, in the natural order of events, soon be found where he would fall in death; and then the searching enquiry which would be instituted into the mysterious affair would not be, so far as she was concerned, well answered by the fact that she had been seen abroad at an unusual hour.

The corridor was vacant, and in the house there was an extraordinary silence, considering the hour of the morning. She expected to have heard more evidence of the facts that the servants were up and stirring; but yet she was well satisfied that it should not be so, and as quick as thought, she flitted across the corridor, and made her way into the Strangers' Room.

Cousin Cecil was taking now every reasonable precaution to carry out her schemes with safety. She had locked her own chamber door and carried the key with her, so that if in her absence any one should try the door of the room, it might be supposed that she was still sleeping.

The door of the Strangers' Chamber she left open, as it would have looked unusual to fasten it, but she took care carefully to close the secret door in the wall after her.

How profoundly dark the little winding staircase in the wall seems! Cousin Cecil counted the narrow steps. There were fourteen of them, she knew; and when she reached the fourteenth, she held out her hand, and touched the door behind the statue.

The means of opening it were familiar to her, and she was in another moment in the greenhouse.

"Hilloa! Hoil! Stop him!"

Cousin Cecil almost fainted as she heard far off such sounds. She staggered against the statue of the heathen divinity, and almost held her breath from dread, and then strove to listen.

The voices were some distance from that spot; and as they had come upon her ears, they sounded more like some wailing echo than actual voices coming at first hand to her ears. About half a minute elapsed, and she heard no renewal of the sounds. She drew a long breath.

"It was nothing," she said. "Fancy—or—some accidental sounds a long way off, in no way concerning me or my acts."

"Hilloa! Stop him! Hoil! Hoil!"

"Yes, there came the sounds again, and much nearer than before. Cousin Cecil clasped her hands, and shook so that it seemed as if some strange convulsion were coming over her; and then she heard a footstep upon the garden path, beating the ground as it came on with frightful speed. She felt confident that some one was coming on at such a rate as the very excess of fear could only have dictated. To ascertain who this person was, became to her a condition of vast importance, and she flew to the door of the greenhouse that opened to the garden, and dashing it wide open, stood a few paces from it in the garden-path with both her hands pressed upon her heart, to try by positive pressure to still its fearful beating.

Tearing along like a madman—his eyes blood-shot with fright, and his lips retracted and bleeding—bare-headed, and his hair dishevelled, and dashed back by the fever with which he encountered the morning breeze in his progress—came the deserter through the grounds of Larchins. Heaven only knows with what impulse and idea, if any, he took that direction; but certainly he did, probably from the vague idea that there resided the master spirit of evil that had made him what he was, and upon whose craft and power he relied for support. He was pursued!

How it was that the deed of blood was already discovered, and why it was that the deserter was pursued by those who would bring its perpetrator to speedy justice, are matters that we shall presently explain; but now we can only detail those surface events that will have their future significance upon the fate of most of the persons of our story.

Again there came the sounds of pursuit, and with choking cries of "Help! help!" the deserter still sped on towards the very spot upon which stood Cousin Cecil, too paralysed by astonishment to be able to decide upon whether it would be best to hide from him, or to show herself to him in his headlong career, and ascertain the cause of his alarm.

He saw her!

It was almost with a shriek of satisfaction that the deserter at once recognised his temptress and accomplice in the awful crime that he had committed, and in another moment he was clinging to the sombre cloak she wore, and in half-screaming accents, was imploring her to aid him.

"Save me—oh, save me!" he cried. "They have found it out. They are after me now—a throng of men, coming across the fields, and they

seemed to know who I was. Save me! You told me to do it. You know you did. They will hang me, I tell you, if you do not save me."

Cousin Cecil fairly staggered before this frantic appeal from the young man, and for a moment or two she could only look in his face with a reflection of his own terrified aspect, and show the horror that was there depicted.

When he began to speak again, though, the shrieking voice that he used aroused her to an exquisite sense of the danger of such tones so near to the house, and with both hands she seized him by the breast of his apparel, as she cried—

"Peace—peace! Do you wish to destroy us both?"

"Oh, no—no! But I tell you they are on my track. They saw me, and they are after me here."

"Hush! Who are they?"

Cousin Cecil was getting a little more composed—"I know not, but they were coming across the meadows. I heard the word, 'Murderer!' Who could that be but me?"

"Oh, fool—fool! And so you left a spot upon which you might have well concealed yourself because of a word merely? And what insanity was it that induced you to take this path of all others?"

"It was to see you. It was for you to protect me. You know that it was your work that I did when I killed Migsley. It was your deed, not mine. You made me great promises, but said nothing until the deed was done of the prison and the halter. Save me—oh, save me! I hear them—they are a little at fault, but they will soon be here. Hide me somewhere, or I shall go mad and tell all."

"Idiot!" said Cousin Cecil, "you were safe enough, no doubt, where you were, but you must needs fly, and so point at once at you the finger of suspicion. No doubt but the body of—of—the body has been discovered by accident, and those who so discovered it took a course in their alarm that alarmed you, and like a frightened hare from its secure covert, you must needs appear, and all but proclaim yourself what you are by your frantic flight."

"What I am?"

"Yes, a murderer!"

"But you—you, however, told me—urged me to it!"

Cousin Cecil cast a glance around her, and then she said, in a low tone—

"I did, and I will save you. Be of good cheer. You shall not be lost if I have power to turn your fate aside from you. Be calm—you want something to cheer you up a little."

"Indeed, I do. Can you hear anything of them now?"

"Oh, no—no!"

She produced the little flask of the poisoned liquor, and with a hideous smile she drew the cork from it, and handing it to him, she said—

"Drink—it will revive you; and while you drink, I will go a few paces into the garden, and see if I can observe any traces of your pursuers."

"No—no, do not leave me!"

"I must do so. You are safe here. Drink, it will revive your drooping spirits; and by the time I return to you, I shall find you quite a different person."

"Yes—yes, I will drink—I will drink."

Cousin Cecil went as far as the door of the greenhouse that opened to the garden, and then she turned hastily, and glanced at the deserter. The flask was at his lips. With a look of exultation, she cried—

"It is done!"

"Hilloa!" said the deserter. "There's nothing here."

"Nothing?" screamed Cousin Cecil, as she made a rush up to him, and wrested the flask from his hands.

"Not a drop. It smells of brandy, but that's all."

The guilty woman stood with the flask in her hand, and she shook so that she could hardly hold it. She put the other hand to it, and then, from the soaked state of the lower part of the wicker-work that formed the outer covering of the flask, she felt confident that some undiscovered leak was the cause of the failure of her diabolical plan.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## COUSIN CECIL ALTERS THE COMPLEXION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE failure of the design to murder the deserter, after he had answered the purpose of the moment, and became, as all accomplices in crime do become after the crime is committed, positively dangerous, affected her deeply. The flask dropped from her hands, and she could only gaze with a feeling of dread in the face of the man who, had circumstances gone as she had expected, would at that moment have been a corpse at her feet.

"What is the matter with you?" said the deserter. "I don't look like a ghost, do I? After all, the loss of a drop of brandy is no great matter, though I should have liked it. There's more there-away, I'll warrant."

The deserter, with a jerk of his head towards the house, indicated that he meant Larchins.

The tramping of feet upon the garden paths now came plainly upon their ears. The delusion into which the deserter had got that his enemies had lost sight of him, and had taken some other route, vanished, and all his fears returned to him.

Once again he flung himself at the feet of Cousin Cecil, crying, as he held up his hands supplicatingly—

"Save me—oh, save me! You hear that they are coming now. They have only been waiting a little to get strength by collecting all their force. They will be here directly, and then I shall have to tell all."

These latter words jarred upon the heart of Cousin Cecil; and yet in the few brief moments that the deserter had taken to speak to her, she had resolved upon a course of action.

"Listen," she said. "There is but one course for safety."

"Safety? Oh, yes, it is safety that I want. It is safety—"

"Peace, and harken to me. I cannot hide you here. If you leave this place you will have to traverse such an extent of the garden, that you will be certain to be seen. Remain here. It is just possible that they may not search the greenhouse."

"Are they mad, think you?"

"Hush! hush! Be reasonable. If they take you, I promise to save you. I have already told you that I will expend a fortune in saving you. Is not this the country above all others in which money will do everything?"

"Everything but save a man from the gallows."

"It will do that. My advice to you is to remain here, and let yourself be taken. Say as little as possible, and do not hint for a moment that you are even aware of the offence with which they would charge you. Let them take you, and then trust to me."

"No—no—no!"

"But I say, yes. It must be so."

"It shall not. Do not leave me. We will meet the danger together, if there be any. Do not leave me."

"I must. Were I to stay by you, and the least suspicion to arise that I knew of your being here, it would paralyse all my efforts to save you."

Cousin Cecil moved towards the door of the greenhouse; but the deserter was desperate and maddened at the idea of her leaving him, and he rushed after her, and kneeling at her feet, he clasped his arms round her legs, in such a manner that she could not move an inch.

Rage and fear were struggling for the mastery in Cousin Cecil's heart. She clutched her foe by the throat; and while her eyes seemed to dart rays of fire from them, she cried—

"Villain, unhand me instantly, or my cries shall assuredly bring your foes to this spot; and when you are taken, I will leave you to die the death of a murderer, without an effort to avert from you your doom."

The deserter's fears were much too powerful to enable him to understand the specious reasoning of Cousin Cecil. He only seemed to feel that if she left him he should be abandoned by the only person upon whose fears and whose feelings he had any claim; and he clung to her with still more desperate energy than before, as he said—

"No—no: you shall not go. Together we will live, or together we will be taken. I will not trust you."

Cousin Cecil felt that nothing but force would be of any avail. The rage that was swelling in her

breast reached its climax. Her countenance was awfully distorted by passion, and she at once exerted all her strength to free herself from the deserter. She dashed her clenched hand into his face repeatedly, and with a yell of impatient anger she tore open his cravat, in a vain hope of dragging him to the ground by the clutch she had of it.

Kneeling, as he was, upon the floor of the greenhouse, he was not in a position to successfully withstand this sudden and savage attack; and Cousin Cecil had done almost her worst before he got half way to his feet, and, with frightful oaths, was preparing to strike at her in return.

Suddenly she dropped her grasp of him; and sinking, huddled up, to the floor of the greenhouse, she shrieked out—

"Oh, God!—oh, God!"

The deserter was so terrified at the vehemence with which she had made this exclamation, that he quite shrunk back again, and all he could say was—

"Keep off—keep off!"

He thought that she had gone mad.

And now Cousin Cecil crouched towards him; and when she got a little closer to him, and saw his intense alarm, she held out her hands tremblingly, and said—

"No—no: do not shun me—oh! do not. I will not harm you. But—upon your neck you have a star, imprinted in an indelible blue stain. Did I see it or did I not?"

"You did, curses on you—you did! And what of that?"

"How long—how long has it been there?"

Cousin Cecil spoke in a strange, wailing voice, and she wrung her hands as she so spoke.

"How should I know how long it has been there?"

The people used to say that it was done by my mother, to know me again some day."

"Done by his mother, to know him again some day!" wailed Cousin Cecil. "Now I know that this is madness, and that there is a Heaven above us!"

She pressed both her hands strangely upon the top of her head, and then she said, in a low, choking whisper—

"It will burst, I think."

"What's all this about?" said the deserter. "I can't make you out at all. One moment you are ready to choke me, and another you seem at death's door yourself. What is it all about?"

"The star on your neck! Where—that is, how—old—stop—stop! Oh, God, I am mad!"

"So I think. But, perhaps, you may happen to know something about this star upon my neck?"

"Hush—hush—hush!"

Cousin Cecil let her head drop upon both her hands, and so she remained for the space of about half a minute, huddled up upon the floor, and only slightly rocking to and fro. The deserter rose to his feet, and placed his hand to his ear, to listen for any sounds in the garden that should indicate the presence of his pursuers. All he heard was a voice, or voices, at some distance off. When he turned round again towards the spot where Cousin Cecil had been, he found that she had risen to her feet; and, although her face was as pale as death, she looked calm and composed.

What a power of self-control that woman must have had to still, by an effort of the will, merely, the world of agitation that but a short time before had been raging in her heart and brain!

"Oh, you are better?" he said.

"Yes—I am better, now. And—you will answer me what I will ask of you. I am anxious to know, as I had a servant once, who told me that she had placed such a mark upon the neck of a child of hers as you have upon your neck. That servant once saved my life; and I promised that if ever I encountered her child—you understand me?—I would be a friend to him."

"Oh! Well, whoever she was, she left me in a dry ditch, close to a hedge, in Lincolnshire, so they say, for it was there that a travelling tinker found me; and he used to tell me that this star upon my neck, which, he said, was rubbed in with gunpowder, would one day let me know who I was, together with a little necklace that was on my neck. It was a girl's toy, though, that."

"And—made of—of—"

"Little jagged bits of coral. The snap was only brass, though, and I never could get anybody to give me anything for it till I got rid of it to a Jew for sixpence."

Cousin Cecil's lips moved, but she did not speak. The deserter began to be afraid that her last hour was come, and with a scared look, he cried—

"I say—come, come, I say, what's amiss now?"

A hasty footstep at this moment approached the greenhouse, and the shadow of some one without came through the glass.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" said a voice.

Cousin Cecil tottered towards the deserter. She clutched him by the arm, and whispering in his ear, "Come, come—you shall be saved!" she urged him onwards towards the secret door in the wall behind the statue.

The trampling now of many feet in the garden so terrified the deserter, that he was glad to go anywhere that promised him anything like concealment. His first idea was that the intention of Cousin Cecil was just to hide him behind the statue, but when by a touch she opened the secret door, and pushed him through it on to the winding stairs, he felt a thrill of satisfaction, for then he perceived he was, indeed, safe.

"This is something like," he said. "Let them—"

"Hush—oh, hush!"

Lionel stepped into the greenhouse at this moment.

"Well," he said, as he glanced around him, "I could have sworn that I heard the sound of a voice here just now; but I must have been deceived."

The deserter crouched down upon the commencement of the stairs, and Cousin Cecil slowly closed the secret door to within about a quarter of an inch; she was afraid to shut it completely, as the spring always went with a snap, and she was certain that such a sound would direct Lionel to the spot. She was in an agony of apprehension, too, for fear the deserter should be imprudent enough to say something, and she ventured upon such a low "Hush!" that it could not possibly reach any other ears but his.

"No," said Lionel again; "there is no one here. But what those men can want in the garden, and by posting individuals of their number at the open spots, I cannot think, unless it be some design upon the part of Cousin Cecil to take possession of Larchins by force, and oust me and Minna. Ah, it must be so. I will seek Sir William at once. They come this way. I will let them pass the greenhouse."

Lionel drew back, for nothing could be more disagreeable to him than a contest with the rabble-looking rout that had penetrated into the gardens of Larchins, and of whose object he hardly entertained a doubt; for he had had his suspicions, in which Sir William Watson had fully concurred, that Cousin Cecil might very probably make some violent attempt to get exclusive possession of Larchins.

That such an attempt would be resisted by the servants of the establishment—probably, to the discomfiture of the invaders—Lionel did not doubt; but as he was the principal party concerned, he did not wish the enemy to take him prisoner by overpowering him by numbers while he was alone in the garden.

"This way—this way!" said a voice. "Come on—I saw him."

Snap! went the spring of the secret door; but the sound was so sharp and sudden, and Lionel's attention was so taken up by the proceedings of the men in the garden, that he did not heed it, although he did hear it.

So many accidental circumstances might, though, have produced such a sound, that it is doubtful if he would have taken any notice of it, had there been nothing else to draw off his attention.

By now moving a plant that obstructed his gaze through one of the little panes of glass of the greenhouse, Lionel could reconnoitre the enemy; and, to his surprise, he saw the constable of Hampton, and a throng of some dozen of the inhabitants, as well as the boy to whom Minna had given the gold bracelet, being no other than our excellent friend, Dick, the coffin-maker's apprentice.

The presence of the constable was quite sufficient to assure Lionel that the party came upon no errand inimical to his possession of Larchins; for no person in such a position could lend himself to the proceedings of either party in a civil contest for property.

"What on earth can it be about?" said Lionel, as he now at once proceeded to the door of the greenhouse; but no sooner had he got there than, with a shout, the whole party rushed towards him, exclaiming—

"There he is!—there he is!"

In another moment, Lionel found himself captured, for what he could not guess; but as soon as it was seen who he was, the men released him from the

hold they had taken of him, and stood looking at each other in stupid amazement.

"Well, my friends," said Lionel, "perhaps you will have the kindness to explain the meaning of all this?"

"A murder!" cried everybody.

"A murder?" said Lionel. "In the old gravel pit?"

The constable shook his head.

"Oh, Mr. Lionel," he said. "Nobody so much as mentioned the old gravel pit but you. Oh, why did you say anything about the old gravel pit?"

"Simply because last night, feeling very restless, and unable to sleep after I had gone to my chamber, I went out for a stroll in the grounds, and wandered as far as the old pit, and I thought that I heard the sound of voices from its lowest depths. It was so unusual, that when you mentioned a murder, the thought struck me that it might have something to do with the sounds I heard."

"Yes, Mr. Lionel—that's all right," said the constable. "Good-day, sir. We thought that we saw some one make way across the gardens from the plantation, and that it might be the murderer. But we are quite satisfied, sir. You see, a dead body has been found in the old pit—that's all. Come away, friends. It's all right enough, as regards Mr. Lionel."

"Why, you do not suppose I did it?" said Lionel.

"Oh, no—no," said the constable.

"Oh, no—no," said all the men.

"That would be impossible," said Dick, "and so couldn't come to pass. I hope the young lady is quite well, Mr. Danvers?"

"Quite, thank you. She will be glad to see you, Dick, if you will step into the house."

"I thank you, sir," said Dick; "but I must go home. I only came with the constable, because I had seen something of the murder, and gave the information."

"But what brought you all here in such a throng?" said Lionel. "Do you mean to say that the murderer sought refuge at Larchins?"

"Muster Danvers," said one of the men who was a shoemaker in the village, and a very great orator. "Muster Danvers, we was all on us a-coming to see Sir William Watkins, as we knowed that he was a-sleeping at Larchins, and as he is a magistrate, when, all at once, as we comed over yonder meadow, a man sprang out from the verge of the plantation, and cut away through these here gardens like bricks, and the last we seed on him was somewheres about here."

"And, I presume, at first you did me the honour to mistake me for him?" said Lionel, with a faint smile.

"It oughtn't to have been so," said Dick, "for he had a felt hat on."

"And I have no hat on."

"But there's a felt hat," said one of the men, "lying in the greenhouse here—I can see it through the window."

The constable walked slowly into the greenhouse, and brought out the deserter's hat, which, in the confusion of his scene with Cousin Cecil, he had dropped, and there left.

"You have been in the greenhouse, Mr. Lionel?"

"Certainly, I have. Upon my word, in a little time, Mr. Constable, you would get up circumstantial evidence enough to apprehend me."

"Oh, no—no, sir! Don't—oh don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Say anything else about it, sir. Oh, don't!"

Lionel laughed aloud. "Why, my good friend, are you afraid that I should criminate myself? This is too good. But come into the house; Sir William will be at breakfast, or rather done breakfast in a little time, and you can lay the case before him at once, and he will tell you what had better be done. Come on. This way, if you please."

Lionel led the way to the house through the domestic offices: and having left the officer and his assistants in the Servants' hall, where they were well pleased to get a good audience to tell the story to, he proceeded to the breakfast-room; and as he entered it, he said—

"Behold the murderer!"

"Behold the what?" cried Sir William.

"The murderer! Here's the constable from Hampton, and a whole posse of assistants at his heels, in sober seriousness to see you about a murder that they say has been committed in the neighbourhood, and as I was in the garden, they at once laid hold of me for the criminal."

"How absurd!"

"Yes; but he has been there, Sir William, for a cap that he wore has been found in the greenhouse. There is no occasion for you to go home, as you can hold a court in the hall here, if you please."

"I will," said Sir William. "The idea of accusing you, Lionel, my boy! That is too good. Why, they might as well say it was I who did it."

"Much about the same, sir."

(To be continued.)

**THE WATER IN THE SERPENTINE.**—At the meeting of the Botanical Society of London, held at the society's rooms, 20, Bedford-street, Strand, last evening, Mr. J. H. Wilson, F.L.S., in the chair, a paper was read by Doctor Arthur Hassall, "On the Colouration of the Water of the Serpentine." In this communication it was shown that the periodical and coppery green colouration of the water of the Serpentine, is due to the presence of a minute plant belonging to the tribe of Algae, of which the writer gave a detailed and critical description, and which he named *Thompsonia*. The development of this plant takes place early in the spring, out of sight and at the bottom of the water, and it is only on the approach of the warm weather of summer that it diffuses itself through the water, deeply colouring it, and that part of it rises to the surface, forming a scum or pellick of a bright æruginous or coppery green colour. The whole of the water of the Serpentine is not usually coloured at one time, but different portions of it at different times, according to the strength and direction of the wind, which drives the plant before it. At one time it is found to collect at the Hyde-park extremity; at another it is present in the Kensington division; sometimes in the north and at others on the south shore—the remaining parts of the Serpentine being entirely free from the plant. This variable distribution, which unexplained would be apt to occasion surprise, accounts for the fact that the observer may sometimes visit the Serpentine and not see a trace of the plant in question, and hence he might be led to form an erroneous conclusion as to the condition of the water. The observer, therefore, who wishes to come at its real state should make the tour of the whole of the Serpentine. Considered in a sanitary point of view, Doctor Hassall is of opinion that the plant, when actually introduced into the system, as when swallowed in bathing, would not be productive of effects injurious to health, and regards it as a test of impurity and as an evidence of the very bad condition in which the water of the Serpentine now undoubtedly is. Dr. Hassall concluded the communication by observing, that the colouration of large pieces of water by means of confervæ is by no means unfrequent, and, cited as a remarkable instance of it, the Red Sea, which derives its name and colour from the presence of a minute plant diffused through the water of a blood red colour.

**CONVEYANCE OF LETTERS.**—A correspondent, who signs with the initials A.L.X., has suggested a speedy mode for the conveyance of letters. "Introduce," he says, "into a solid metal tube communicating between the places a metal sphere or canister filled with letters, &c. (or a series of them linked together),—exhaust the tube by means of a stationary engine similar to that used on atmospheric railways, and in a very short time it will deliver its burthen at its destination.—This plan, though of course not so rapid a mode of communication as the electric telegraph, has, amongst other advantages over it, these:—it cannot meet with interruption from the state of the atmosphere—the tube being buried in the earth is not liable to be injured by interested persons, which wires are; the nature of the correspondence need be known by no one unconcerned, and not only more than one, but any number almost of letters may be sent at the same time."

**APPEARANCE OF SHARKS ON THE COAST.**—Accounts from Arbroath and Aberdeen state that the whole coast is at present alive with myriads of young herrings, which are pursued by fish of various kinds, among which is the shark. Numbers of these dangerous visitors have been seen on the coast, and several bathers have had narrow escapes. At Aberdeen, one was caught last week, which measured seven feet two inches in length, was nearly four feet in girth, and weighed three hundred weight,

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

At the late anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the president, Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N., gave the following interesting summary of the measures, past and present, which have been taken for the relief of Sir John Franklin's expedition. He said:—

"From Russia we cannot but extend our glance towards the Arctic Regions, under feelings of the most painful embarrassment. There is still a hope glimmering through the gloomy uncertainty which hangs over the fate of the enterprising Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions, although they have been five years absent in those inhospitable seas. In the high excitement of the public mind, it may be necessary for me to state the present knowledge we possess of the case, and the actual means now in use for their deliverance.

"The efforts of Sir James Ross, though limited by adverse circumstances to a much smaller portion of the Arctic seas than was expected, yet prove that the missing expedition must have succeeded in obtaining a westerly longitude but little short of Melville Island, if they are safe. For, as Sir James was stationed for several months at the junction of the four great channels—Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel—it is extremely improbable that Sir John Franklin's ships can have been near the opening to those straits, without effecting a communication with those who anxiously sought him. The despatches recently received from Commander Pullen, who has achieved the adventurous voyage from Wainwright Inlet to the Mackenzie, in open boats, inform us that no traces of the expedition were met with on the American coast between those two places, nor had the Esquimaux with whom our people communicated, seen anything of ships or men.

"A despatch from Dr. Rae, which accompanies that from Commander Pullen, is equally barren of intelligence. Dr. Rae, as you may remember, was ordered to proceed from his winter quarters at Fort Confidence, on Great Bear Lake, to Cape Krusenstern, and crossing from thence to Wollaston Land, he was instructed to penetrate to the north-east of Bank's Land. He accomplished the journey to Cape Krusenstern; but all his attempts—and they were numerous and daring—to effect the traverse to Wollaston Land, were baffled by the heavy pack of ice which entirely barred the progress of his boat. Having waited in hopes of a change as long as he could, taking into consideration the imperative necessity of returning before the closing up of the Coppermine river, he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the enterprise. During his sojourn at Cape Krusenstern, the Esquimaux interpreter who accompanied him fell in with several parties of the natives, who all agreed in declaring they had not seen any white men. We may, therefore, take it for granted that none of Sir John Franklin's party have struck the North American coast, because the entire extent between Cape Krusenstern and Behring's Strait has been diligently examined by the strenuous and enduring exertions of Sir John Richardson, Commander Pullen, and Dr. Rae.

"Although the Behring Strait expedition, consisting of her Majesty's ships *Herald* and *Plover*, Captain Kellett and Commander Moore, procured no tidings of the missing, yet the details of their endeavours are highly interesting. On the 15th of last August, the *Herald* had attained the latitude of 71.12 N. and long. 170.10 W.; and on the 16th discovered an almost inaccessible island of granite, rising 1,400 feet above the sea, beyond which a range of high land was seen. 'It becomes a nervous thing,' says Captain Kellett, 'to report a discovery of land in these regions without actually landing on it, after the unfortunate mistake to the southward; but as far as a man can be certain, who has 130 pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land.' They contrived, though with great difficulty, to get upon the island, hoist the union jack, and take possession of it in her Majesty's name; but constant snow storms compelled them to quit the neighbourhood, and insure clearing the ice-pack. Now, it will be recollected that Sergeant Andreyev, the active Russian who conducted an expedition of discovery in the Icy Sea, in 1762, affirmed that he had reached a country called Tikigen, having a coast-line trending nearly parallel to that of Northern Siberia, and inhabited by a race named Kraïhal. This account was held to be apocryphal by most geographers, and imputed to an

optical delusion by Baron von Wrangel; yet the narrative of Captain Kellett goes far to corroborate Andreyev's statement. Even the high land described by von Wrangel himself from Yakan, may, it is not too much to say, have formed some portion of the disputed region: and besides the discoveries of Captain Kellett, elevated peaks, which may reasonably be concluded to be a part of the same land, were observed by Commander Moore, whose track lay further eastward than that of the *Herald*. Now, putting these circumstances in conjunction, it is far from improbable that a continuous coast-line may extend from the vicinity of New Siberia in the west, to the vicinity of Bank's Land in the east. In the event of such an hypothesis proving correct, it will be obvious that, should Franklin have succeeded in penetrating through, and to the west of Wellington Channel, the interposition of this tract would preclude all possibility of his bringing his ships again so far south as to reach Behring's Strait, unless the course was greatly prolonged westwards, or the Wellington Channel was again traversed. I may here remark how cautious, as well as delicate, closet inquiry ought to be in meddling with the direct assertions of explorers; indeed, the signal instance of Baffin's Bay having been formally expunged from our charts, and branded as 'wholly supposititious,' ought not to be forgotten by imaginative theorists.

"The negative information hitherto obtained, renders it the more probable that our unfortunate countrymen—if still in being—are frozen up in the neighbourhood of Melville Island; and a hope is thereby warranted, that one of the numerous expeditions sent out this year may succeed in succouring them. Two have already sailed to Lancaster Sound, under the orders of Captain Horatio Austin, and Captain Penny, who lately commanded the *Advice*, whaler. The exertions of the former will be mainly directed to penetrate to Cape Walker and Melville Island; while the latter will proceed direct to the entrance of Jones's Sound, up which he will sail, and explore it as far as possible. These expeditions are equipped in the most complete manner; and that of Captain Austin is provided with highly effective auxiliary steam-power. In fact, I was satisfied on visiting the *Resolute* before her departure, in Company with Sir George Back, who has had such full experience in the Polar Seas, that human ingenuity was never more fully displayed than in the strengthening, stowage, and equipment of this ship.

"Under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, aided by a public subscription, a small expedition, headed by the veteran, Sir John Ross, will proceed in the same direction as that of Captain Austin; and as none of these plans provide for the search of Regent's Inlet, exertions are making to organise a private outfit, to be conducted by Commander Forsyth, for this special purpose. These expeditions, numbering eight ships, exclusive of the *North Star*, already there, will effectually explore the channels and passages east of Melville Island; and it is to be hoped that the Behring's Straits exploration, with the other ships under Captain Collinson, will arrive at its destination sufficiently early this year to search a large portion of the sea between those straits and Melville Island before the winter sets in again.

"Such, briefly, are the measures adopted to save our hapless countrymen; and it were ungrateful not to mention the warm feeling of the American government in the same cause—a feeling for which I had the honour to express your thanks to their President. Individual sympathy and munificence have also been strongly awakened in that country; and even now two ships, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, are being fitted out for the Polar Seas at the expense of Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, which, conducted by officers of the United States' navy, will brave every danger for that benevolent purpose. The British nation has a right to expect that the government of this great maritime country will do all in its power to carry succour to those so especially requiring it; and nobly has it met that expectation, as well in the outfit of expeditions as in proclaiming a munificent reward for those who find and relieve the sufferers. Whatever may be the result of these measures, as well as of the admirable and exemplary efforts of Lady Franklin—with whom every heart must sympathise—one useful moral will be elicited. It will be shown that when Englishmen are ready and willing to hazard their lives for their country's honour, they will not be neglected in the hour of peril."

## THE CSIKOS OR HORSE-TAMERS OF HUNGARY.

"A CURSORY description of a horse-chase is enough to show that it is not unattended with danger. It requires unconquerable perseverance and dexterity, a giant's arm and a giant's body, a degree of courage not met with every day, and the most extraordinary powers of horsemanship. But the greater the danger the more alluring is the hope of victory. A bold Csikos is held in the same respect upon the heath as the bold chamois-hunter in the mountains. Ay, and he gets paid for his trouble,—yearly a shirt, a pair of linen trowsers, free board and lodging, a small cask of wine, and twenty Vienna florins in ready cash. This is no trifle; but at the same time he occasionally earns a little by horse-dealing in the village, lightens the purse of some horse-stealer, whom he catches and strikes dead, or, failing in this, he himself steals a horse and sells it. This is not a man born to beg.

"The German newspapers gave accounts of 40,000 Csikos having served in the Hungarian army; this number is certainly exaggerated; but that a few thousand such daring, mounted fellows, can do an immense deal of mischief, will be readily testified by every Austrian officer who has had the good fortune to come into close contact with them.

"The foot soldier who has discharged his musket is lost when opposed to the Csikos. His bayonet, with which he can defend himself against the Uhlans and Hussars, is here of no use to him: all his practised manœuvres and skill are unavailing against the long whip of his enemy, which drags him to the ground, or beats him to death with its leaden buttons; nay, even if he had still a charge in his musket, he could sooner hit a bird on the wing than the Csikos, who, riding round and round him in wild bounds, dashes with his steed first to one side, then to another, with the speed of lightning, so as to frustrate any aim. The horse-soldier, armed in the usual manner, fares not much better, and woe to him if he meets a Csikos singly! better to fall in with a pack of ravenous wolves."—*Taylor's Hungary.*

## LOVE AND THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LOVE bore me on his radiant wings,  
From off this dull cold earth,  
And tried to prove in winning tones,  
How little was its worth.  
"Behold," he cried, "my only home  
Amidst this sapphire sky,  
Where pure and undefiled I reign,  
And earth-born clouds defy."

I turned upon the wicked boy,  
And laughed him into scorn,  
And told him all that he possessed  
Within my world was born.  
An instant, and my loved one stood,  
Before the urchin's face,  
He smiled and bade us look for earth,  
But we had lost the place.

DISCOVERY OF FRESCOES IN STEDHAM CHURCH, SUSSEX.—The workmen at present engaged in pulling down this venerable church prior to the erection of a new one, have discovered some beautiful frescoes, and which are now laid open. The subjects are admirably executed, and occupy the entire north wall of the nave of the church. One of them represents the Virgin Mary, with Christ by her side, his hands and feet pierced, and supplicants imploring the Virgin Mary to intercede for them. Another, St. Christopher carrying Christ over the river Jordan. The figure of St. Christopher is very large, reaching almost from the base to the top of the wall, and the colouring of his dress and shield are in good preservation. Another is supposed to be the Day of Judgment. The Rev. W. D. Willis, of Elsted Rectory, as well as several other members of the Archaeological Society, have inspected the frescoes. As several sketches have been taken of these frescoes, we are not without hope that eventually the public may be presented with a sight of their fac-similes.—*Surrey Standard.*

A VERY rich gold district, on the river Yuruari, in Venezuela, has also been discovered; altogether, with California and Mexico, if we go on at this rate, the world will get too rich, and the currency question be settled anew by the precious metals.

## WAR TELEGRAPHS IN HUNGARY.

No one had ever before heard of telegraphs in Hungary, and now on a sudden we are told of the existence of an immense net! This might give rise to misconception, without some explanation. It is true that there are no proper telegraphs, nor ever have been, in Hungary. On the heights and on the church-towers, we find no telegraphic apparatus by day, nor fire-signals by night; we find no electric wires or batteries on the plains, and yet Kossuth had his telegraphs. Let the reader now cast a glance over the meadow at Buda. A motley crowd is there in motion. Adjutants are galloping to and fro,—camp-sutlers are packing up their goods, the horses are put to the pontoon-equipage, the drums beat and trumpets sound, the horses neigh and snort, the harness cracks and snaps, knapsacks are strapped, the cannon advance in order of march, the columns are set in motion, and gradually the immense train falls into order, and crosses the bridge to Pesth with a hollow, measured step on its road to Szolnok. The inhabitants of Pesth are gathered in dense-crowds and silent; the women gaze out of the windows with sad and anxious looks; but all is still—not a single cheer is heard for the soldiers who are going forth to battle; but a hundred thousand prayers, breathed in silence for the enemies whom they are going to encounter, is all the farewell salutation they take with them on their march. A dashing cavalry officer has meanwhile ridden on before through the streets, and lighted his cigar at the pipe of a countryman standing idle at the barrier. In doing so, the man's pipe goes out: what can it be that moves him so powerfully? He runs aside to a sand-hill, quickly strikes a light again with a flint and steel, but instead of lighting the tobacco in his pipe, he kindles a faggot, extinguishes it again, once more lights it, and goes his way. The man must be a dreamer or a madman, for he has thrown his short pipe also into the fire, to make it burn the brighter. Let us look further. At short distances another column of smoke, and another, and still another! A little hump-back gipsy-lad, who has been gathering faggots in the woods from early in the morning, perceives a column of smoke, and immediately throws on the ground the bundle he has collected with such labour, sets fire to his treasure—a second Sardanapalus. We now turn our view still further to the east. A boy is seen running through the village—a horseman is flying over the heath—a dog swims across the river, and a horse and rider, dog and boy, are all links in that great, living, invisible net of telegraphs. A few hours after the Imperial army has set out for Buda, the route of its march is known on the banks of the Theiss, and the necessary precautions are taken, whilst the Imperial General with all his power cannot bribe one trusty spy. Such is the history of the Hungarian telegraphs, which were used in the Netherlands as early as Philip II., and will always find employment where a national war is waged against a foreign standing army.—*Taylor's Hungary.*

## SNAKES IN AFRICA.

"As I was (the author states) examining the spoor of the game by the fountain, I suddenly detected an enormous old rock-snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside me. He was truly an enormous snake, and, having never before dealt with this species of game, I did not exactly know how to set about capturing him. Being very anxious to preserve his skin entire, and not wishing to have recourse to my rifle, I cut a stout and tough stick about eight feet long, and having lightened myself of my shooting-belt, I commenced the attack. Seizing him by the tail, I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain, he only drew his large folds firmer together; I could not move him. At length, I got a rein round one of his folds about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy and I commenced hauling away in good earnest.

"The snake, finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and, suddenly bringing round his head to the front, he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions, and before I could get out of his way, he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs within a foot of my naked legs. I sprang out of his way, and getting a hold of the green bough I had cut, I returned to the charge. The snake now glided

along at top speed: he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, but before he could gain this place of refuge I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on the head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water, which he was rapidly crossing, when I again belaboured him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead, but he again became very troublesome during the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet.—*Cumming.*

## THE HUNGARIAN PEASANT.

THE Csikos is a man who from his birth, somehow or other, finds himself seated upon a foal. Instinctively the boy remains fixed upon the animal's back, and grows up in his seat as other children do in the cradle. The thing sounds incredible, and I hope my reader will not take what I say *au pied de la lettre*: nevertheless he may remember that the head of Napoleon's son, slipped at its birth into the crown of Rome, and that he grew up with it on, tall and stout. It may be a matter for reflection, whether a careful father in our days would not do better to put a horse between the legs of his newborn son, than a crown upon his head.

The young Csikos soon feels himself at his ease on his cradle: whether he is suckled by a human nurse or a mare, is a point upon which naturalists are not quite agreed; according to the latest investigation, he feeds, immediately after his birth, on bacon, bread, and wine. The boy grows by degrees to a big horse-herd. To earn his livelihood he enters the service of some nobleman, or of the Government, who possess in Hungary immense herds of wild horses. These herds range over a tract of many German square miles,—for the most part some level plain, with wood, marsh, heath, and moorland; they rove about where they please, multiply, and enjoy freedom of existence. Nevertheless, it is a common error to imagine that these horses, like a pack of wolves in the mountains, are left to themselves and nature, without any care or thought of man. Wild horses, in the proper sense of the term, are in Europe at the present day only met with in Bessarabia; whereas the so-called wild herds in Hungary, may rather be compared to the animals ranging in our large parks, which are attended to and watched. The deer are left to the illusion that they enjoy the most unbounded freedom; and the deer-stalker, when in pursuit of his game, readily gives in to the same illusion. Or, to take another simile, the reader has only to picture to himself a well-constituted free state,—whether a republic or a monarchy is all one.

The Csikos has the difficult task of keeping a watchful eye upon these herds. He knows their strength, their habits, the spots they frequent; he knows the birthday of every foal, and when the animal, fit for training, should be taken out of the herd. He has then a hard task upon his hands, compared with which a Grand-Ducal wild-boar hunt is child's play; for the horse has not only to be taken alive from the midst of the herd, but of course safe and sound in wind and limb. For this purpose the celebrated whip of the Csikos serves him: probably at some future time a few splendid specimens of this instrument will be exhibited in the Imperial Arsenal at Vienna, besides the sword of Scanderberg and the Swiss "morning stars."—*Taylor's Hungary.*

BEAUTY.—As the palate feasts upon savoury and sweet, the ear feasts upon melody, and the eye gorges upon light and colour till it aches with pleasure. "An ugly animal is one, in the conformation of which, the custom of nature is violated, or which excites the associations of sloth, gluttony, intility and malice, rather than the opposite of all these qualities. If pigs did not make such excellent hams, they would be the most detestable of all animals on the face of the earth; and, accordingly, all nations that don't eat them, hate them: they are only restored to favour upon condition of being dressed for dinner."—*Sydney Smith.*

The city of Cracow is stated to have been extensively desolated by a fire, which, among other buildings, consumed the Archbishop's noble palace.

## CUPIDITY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE ex-king, Louis Philippe, it appears, persists in demanding that he shall either be paid for the pictures, &c., he added to the galleries of the Louvre, or that they shall be given up to him. He even demands cash for, or the restoration of, what is called the Standish Gallery—that is, the large and not valueless collection of pictures and works of art which our countryman, Mr. Standish, presented to him some years ago, in a pique, I believe, at being refused a title by the English government; which collection, it was always understood, Louis Philippe had formerly given to the nation—as formerly, indeed, as he gave the acres of pictures which cover the walls of the palace of Versailles. His ex-majesty also specially demands a *con-si-der-a-tion* for, or giving up of, what is known as the Spanish Gallery—a collection scraped together in Spain at an enormous price, but containing many daubs and many productions of doubtful authenticity, which also, it was believed, he had given to the country. The authorities of the Louvre are in doubts what to do: to comply with the old King's demands would offend the public; to refuse would be ungracious and unkind to him. But to speak the whole truth, these people would not be sorry to get rid of the whole lot, inasmuch as whatever may be their intrinsic value, they sink into comparative insignificance by the side of the glorious gallery of the great Italian, Dutch, and French masters: and, besides, they occupy room which, it is believed, could be turned to much better account.

EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The alterations in Mr. Paxton's design are mainly these: a keel-shaped fourth story, and a transept running north and south, so as to break up the long line of front, have been added. The total height will now be 100 feet, sufficient to enclose the highest of the trees on the ground, and Messrs. Fox and Henderson have taken the contract for its execution, to be completed in the present year, for the sum of eighty-five thousand five hundred pounds, the materials remaining their property.—*The Builder.* The *Art Journal* says, the conservatory is to cover eighteen acres, and be 110 feet in height, and adds, there will be on the ground-floor alone eight miles of tables; 1,200,000 square feet of glass (manufactured by Chance, of Birmingham); twenty-four miles of one description of gutter, and 218 miles of "sash bar;" and in the construction 4,000 tons of iron will be expended. The wooden floor will be arranged with "divisions," so as to allow the dust to fall through. Within a very short period, 2,000 men will be employed in the building. Mr. Paxton has been long known to the public as one of the agents of the Duke of Devonshire, and as the author of several admirable works on floriculture and botany. The conservatories at Chatsworth were constructed under his directions; and it is understood that he refers to them as affording satisfactory proofs that the ventilation will be better than it could be in buildings of brick.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.—Under this name, it is said a series of concerts will be given at Her Majesty's Theatre, in November. A committee of noblemen and gentlemen will have the direction, and it is proposed to obtain the first talent, both vocal and instrumental. The prices of admission are to be such as to enable all classes to enjoy the music. We have long said that cheap musical performances of the highest order, both as to executants and music, would be supported successfully. The promenade concerts were never pursued with a view to improve the common taste, but rather to assemble inconveniently crowded audiences to the sound of row polkas and posthorn gallops. The feeling for the music of the great masters, we believe, does exist in sufficient force to promise the success of such concerts as these, and there is no reason why the prettinesses of Strauss, Lanner, and Labitzky, should not be afforded to those who are not yet devoted to the purely classical.

ADVERTISING IN PARIS.—You were informed some months back that several theatres had had their drop curtains turned into huge advertising placards, by the painting on them of certain pictorial representations of different descriptions of merchandise, accompanied with the names and addresses in big letters of the dealers in the same. The persons who invented this description of advertising are now forming a company with a large capital for exploiting it in England. *Advise to your theatrical managers.*—*A Correspondent.*

## NEW PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

THE Woods and Forests' estimate for a Public Record Office, on the Rolls estate in Chancery Lane, has—we are glad at length to announce—received the approval of the Government; and thirty thousand pounds of the forty-five thousand pounds required has been voted in Parliament during the past week. The architect engaged is Mr. Pennethorne, to whom we are indebted for the useful building in Piccadilly recently erected for the Museum of Practical Geology. It is to be a classic building, accommodating itself to what Lancelot Brown would have called the *capabilities* of the place, and to the introduction of such portions of the Rolls House (a work of the last century, built by Colin Campbell) as Mr. Pennethorne may think worthy of preservation. We are glad to observe that the Rolls Chapel, with its curious monuments, is to remain intact; and we should not quarrel with Mr. Pennethorne if he could apply one thousand of his forty-five thousand pounds in doing something, however small, to restore a very interesting little edifice to some of its pristine beauties. We would willingly sacrifice the Rolls House to preserve the Rolls Chapel. The new Record Office will be erected in about three years; and Parliament has shown its sense of the necessity of such a building by voting in advance two-thirds of the sum required. It is calculated, we observe, by Sir Francis Palgrave, that the new office will not only contain the whole of the public records, but will be large enough to receive all the additions that we are likely to make to it in the next fifty years. It will relieve the Norman Chapel in the White Tower and the Early English Chapter House at Westminster Abbey from the mass of presses which disfigure those buildings, and really exclude the people from seeing what the public has often expressed a desire to see. The Norman Chapel in the Tower of London is not only the most ancient edifice remaining in London, but it is the best example we have of a Norman Chapel in a place of strength—and is, moreover, a memorable portion of the most celebrated fortress connected with the history of the country. Then, the Chapter House at Westminster—so integral a portion of the whole Abbey—will be a sight for millions when its mural paintings of fourteenth-century work are brought to light, and its fine floor of heraldic tiles is no longer boarded over. This forty-five thousand pounds is a sum well laid out,—on a purpose for which we have contended year after year. The new building will enable Government, moreover, to turn the State Paper Office in St. James's Park to another purpose. Mr. Pennethorne's building will be fireproof—that is, no fires will be introduced: Sir Francis Palgrave having discovered, in conjunction with Sir William Hooker, that parchments and papers are best preserved not by artificial heat, but by natural ventilation in dry weather. In short, we are to keep our records as Linnaeus kept his Herbarium, and as the Duke of Bedford keeps his muniments in London.

## A HERD OF GIRAFFES.

Our breakfast being finished, I resumed my journey through an endless gray forest of camel-dorn and other trees, the country slightly undulating and grass abundant. A little before the sun went down, my driver remarked to me, 'I was just going to say, sir, that that old tree was a camelopard.' On looking where he pointed, I saw that the old tree was, indeed, a camelopard; and, on casting my eyes a little to the right, I beheld a troop of them standing looking at us, their heads actually towering above the trees of the forest. It was imprudent to commence a chase at such a late hour, especially in a country of so level a character, where the chances were against my being able to regain my waggon that night. I, however, resolved to chance everything; and directing my men to catch and saddle Bolesberg, I proceeded in haste to buckle on my shooting-belt and spurs, and in two minutes I was in the saddle. The giraffes stood looking at the waggon until I was within sixty yards of them, when, galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a troop of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting

their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantering along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything that I had before experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me, that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swingeing gallop, I was in the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewn in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a watercourse, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it, she reared high on her hind legs and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.—*Lieutenant Cumming's Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa.*

A FRENCH paper, the *Presse*, gives some account of experiments made at the house of M. de Girardin with "a new telegraphic dictionary, the invention of M. Gonon. Despatches, in French, English, Portuguese, Russian, and Latin, including proper names of men and places, and also figures, were transmitted and translated, says this account, with a rapidity and fidelity alike marvellous, by an officer who knew nothing of any one of the languages used except his own. Dots, commas, accents, and breaks were all in their places. This dictionary of M. Gonon is applicable alike to electric and to aerial telegraphy, to transmissions by night and by day, to maritime and to military telegraphing.—The same paper speaks of the great interest excited in the European capitals by the approaching experiment of submarine telegraphic communication between England and France. The wires, it says, on the English side are deposited and ready for laying down. It is probable that in a very few days the experiment will be complete.

ON THE FACILITIES OF ANIMALS AS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF MEN.—There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and ill-fated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or liberality; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind,—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen,—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tale will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music,—that I see no reason whatever, why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice-boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always reconciled me to human nature.—*Sydney Smith.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—George III., like his son William IV., was in the frequent habit of stealing privately from his palace during the spring evenings in London, in a round hat, and a very substantial greatcoat. He was met in one of these walks by the late Sir Richard Phillips, who had just commenced trade as a bookseller, in Water-lane, coming from the Temple. The King asked him the way. Phillips, who did not know him, gave him the direction required, and being very much of the same gossiping nature as his Sovereign, fell into conversation with him, and seeing him, as he thought, a substantial country gentleman, finally turned round to accompany him to the place required. When they got up to St. Paul's, "The fact is," said the King, "I want a lane or street called Paternoster-row, which I am told is about this quarter, and I want a bookseller of the name of Robinson. I want a book which has just been published, but the truth is, I do not want to enter the shop myself. You seem, sir, to be a gentleman of great kindness and civility; here is a guinea, perhaps you will do me the favour of buying it for me." Phillips immediately assented, bought the book, and returned again to the King, who shook him by the hand, bowed, and left him. "I was certainly struck," said Phillips, "with some indistinct likeness to some face which was floating in my mind, and you may conceive my astonishment, when, having occasion a short time afterwards to see the King face to face, I immediately recognised my former street acquaintance." The book was some political pamphlet in which some of his Majesty's Ministers, and high personages of his household, were very personally and severely attacked.

AMONG the monuments which are getting up on all sides to Sir Robert Peel, it has been determined by the inhabitants of Tollington and its neighbourhood, to erect a column in his honour on the summit of Holcombe Hill. The view from the top of the column,—which is to be accessible by means of a staircase—will command a panoramic scene of two hundred miles in circumference, embracing a sight of Yorkshire over Blackstone Edge, the Derbyshire hills overlooking Buxton, the Staffordshire range of hills, Cheshire, the Irish Channel, the Cumberland hills, and the watering places on the Lancashire coast. Holcombe Hill is within a few miles of the birthplace of the late Sir Robert Peel.—A correspondent, in reference to our remarks last week on the waste of means and poverty of thought which in this advanced age of the world builds for all time with such perishable materials as statues, suggests that our design of a more living and intelligent memorial should take the form of a national University for the education of the sons of the middle classes. He justly observes, that ours are not the days for copying the forms of ancient Rome as interpreters of the new feelings and aspirations which the Romans never knew; and he adds, that, while the statues which the Romans reared are dispersed and their columns crumbling to decay, their thoughts, as embodied in their literature, are with us yet, testifying for ever of the great spirits which perished from amongst them, but left in this sure and abiding form the legacy of their minds.

GUIZOT.—Our present business is with M. Guizot as an historian and philosopher; a character in which he will be remembered long after his service to humanity, as a statesman and a minister, have ceased to attract the attention of men. In those respects we place him in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists, lest the readers, expecting what they will not find, experience disappointment when they begin the study of his works. He is neither imaginative nor pictorial; he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little eloquence. He is not a Livy nor a Gibbon. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievement. It is in the discovery of general causes; in tracing the operation of changes in society which escape ordinary observation; in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of his history he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, an historian; his vocation and object were different. He is a great discourses on history. If ever the philosophy of history was embodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot.—*Mr. Alison's Essays.*

## LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY

### PROPHETIC PEOPLE.

THERE is a class of people in the world, with the peculiar genius of which every one is familiar, even if, according to the old saying, the familiarity should degenerate into that superabundance of the feeling that induces contempt. We allude to people who are always wonderfully prophetic about other people's affairs, and who would, no doubt, attain to the rank of distinguished Prophets, were it not that, like most oracles, their greetings are so obscure, and at times so anything but applicable to the fact, that one cannot place that degree of faith in them that it would be so charming to do.

Like the Clairvoyants, they manage to prophesy things that it is hard to dispute; as, for instance, one of the omniscient youths who, with mesmeric phenomena, puzzled the groundlings the other day, could tell you what was taking place in South Africa, but modestly declined to state what might be ensuing at your own home in the next street.

Your prophetic people are to be found in all classes of society—in fact, they make up a class of their own, the members of which fate has distributed through all grades of the body politic. From the highest to the lowest will be found the folks who are ever ready with their—"I told you so"—"My very words"—"Didn't I say so?"

Such are the choice specimens of verbosity in which the oracle calls attention to the fulfilment of his own sagacious prophecies; and the only wonder is, that somehow you never can have a very clear perception that you do remember the prophesy with sufficient distinctness to take upon you to say, "Ah, yes, you did say so."

The fact is, that prophetic people have a sort of tact in the conduction of their knowing powers, that makes it very difficult, indeed, to convict them of a deliberate error. Like the oracles of the ancients, they take care to be sufficiently obscure to enable them to back out of any untoward contingency, so that whatever may happen, they take credit for exactly foreseeing "just that." They go something upon the principle of the ingenious gentleman who gets up the almanac of Francis Moore, Physician, who promises that "on or about the twelfth day of July, there will be rain somewhere, unless the stars have it otherwise." Very safe that!

But the most noxious aspect that a prophetic person assumes in ordinary society, is when he or she takes up what the late Mr. Barnum used to call "The damp blanket business"—that is to say, the professional pursuit of throwing cold water upon the hopes, the wishes, and the joys of individuals.

Such an individual is Mr. Chricton Merlin. He is a retired tradesman, and has, according to his own account, "made a trifle" by seeing a long way further into a mill-stone than ordinary people; and having taken a snug lodging, "contagious," as Mawworm has it, to a tolerably large circle of friends, he goes from one to the other, indulging in the gift of prophecy.

If a friend's daughter or son gets married, Merlin shakes his head, and says, "We shall see." He hopes the young couple will be quite comfortable, he is sure; but "wait just fifteen months, that is all, and we shall see." Now, in the natural order of mundane affairs, something uncomfortable will happen in fifteen months; and when it does, let it be what it may, Merlin gives a sagacious inclination

of the head, and says, "I told you so."—"My very words."—"Ah, I knew it!"

A friend enters into a speculation of a promising character, and Merlin hears of it. "Very good," he says. "It looks well, now—I admit that; but wait a little—wait a little. Umph!—wait. Ah!" The speculation goes wrong, and Merlin forthwith utters his oracular "I told you so."

Now, it is quite evident that all human affairs are much more liable to go wrong than right, and that, inasmuch as there is but one right path from one place to another, so there is but one even course for the speculations and the anticipations of humanity to pursue, and they are exposed to all the chances, which are legion, of going amiss, so that it is quite clear that our friend, Merlin, always has the odds immensely in his favour, by hinting at evil for never does Merlin, by any accident, prophesy anything of a satisfactory nature—not he. No doubt he thinks that if things do turn out well, that is quite a sufficient recompense, without any knowledge of it beforehand.

Then, again, Merlin never will fix a clear and concise date to his prophecies, or be particular as to the particular description of evil fortune that is about to take place. And even when he ventures upon going so close to danger as to say that in fifteen months after a man's marriage something or another will take place, not quite all sentiment and honey, he still reserves to himself the old phrases of "Wait a bit." "We shall see." "Ay, ay." "Time enough."

Were such men as Merlin to be listened to, the world would soon stand still, and human nature would become stagnant. These are the kind of men who put a stop upon many a noble enterprise, and who chill the generous aspirations of many a gentle heart; these are the men who would banish affection, with all its self-abnegation, from human nature, and who, by their baneful influence, would convert the great world, "and all that it inherit," into a barren waste; these are the men who stifle brilliant discoveries—who advise you to burn your new novel, for that "it will never do"—who shake their heads at your most disinterested resolutions, for fear that they should be imprudent; who tell you to "wait a bit" before you clasp to your heart the young and smiling object of your youthful dreams—who will not let you even enjoy health without their "Wait a little"—"Ah! we shall see;" half persuading you that you are carrying about with you the germs of some fearful distemper. Out upon them! Let doors be slammed at their approach. Let nobody be "at home" to the prophet of evil. Laugh at his predictions if you meet him in a public thoroughfare—assail him with the keenest shafts of ridicule; and if he will not be human, let him take a lodging in Stonehenge for the winter months; and if he begs to come again to the warmth and the comfort of society, tell him to "Wait a bit," and that "We shall see."

**POPULATION.**—The census, taken only in the rough manner understood at that time, showed at the accession of James I. that London contained little more than 120,000 inhabitants. Six years afterwards, the Lord Mayor, on being questioned by the Privy Council as to "What number of mouths are esteemed to be in the City of London and the Liberty?" returned a written answer—"130,280."

**COMEDY BY MR. COOPER.**—Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, has produced a comedy, called *Upside Down, or Philosophy in Petticoats*, to satirize the Doctrines of Communism, and the rights of women. The newspapers speak of it as wanting in dramatic effect, and dull, with some strong hits.

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

**OPENING OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.**—The important portion of the Great Northern system of railway communication, extending over seventy-six miles between London and Peterborough, is now completed and ready for opening to the public. The government officer is to go over it in a few days, and report to the railway commissioners as to its fitness for traffic. The total area of rail that will be connectedly thrown open on the occasion will be two hundred and twenty miles, with termini at Peterborough, Boston, Lincoln, Hull, Gainsborough, Great Grimsby, and York. Of this mileage, seventy-six miles consist of the trunk between London and Peterborough, and one hundred and forty-four miles known as the Lincolnshire loop, with various links and branches. When what is called the Town's-line between Peterborough and East Letford, and other branches, are completed, the Great Northern will represent a network of railway, north and south, little short of three hundred miles, constructed at a cost of between seven and eight million pounds, and so far on a much less costly scale than any other railway in the kingdom. Arrangements on an extensive scale have been made at the King's Cross station and at the various stations on the line for a large coal traffic, at reduced prices, to be brought from the South Yorkshire coal fields, the trucks containing the coal from which will unload at the edge of the Regent's Canal for the supply of the London market.

**FLOATING OF THE FOURTH AND LAST TUBE OF THE BRITANNIA-BRIDGE.**—The floating of the fourth and last tube, which may be said to complete this magnificent structure, took place on Thursday morning, July 24th, at nine o'clock, with complete success. An early day in November next is officially announced by the engineers as the period for the consolidation and complete public opening of the bridge.

**CONSUMPTION OF TEA.**—Recently, a parliamentary return was printed, by which it appears that there has been an increase for the last three years in the consumption of tea. In 1847, the quantities retained for home consumption were 46,314,821 lbs., which the duty, at two shillings and twopence farthing per lb., was five million sixty-six thousand four hundred and ninety-four pounds. In 1848 the quantity retained for home consumption was 48,374,789 lbs., on which the duty was five million three hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-two pounds, being an increase of 2,419,968 lbs. on the preceding year, whilst in 1849, the year ending the 5th of January last, the quantity retained was 50,021,579 lbs., and the duty paid five million four hundred and seventy-one thousand four hundred and twenty-two pounds.

**COCOA-NUT SUGAR.**—Ceylon newspapers mention a new source of sugar, as likely to be of importance to that colony. The sugar is obtained by cutting off the Cocoa-nut flower stem, attaching a vessel to it, and evaporating the liquid; it flows over in quantities so great as to be almost incredible, and I have seen samples of the sugar equal to anything ever obtained from the sugar-cane, and produced in such abundance from a tree as to promise immense returns yearly to the owner of it.—*A. B.*

**THE BRUSSELS' HERALD** says:—"The carriage which is to be used at the coronation of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, and which is to be restored, was constructed during the reign of the Emperor, Charles, who had it made for the marriage of his daughter, Maria Theresa. Since that time, this vehicle was only made use of on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperors at Frankfort. The gilding alone cost eighteen thousand florins, and the paintings which adorn the panels are from the pencil of Rubens, and cost sixty thousand florins."

**THE PENNY BANK.**—The London Penny Bank, in Commercial-street, Whitechapel, commenced business, on the 30th January last, and the results up to the 23d inst., were: Deposits, 41,681; depositors, 6643; receipts, one thousand five hundred and forty-nine pounds eighteen shillings and eightpence. The object of these institutions is to create and foster prudent habits; and this result clearly proves that they are peculiarly adapted to attain the object.

**MR. MUNYARD**, one of our most promising comic actors, is dead. Mr. James Wallack is alarmingly ill, and Mrs. Clifford is in no better state.

## THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER LVI.

THE DUCHESS VISITS THEODORE AFTER HER CONVERSATION WITH MISS JUKE.

THERE was a natural kindness of heart about Clara that would not allow her to see the schoolmistress humbled and agitated before her, and rising, she approached her with a courtesy that went far to dissipate the fears that had crowded around the heart of Miss Juke. And yet the preceptress retained some of her alarm, for she did not know but that the Duchess only commenced mildly, in order that she might suddenly let her down to the very depths of degradation, and so make her fall all the greater and more sure.

"May I humbly request," said Miss Juke, "that your Grace will be seated?"

"Thank you," said Clara.

"And the Duke, likewise. Allow me to hand the Duke a chair."

"The Duke is not here, Miss Juke. That gentleman is a friend of mine and of the Duke."

Poor Miss Juke had been so much occupied by the elaborate courtesy with which she had thought proper to meet the Duchess, that she had not been able to cast a single glance at the gentleman who was in the room, and who did not obtrude himself into notice. Of course, the schoolmistress concluded him to be the Duke of Pangbourne; but when the Duchess dissipated that delusion, Miss Juke looked at him, in order to observe if he were a stranger to her or not.

Alas! she knew him not: and there was, to the imagination of Miss Juke, a very fearful business-like air and manner about him. She trembled to think in what presence she might be.

"I trust," said Clara, "that you will be so good, Miss Juke, as to reply to me in all candour, to what I shall ask of you. I can assure you, beforehand, that my visit here is of no hostile character; and, I think, I can assure you, although he does not know of it, that it will receive the full and entire concurrence of the Duke."

This was a pacific speech that was wonderfully re-assuring to poor Miss Juke, and she drew a long breath of relief, as she replied—

"Your Grace has only to command me, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in replying to any questions that your Grace may think proper to ask."

"That is well," said Clara, with animation; "and I am quite happy to find that we shall understand each other so well. To commence, then, at once—Had you not a young girl here, as a scholar, named Marianna?"

"Yes, your Grace. Oh, yes, I had; but—oh, Heaven look down upon Minerva House Establishment, where there are only a few extras, and the use of the globes is taught upon true scientific principles!—she is gone, gone, gone!"

"We know that," said Mr. Oliver.

At the sound of the quiet earnest voice of the Attorney, Miss Juke gave a slight start.

"Yes," added the Duchess, "that melancholy fact is well known to us, Miss Juke; and along with the knowledge, there has come to me the full and entire conviction that you are not to blame for it, and that the circumstances are such as make out for you a complete justification."

Poor Miss Juke, who was rather in a melting mood; was moved to tears. The unexpected kindness of the Duchess in coming to tell her that she was justified, instead of coming to say the bitter things that she expected from her, was too much.

"Oh, your Grace," she said, "I cannot but feel sufficiently grateful to you for the kind manner in which you speak of the affair; but although you are good enough to exonerate me from blame, I still cannot help blaming myself, and I will now confess, that upon principle I ought not to have let the young lady go, and if I had, I ought to have gone with her myself, or have sent some one from the establishment with her, to make sure that all was right."

"I fear, Madam, that neither of those precautions would have availed against the art, and the wickedness, and the daring of the man with whom you had to contend. The mischief might only have been the greater; and now, Miss Juke, that I hope I have reassured you as regards my feelings towards you in this matter, will you let me ask you what was the other name of the young girl?"

"Clint—Marianna Clint she was called. The Duke told me that such was her name; but we all loved her, and so we called her Marianna, for it is not usual to name any young lady in this establishment, which I may say is superior to many, and second to none, by any other than their surname, except in a petting kind of way; and I may say that poor Marianna was the pet of the whole house."

"Can you tell me her age, Miss Juke?"

"She may have been sixteen, your Grace; but the poor child did not seem to know herself exactly what age she was."

"And—and the Duke seemed—that is to say, the Duke appeared to take great interest in her, and to—to—feel an affection—"

Clara was getting just a little out of her depth, and Mr. Oliver thought it would be just as well for him to come to the rescue.

"Madam," he said, "it is a strange thing, but no less strange than true, that although the Duchess is fully aware that the only motive of the Duke in placing Marianna under your care was a kind and a benevolent one, she was, until very recently, a stranger to the whole transaction; and now, for the happiness both of herself and of the Duke, with whom there will be no disagreement upon this topic, she hopes that you will inform her of all the particulars in your knowledge concerning Marianna."

Miss Juke's eyes began to be opened. The Duchess came to get information, not to bestow reproach.

It was quite astonishing how the countenance of the schoolmistress cleared now; and regarding Clara with quite an air of affection and patronage, she said in her usual tones—

"How very natural, your Grace, it is that you should wish to know everything concerning this young girl. I assure your Grace that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to tell you all."

"But do not misunderstand," said Clara. "Let me beg of you not to suppose for one moment that I came here with any antagonistic feeling to the Duke. Believe me, Miss Juke, it is not so; and your revelations concerning Marianna will only have the effect of promoting a good understanding between me and that gentleman, rather than disturbing it."

"Certainly. I quite understand, your Grace, and I will tell all with pleasure. Your Grace, then, must know, that I had no precise knowledge of the Duke when he called one day with the young lady, who was then not exactly in the costume befitting a young lady; but the Duke made a handsome provision for her, and agreed to pay all extras, and left her with me."

"And when, Miss Juke, did you last see the Duke?"

"Never since that day, your Grace."

"And—and as regarded Marianna—What sort of disposition had she?—What sort of habit, or mode of thought—"

"The Duchess," said Mr. Oliver, "is anxious to know your opinion of the character and morals of Marianna."

"Oh, your Grace," said Miss Juke, with fervour, "a better, sweeter, milder, and more amiable girl could not exist. She was modesty and gentleness itself, and one would just as soon expect anything wrong in thought or in deed from an angel as from her."

A glow of satisfaction came over the face of the Duchess. All that she was hearing corresponded with her own and Mr. Oliver's ideas that the placing of Marianna with Miss Juke was an act upon the Duke's part of pure goodness, and had in it no stain of worldly passion. The mere fact of itself that she had been placed in such an establishment, ought to have been sufficient to remove the faintest suspicion of an intrigue; but when it was found that since that event Marianna and the Duke had never met, and that with all the opportunities of observation which the schoolmistress must have, she vouched for Marianna's purity as she would have done for that of angels, the Duchess had a great task to do to preserve herself from tears.

"Miss Juke," she said, "all that you have told me coincides with what I have heard from other quarters, and finds a grateful place in my heart. And now tell me—did Marianna ever speak of the Duke?"

"Oh, yes; but she always regretted that he did not come to see her, and often wondered at the goodness that he had shown to her, who was to him an utter stranger."

"This is very strange," said the Duchess, with an appealing look to Mr. Oliver.

"It would be more strange, your Grace," said Mr. Oliver, "if we were not aware of the fact that the mind of the Duke has been very intensely occupied upon other affairs lately. There is no doubt but that he felt certain Miss Clint was in good hands, and so left her, intending to call and see her when his mind should be more at ease and leisure."

"But the mysterious tie that has induced him to provide thus for her?"

Mr. Oliver gave the Duchess a meaning look, for it certainly was not at all advisable to take Miss Juke into their private counsels.

"I have no doubt whatever," said Mr. Oliver, "but that Marianna is the orphan and destitute child of some one whom the Duke has known years since before he came to the Dukedom, and that in his rather eccentric way he has chosen, without communicating with any one upon the subject, to provide for her."

"It must be so," said Clara.

"Yes," said Miss Juke, "and I can assure your Grace, that since she has been gone, the house has not looked like itself. The very globes don't seem to revolve upon their artificial axes as they ought, and I have found that the young ladies do not attend so well to the grammatical construction of their language."

"I regret that very much," said the Duchess; but the tone in which she spoke was, or ought to have been, quite sufficient to let Miss Juke know, that her thoughts were anywhere just then but with Minerva House establishment. Poor Miss Juke, however, was human, and she had her foibles, one of which certainly was rather a gossiping propensity as regarded the school, and she mumbled on—

"Yes, your Grace, I can assure you that, although for geography, I will say, that we give place to no one, the young ladies will not know where the capitals of Europe are at times; and it was only yesterday that the Honourable Lady Ada Grenville, who is thirteen years of age, when asked what was the name of the capital of Prussia, said she supposed Prussian-blue had something to do with it."

"Indeed," said Clara, rising, "I am very much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you have replied to my inquiries; and I beg that you will consider me your debtor for any account you may have upon Marianna's charge, and I sincerely hope that she will soon be under your roof again."

"Oh, your Grace, this goodness is too overpowering. It is, indeed. But if your Grace would only be so good as to take occasion to mention in your Grace's polite circle of acquaintance, that Minerva House is an establishment where young ladies are taught everything that *politesse* and the aristocratic requirements of extensive civilization can require, you will be conferring upon me a great favour."

"I will do so."

Mr. Oliver opened the door for the Duchess, and tried to get her away from the voluble Miss Juke, who, now that she had got fairly upon the great advantages of her establishment, did not seem to know very well where to come to a conclusion; she rattled on about catechisms—natural philosophy—conchology—physical geography—the Indian mace exercise—shower-baths—Baden-Baden towelling—electricity—the use of the globes—horse-hair gloves, and moral control; and many other subjects of a like heterogeneous character, until Clara was fairly in her carriage, and had driven off.

"What an escape!" said Mr. Oliver.

"She is an extraordinary woman," said Clara, "and seems to have a vast fund of information."

"I don't know," smiled Mr. Oliver, "about her information; but I can answer for her volubility. I think, too, that I have had sufficient experience of human nature to come to a conclusion, that she is a kind-hearted woman, and that when you hear her talking very fast about some few things that she may understand a little of, and a great many more that she entirely does not understand anything of, you have heard and seen the worst of Miss Juke."

And what a great and happy thing it is," said Clara, "to be able to say of any human being that the worst of them consists of a few harmless foibles, is it not, Mr. Oliver?"

"It is, your Grace; and if you will now give me leave to stop your coachman, and then rely upon my pilotage and protection, for a little time, while the carriage waits for us at this corner, I shall be able to take you to the cottage where he who

once thought himself the Duke of Pangbourne resides."

"Theodore?"

"The same. I hope that you still preserve your intention of paying him a visit? He is a gentleman, and I do not know that I can say anything more comprehensively to his credit."

"Yes, Mr. Oliver, I will see him. You inform me that he loves this Marianna, and I feel that it will be one of the most delightful occupations of my life to see to his happiness with her, and to place within his power the means of moving in a sphere with her, that they both will add a lustre to, rather than derive any from."

The coachman now stopped, and was ordered to remain at the spot at which he pulled up, while the Duchess, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Oliver, proceeded towards the pretty little cottage of Miss Finch, in which, after all, Theodore had known much real happiness, and where he would have known much more but for the rude shock he had experienced from the abdication of Marianna from the school.

There was a charm about the quiet serenity of the little lane into which Mr. Oliver led the Duchess, that had all its effect upon her highly natural temperament and feelings. When the Attorney paused at last at the railing of the little garden, and pointed to the vine-covered cottage, from the chimney of which a pale wreath of smoke was curling its way Heavenward, she looked on the scene with feelings that for some few moments could find no utterance.

The sweet scent of the flowers from the garden, too, filled the air; and their many colours, as they gently flashed in the morning light, combined with the deep green of the exotics, with which the garden was well provided, made up a scene that, to the Duchess, was delightful from its very simplicity.

"Ah, Mr. Oliver," she said, "Theodore should take Pangbourne House, and let me have his little cottage here, in exchange for it."

"Do you really think so, your Grace?"

"Indeed, and in truth I do, Mr. Oliver. This is the kind of scene that suits my humble taste. I do not rejoice in the huge gilded saloons, with all the crowd of false faces and betraying smiles that are beneath them. I would rather pluck one of these roses and make it a companion, than I would bask in the sunshine of a monarch's favour. Of a truth, I am not made to be a Duchess."

Mr. Oliver only smiled. Perhaps his active, jarring town-life had made him incapable, after all, of thoroughly appreciating the tender and natural feelings and sympathies of the Duchess, and so he found it difficult to reply to her remarks.

"Do we go through the garden?" she said.

"Yes, a short distance, I think; but this is my first visit here, so I am not well acquainted with the place; but yonder is a gate, that, no doubt, by the trimly-kept gravelled path beyond it, leads to the cottage. Shall we try it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

The little gate was only upon the latch, so that Mr. Oliver soon held it open for the Duchess, and they together entered the garden. Clara was delighted with all she saw; and so, perhaps, would Mr. Oliver have been, notwithstanding his city education, had not he been rather discomposed by a wild bee, that would keep flying in circles of rather narrow diameter round his head, as though it were looking for some convenient spot upon which to give him a sting for intruding in that little domain of flowers.

"I wonder we see no one," he said. Surely he is within?"

At this moment there came from the cottage a tottering old man. It was Joseph; and as his sight was none of the best, he did not for a few moments recognise Mr. Oliver; but when he did, he said—

"Oh, sir, is it, indeed, you? I was just thinking of being so bold as to call upon you, that I was, sir."

"Indeed, Joseph! What for? I hope nothing is amiss?"

"Oh, sir. I—that is nothing is amiss—no much—only he is so very—very bad—"

The old man burst into tears, and sobbed aloud.

Clara was alarmed at the moment, but the sight of the old man's continued tears soon put to flight every other feeling but that of sympathy; and stepping forward to him, she laid her hand upon his arm, as she said in the kind accents that she could well command, and which were so natural to her—

"Why do you weep? Be comforted, I pray

you; and if you have an affliction that seems great to you to-day, trust to-morrow, when by the goodness of Heaven it may alter its character. You have seen how sweet the sunshine is after a storm?"

The old man looked up. The tears ceased to flow, and he gazed upon the fair face that was presented to him in surprise and awe.

"Bless you, lady," he said, "I am better now."

"That is right," said Clara; "and now tell me for whom is it that you weep so bitterly?"

"Alas! lady, it is for my master, the Duke."

"The Duke? Oh, no—"

"Nay, I ought not to say that. Mr. Theodore is his name; but he is a Duke for all that."

The old man propped himself up as well as he could by placing his hands behind him, and tried to look young, and smart, and life-like; although the tremulous shake of the head that he could not still, betrayed what a ruin poor Joseph was becoming.

"Yes," he added, "he is a Duke, though we do live in a cottage, and nobody calls us Your Grace, and we don't go to court now, and we don't keep our carriage. Yet he is a Duke."

"But you were weeping, Joseph," said Mr. Oliver.

"Ah! yes, yes!"

The old man's momentary pride forsook him, and he shrunk to the stoop that now was habitual to him.

"Yes, yes! I was weeping. Oh, Mr. Oliver, my master is very—very ill, indeed."

"This is sad news," said the Attorney to the Duchess. "This lady wished to see him much."

"Oh, yes," said Clara, "I did, indeed, wish to see him, for I hoped that I might be able to—"

"Remain incognito for some time yet," put in Mr. Oliver, "which, I believe, will be most advisable?"

The Duchess took the hint, and was silent; and then the Attorney added—

"Joseph, this lady will amuse herself in the garden for a few moments, while I go into the cottage with you to see how Mr. Theodore really is. Ah, who is this?"

"That is Miss Finch," said Joseph, "our good, kind landlady. Ah, she is one of a thousand! A thousand do I say?—I mean a million! If poor Mr. Theodore were her own son, she could not think more of him than she does."

Miss Finch, with a slow step and a worn look, approached the little party that was now assembled in the garden.

"He is sleeping, Joseph," she said.

"Thank God," said Joseph. "I knew you would not leave him if he were awake; and when I saw you coming, I said to myself, 'He sleeps.'"

Miss Finch now saw Clara, and curtsied to her, which Clara returned at once; and then, to save Mr. Oliver from the awkwardness of not introducing her to the old lady, she said—

"I trust, madam, that you will excuse this intrusion. I am a friend of the gentleman who is with me, and he is a friend to Mr. Theodore, who has the good fortune to reside with you."

To such a speech, Miss Finch could only reply kindly and although it was anything but a complete introduction to the strangers, yet Miss Finch was content to consider it sufficient, and she was soon in earnest conversation with the Duchess concerning the situation of Theodore, while Joseph and Mr. Oliver entered the cottage.

It turned out that after Theodore had paid his visit to Mr. Oliver, he was so full of the idea of yet, by diligent inquiry, discovering Marianna, that he went through an amount of exertion without food that was far beyond his strength; and then feeling that he was getting sick and exhausted, he made his way homewards, where he had no sooner arrived than he fainted, and remained in a state of insensibility for some hours. Upon his recovery from that condition, a fever supervened, and poor Theodore was now lying asleep from the effects of a powerful sedative, which a neighbouring medical man, who had been called in by Joseph and Miss Finch, had thought proper to administer to him, as he was in a dreadful state of restlessness and delirium.

Such was the account which both the Duchess and Mr. Oliver got of the illness of Theodore; but the Duchess procured from Miss Finch, likewise, some information regarding Marianna, who was the innocent cause of the indisposition of her lodger.

By degrees, Miss Finch, from first intending to be very cautious, indeed, and to say as little as possible to the strange lady, who did not think proper to mention her name, told all. There was an ingenuous frankness about the manner of Clara that made

it quite impossible for any one to suppose she could be the enemy of any human being; so Miss Finch made a sort of plunge in the dark, and upon the faith of physiognomy and voice, made a confidant of Clara.

From the old lady, then, the Duchess heard the whole story of the love of the young drawing-master for the beautiful girl chance threw in his way; she heard how he had combatted with his feelings from honourable scruples, and how Miss Finch had accompanied him to the assignment by the garden wall; and what various little cross accidents had beset that very chivalrous and romantic enterprise. She likewise took the trouble to inform the Duchess how, from the little that she (Miss Finch) had seen of Marianna, she was largely prepossessed in her favour; and how she fully believed that the attachment between Theodore and the orphan was as strong as it was mutual.

How delightful all this was to the Duchess!

## CHAPTER LVII.

### THEODORE AWAKENS AND GATHERS HOPE FROM THE DUCHESS.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Clara could persuade herself to keep still secret from Miss Finch who she was. To do so, was to make war against the natural candour of her nature; but still, as Mr. Oliver had all but decidedly given it as his opinion that she ought to keep up her incognito, she did not like to follow the bent of her own inclination, and declare herself to Miss Finch.

Still the Duchess felt so keenly the manner in which she was ill-using the simple-minded old spinster, that she felt herself called upon to make an apology for the mystery in which she still thought proper to shroud herself.

"Madam," she said, "I feel that I can only throw myself upon your indulgence, and declare to you that, for the present, concealing from you my name I am not actuated by other than respectful motives to yourself and kind ones to Theodore."

"Oh, of that I have no doubt."

"Then you will truly forgive me for my apparent rudeness?"

"Truly, Madam, I feel quite assured, from your sympathising manners, that you cannot be other than a friend to the two poor young creatures, who, Heaven knows, want friends."

"Indeed, I will be a friend to them as far as my power will extend. That I promise you, Miss Finch and be assured that the time will soon come when by my proper name, I hope to be able to ask you for your friendship."

That her visitor was, in the common language of the world, a "somebody," Miss Finch did not doubt, and she replied with all imaginable courtesy to the speech of Clara's, after which they walked together slowly towards the cottage.

At the door of that pretty little house the first person they saw was old Joseph, with almost a smile upon his face.

"Better—better!" he cried. "Oh, he is much better, and awake, now, and he does not say strange things, as he did before he went to sleep; and the only thing that he seems at all at a loss about is, how long he has been ill."

"Thank Heaven," said Clara, "that this happy change has taken place. Youth will do much for him."

"Oh, yes, Madam. He will soon be all well again. It is only old worn-out wrecks, such as I am, that founder at the first cutting wind that assails them; but he has youth and strength to battle with disease, and soon be all right again. Ah, Madam, you do not know him as I know him, or you would love him."

"Should I?"

"That you would, and it wouldn't be your fault at all, for help it you could not. So now come in, for he will be up soon, I do think, and glad to see you."

"Nay," said Clara, "it cannot surely be that one who has been so ill will wish to rise?"

At this moment Mr. Oliver came hastily to the door of the cottage.

"I will leave this place," he said, "and let that headstrong and foolish young man go his own road to ruin. He is quite deaf to the suggestions of reason."

"What is the matter?" said the Duchess.

"Oh, Madam, you would scarcely believe it, but because he just feels that the fever has left him, he

is actually dressing to go out to look after Marianna, and he is so weak, he can hardly totter about the room. It is positive madness, and will be the death of him."

"He must be reasoned with," said Clara.

"Reasoned with! He is deaf to all reason."

"Let me see him."

"There is hope in that. Wait a moment, if you please, and I will go and prepare him for the interview. I will tell him that you are a lady friend of mine."

"Tell him, too, that I will use such exertions to recover for him Marianna that I must be successful, upon the one condition, that he remains here, in his home, in peace."

"I will tell him that you have a clue to her fate."

"Oh, no—no. Do not deceive him."

"It is not deceiving him. Do not you and I both fully believe that we can name the person who holds Marianna in bondage?"

"We do—we do. I had forgotten that."

Mr. Oliver hastened to the chamber of Theodore, whom he found, to his great delight, up and dressed, although he was so deathly pale, and evidently in such a state of weakness, that it was, indeed, as the Attorney said, a piece of madness for him to think of leaving his home.

"Mr. Theodore," he began.

"Hold!" cried Theodore. "I know all that you would say to me, Mr. Oliver, and I know likewise that every word is dictated by the purest and best of motives; but I shall go mad if I remain within the cottage with the conviction that Marianna may be still suffering tortures of suspense and anxiety. Already may she have wearied Heaven with prayers for succour, in which my name may have found a place. It is true that I may fail in discovering her place of retreat; but still it will be a satisfaction to make the effort."

"And die in the making of it."

"Let me die, then! Show me a nobler or a better cause in which to breathe my last."

"Mr. Theodore, this is very romantic, indeed; but upon that point we should only differ to a certainty; and therefore, I waive it; but I was going to say to you, that there was a lady who pledges herself to find Marianna for you."

"She does? Oh, Heaven shower its choicest blessings upon her!"

"She has a clue to the knowledge of the place of her retreat."

"Oh, this is news, indeed! Let me see her—let me speak to her, and bless her for the tidings that she brings me!"

"Hold! she will proceed in the affair, and render her knowledge available for the safety of Marianna and her restoration to you; but upon a condition that you must promise her to observe first."

"Anything and everything I will promise, that makes no treason of my love. Better ask my life than that."

"It is not that."

"Then I am free to promise; for everything but that is a cheap price to pay for the safety of Marianna, and the joy of seeing her again."

"Sit you down, then, Mr. Theodore, and I will bring the lady to you; but it is her whim, if you like so to name it, to preserve a strict incognito as regards who and what she is. You will, therefore, I am sure, make no attempt to discover her secret."

"Certainly not. I am only too grateful for her kind interference."

"She is a friend of mine; and, so far, you may consider that I answer for her, and urge you to rely upon her every word."

Theodore could not but be perfectly satisfied with this, and Mr. Oliver left him to himself, while he went to fetch and to inform the Duchess of the promise that he had exacted from him.

"For the sake, as he considers it, of his very life," said Mr. Oliver, "you must make his remaining at home, until he sees or hears from you again, the condition of your interference in Marianna's behalf. He cannot but make the promise, and when once made, it is quite certain that he will keep it, from a feeling of honour which I know well is with him sound."

Clara was delighted that by her call at the cottage home of poor Theodore, she was able to do so much good, for it was quite certain that no other motive than that which she could present to him would be powerful enough to induce him to forego the frightful risk to his health, of rushing out and enduring great fatigue, which would eventually have produced a relapse of his illness.

The appearance of the Duchess was such as to prepossess Theodore very much in her favour, and he bowed profoundly to her as he said in a faltering voice—

"Oh, madam, if, indeed, you can aid me in the recovery of my lost treasure, you will entitle yourself to a gratitude that will know no limits. If you only knew her, you would surely love her, for the goodness of a human heart, like your own, beams from every feature of her face."

"Mr. Theodore," said the Duchess, as she held out her hand. "Will you accept me as your unknown friend?"

"I will—I do, Madam. Known or unknown, it is sufficient that you come to me with words of hope, and gentle sympathy with Marianna."

"I do believe, sir, that I have a clue to the person who took her in so cruel and heartless a manner from the school; and I have only to tell you, that immediately that clue will be by me followed up with all the resources that can be brought to bear upon it."

"Ah, this is new life to me. My hat, Joseph, where is my hat? This lady will tell me where to go."

"Hold, you made a promise."

"A promise?"

"Yes, to Mr. Oliver, that upon condition I did my utmost to discover Marianna, you would obey me in some one particular."

"I did—I did. And I shall only be too happy."

"Then, you will remain at this cottage until you see or hear from me to the contrary."

Theodore sunk back into his chair, with a sigh.

"Ah!" he said, "I ought to have foreseen that. Where were my wits that it did not before strike me that such was the promise that would be required of me?"

"It is a promise solely dictated by a desire for your health and happiness," said Mr. Oliver, "and it is, consequently, one that you ought not to scruple for a moment to give. This lady can have no sinister motives. I pledge myself for her truth and absolute sincerity."

"There needs no pledge for those qualities, Mr. Oliver, in her. I do not say that your guarantee is not all-sufficient; but in the noble and engaging frankness and ingenuousness of her own manner, she brings with her a security that none dare doubt."

"You promise, then?" said Clara.

"I do, Madam."

"Farewell. Remain here in peace, and be assured, that within half an hour from this time all that the most extended resources, and the highest power can accomplish towards the restoration of Marianna, shall be put into action. The result may be delayed a little, but I cannot look upon it as other than quite certain."

"And may I not be trusted?"

"Not now further than your promise extends."

Clara rose, and with a smile, extended her hand again to the young man, of whom she had heard and seen quite enough to enable her, without the intervention of a doubt, to bestow upon him her friendship. Theodore took the hand respectfully, and lightly shook it.

"Farewell, madam," he said. "I shall pass but a weary time until I look upon your face again. It is a face that—"

"Hold, Mr. Theodore!" said Clara. "Marianna will, I hope, be soon able to listen to all your compliments."

Theodore felt shocked, for the real truth was, that nothing at that moment could be further from his thoughts than complimenting any one; and in what he was saying to the Duchess, he was only truly following the dictates of his real feelings at the moment. When the mind is deeply involved in any circumstances, and the feelings have obtained a mastery over the brain, one is very apt almost to think aloud, and it was to some extent that case with Theodore.

Before the young man could stammer out an apology, the Duchess was gone, and Mr. Oliver, as he shook hands with Theodore, said—

"Good-by! I must now attend your new friend from here again, as I brought her, and all I have to say is, that she is one who is more likely to promise less when she performs the more. Good-by!"

"Good-by—good-by!"

Theodore was getting faint and weak again, and at that moment he could not but feel that it was, indeed, a friendly compulsion that kept him at home, for how very inefficient must have been the efforts

of one in his state of indisposition towards the recovery of Marianna from the hold of the bold and cunning hypocrite who had deceived the schoolmistress.

"It is better—much better," he said. "I am ill, indeed, and should only have marred what I would have tried to execute. Yes—oh, yes, it is much better as it is."

The Duchess and Mr. Oliver took a kindly leave of old Joseph and of Miss Finch, and then proceeded to the carriage, which was in waiting. The Duchess would insist upon taking Mr. Oliver to his own house; and as they went thither, she said to him—

"Now, Mr. Oliver, since both you and I believe that Horton is the man who has committed this desperate and dastardly act of taking Marianna from the school, I beg that you will lose no time, and spare neither expense nor pains, in finding out her place of imprisonment."

"Within a short time," replied Mr. Oliver, "Horton shall not be able to speak, or look, or move, without some one to watch him. I will place those upon his track who will not readily lose sight of him; and I doubt not but that within twenty-four hours we shall hear some news of the fair captive."

"Oh, that will, indeed, be joyful news for poor Theodore."

"It will, indeed; and I hope, too, that all this will be joyful news for the Duke of Pangbourne."

"Yes—yes, it will. And now, Mr. Oliver, I know that you will just a little shrink from advising me with regard to what I am about to ask you. Do you think that I ought to speak to the Duke?"

"Yes."

"Do you think," added Clara, her face slightly flushing as she spoke, "that I ought to tell him that I no longer do him the cruel injustice of doubting the motives of his acquaintance with Marianna?"

"Yes, again?" said the Attorney.

"Ah, Mr. Oliver, I should not have asked you this, but for the thought that Herbert has as cruelly doubted me."

"Let us hope that that is a wicked delusion which has, or which will soon, vanish. At all events, your Grace has a clear and an open path before you, and that is to acknowledge your error with regard to him, even if he should still cling to his with regard to you, which I cannot think to be possible now after all that has happened."

"I will take your advice, Mr. Oliver. I see the philosophy of it. It is that I should do that which I feel to be right by Herbert, without any reference to whether he takes the right course with regard to me."

"Just so. You will then have the approval of your own conscience; and when the time does come for him to see his error, your conduct will afford to him an example of action, which I think he will not be disinclined to follow."

"Ah, Mr. Oliver, my heart tells me that you are right, and even now I feel the pleasant glow of happier thoughts stealing over me; and I can truly say, that since the Coronet of a Duke fell upon the brows of Herbert, I never passed a happy hour until to-day."

(To be continued in our next.)

## A LION HUNT.

ON reaching the water I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, "yes;" but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling, without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after

their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off.

At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move; they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me.

I charged the unfortunate, pale and panting, Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone, and knowing from old spoor, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking-place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions I found myself discovered.

An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her: she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades, all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and followed them into the cover.—*Cumming's Five Years of a Hunter's Life.*

### THE CIRCASSIAN HERO.

SCHAMYL is of middle stature; he has light hair, gray eyes, shaded by bushy and well-arched eyebrows,—a nose finely moulded, and a small mouth. His features are distinguished from those of his race by a peculiar fairness of complexion and delicacy of skin: the elegant form of his hands and feet is not less remarkable. The apparent stiffness of his arms, when he walks, is a sign of his stern and impenetrable character. His address is thoroughly noble and dignified. Of himself he is completely master; and he exerts a tacit supremacy over all who approach him. An immovable stony calmness, which never forsakes him, even in moments of the utmost danger, broods over his countenance. He passes a sentence of death with the same composure with which he distributes "the sabre of honour" to his bravest Murids, after a bloody encounter. With traitors or criminals whom he has resolved to destroy he will converse without betraying the least sign of anger or vengeance. He regards himself as a mere instrument in the hands of a higher Being; and holds, according to the Sufi doctrine, that all his thoughts and determinations are immediate inspirations from God. The flow of his speech is as animating and irresistible as his outward appearance is awful and commanding. "He shoots flames from his eyes, and scatters flowers from his lips,"—said Bersek Bey, who sheltered him for some days after the fall of Achulgo,—when Schamyl dwelt for some time among the princes of the Djighetes and Ubiches, for the purpose of inciting the tribes on the Black Sea to rise against the Russians. Schamyl is now (circa 1847?) fifty years old, but still full of vigour

and strength: it is, however, said, that he has for some years past suffered from an obstinate disease of the eyes, which is constantly growing worse. He fills the intervals of leisure, which his public charges allow him, in reading the Koran, fasting, and prayer. Of late years he has but seldom, and then only on critical occasions, taken a personal share in warlike encounters. In spite of his almost supernatural activity, Schamyl is excessively severe and temperate in his habits. A few hours of sleep are enough for him: at times he will watch for the whole night, without showing the least trace of fatigue on the following day. He eats little, and water is his only beverage. \* \* According to Mohammedan custom, he keeps several wives—[this contradicts Wagner, who affirms that Schamyl always confined himself to one];—in 1844 he had three, of which his favourite, *Dur Haremen*, (Pearl of the Harem) as she was called, was an Armenian, of exquisite beauty.

### SCIENCE AND ART.

**NEW EXPERIMENT IN AEROSTATION.**—On Monday evening the 21st of July, the Vauxhall Gardens were densely crowded, in consequence of an announcement that Mr. Bell, a medical gentleman, would ascend in his oblong balloon, carrying machinery capable of propelling it in any direction. At half-past seven the machine was liberated, and rose slowly to the altitude of about 1000 feet. The rapid motion of the fans could be distinctly perceived, and presented a very curious appearance. Their effect on the balloon was evident, as the machine was repeatedly turned, and slightly propelled in various directions. It did not appear, however, that they succeeded in moving it against the wind. The fineness of the evening was such that the balloon remained in sight for some time, apparently never ascending to any considerable altitude.

**DISCOVERY OF A SILVER MINE AT TYTHERINGTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The inhabitants of the parish of Tytherington, near Thornbury, Gloucestershire, are in a state of high glee, in consequence of the discovery of a silver mine in that locality, which is said to promise a considerable yield of the precious metals. A surveyor has made a minute examination, and it is stated that on the strength of his recommendation some capitalists from the metropolis propose working the mine.

### AMERICAN PARAKEETS.

"The flight of the Parakeet is rapid, straight, and continued through the forests, or over fields and rivers, and is accompanied by inclinations of the body which enable the observer to see, alternately, their upper and under parts. They deviate from a direct course only when impediments occur, such as the trunks of trees or houses, in which case they glance aside in a very graceful manner, merely as much as may be necessary. A general cry is kept up by the party, and it is seldom that one of these birds is on wing for ever so short a space without uttering its cry. On reaching a spot which affords a supply of food, instead of alighting at once, as many other birds do, the Parakeets take a good survey of the neighbourhood, passing over it in circles of great extent, first above the trees, and then gradually lowering until they almost touch the ground; when suddenly re-ascending they all settle on the tree that bears the fruit of which they are in quest, or on any one close to the field in which they expect to regale themselves.

"They are quite at ease on trees or any kind of plant, moving sideways, climbing, or hanging in every imaginable posture, assisting themselves very dexterously in all their motions with their bills. They usually alight extremely close together. I have seen branches of trees as completely covered by them as they could possibly be. If approached before they begin their plundering, they appear shy and distrustful, and often at a single cry from one of them, the whole take wing, and probably may not return to the same place that day. Should a person shoot at them as they go, and wound an individual, its cries are sufficient to bring back the whole flock, when the sportsman may kill as many as he pleases. If the bird falls dead, they make a short round, and then fly off.

"On the ground, these birds walk slowly and awkwardly, as if their tail incommoded them. They do not even attempt to run off when approached by the sportsman, should he come upon them unawares; but when he is seen at a distance, they lose no time

in trying to hide, or in scrambling up the trunk of the nearest tree, in doing which they are greatly aided by their bill.

"Their roosting-place is in hollow trees, and the holes excavated by the larger species of woodpeckers, as far as these can be filled by them. At dusk, a flock of Parakeets may be seen alighting against the trunk of a large sycamore, or any other tree, when a considerable excavation exists within it. Immediately below the entrance the birds all cling to the bark, and crawl into the hole to pass the night. When such a hole does not prove sufficient to hold the whole flock, those around the entrance hang themselves on by their claws, and the tip of the upper mandible, and look as if hanging by the bill. I have frequently seen them in such positions by means of a glass, and am satisfied that the bill is not the only support used in such cases.—*Audobon.*

### THE FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

(Abridged from *BERGER'S LADIES' GAZETTE OF FASHION.*)

**CHAPEAUX**, for early morning dress, for sea-side or other excursions, are principally either of fancy straw, or else of paille chinees black and yellow; the first are really become so tasteful that they might be worn in demi toilette. The chapeaux of paille chinees, black and yellow, are sometimes decorated with black velvet, mingled with red or yellow roses. These garnitures have a striking appearance, but, in our opinion, too heavy for the season: we prefer those trimmed with ribbon only; several are decorated with knots, formed of very flat coques of ribbon put close together. Some of these chapeaux have been seen lately of green and straw-colour, yellow and lilac, oiseau and brown; the first trimmed with a branch of foliage; the second was lined with lilac taffeta, and decorated with a tuft of pensees on each side of the crown; the last had a bouquet of snowballs on one side of the crown, and brown and oiseau-plaited ribbon floating from the other. We have seen some Swiss straw hats of the gipsy shape, but an unusually large size, intended for gardens or country walks; they are called chapeaux-croques; their broad brims effectually shade the neck and face from the sun; they are for the most part trimmed with wreaths of coquelicots, or with gleaners' garlands.

Chapeaux for demi toilette, are the same in London, Paris, and the watering-places. The materials are more varied than those of last month; not that these are new ones, but that there are some new patterns; as, for instance, the blonde de crin; it is a last effort, and a very successful one, to continue the mode of crin chapeaux; it is a perfect imitation of blonde lace, and is now the only kind of crin in favour. Chapeaux, composed of a mixture of it, and crape of a new kind, are also a good deal seen; and so are chapeaux of crape, tulle, and silk, embroidered in a novel manner with straw. We may cite, among the most elegant capotes, those of black lace; the interior decorated with small wreaths of red or yellow roses, without foliage, and the exterior with tufts of knotted marabouts, or choux of feathers; they are always shaded in the colour of the flowers. Some have floating brides, composed of small black lace lappets; others, have the brides of ribbon shaded in the hue of the flowers, and black. Some of the most elegant chapeaux of paille de riz, are trimmed on the exterior with bouquets of moss roses, and tufts of buds of the same in the interior; the only ribbon employed is for the brides, the bavolet being formed of paille de riz. The same style of trimming in bouquets of honeysuckle, or mignonette, intermingled with roses, is equally pretty.

Some of the most elegant chapeaux of Italian and rice-straw are decorated with bouquets of têtes de plumes, or sometimes with a single feather traversing the brim, and falling gracefully on one side. Crape, crepe lisse, and tulle capotes, enjoy all their usual vogue in demi toilette: those of white, or rose-crape, are frequently trimmed with blond lace on the exterior; it is tastefully arranged in draperies, in which two or three flowers, placed in different directions, are partly veiled by lace; tufts of the same sort of flowers, but smaller, or else buds, decorate the interior. Those of tulle bouillonée are decorated with sprigs of almond or peach-blossoms, or of acacia; they are retained on the brim by a knot of ribbon of a novel form.

Paradessus of black taffeta are now most frequently seen in negligé, or morning promenades, at the

bathing-places; but, to be fashionable, they must be covered with rich embroideries, sentaches, or trimmed with a double volant of very broad black lace, which also encircles the sleeves, and being set on in full as it falls round the back of the arm, it has the effect of a wide Venetian sleeve. Taffeta matelets-echarpes have lost nothing of their vogue; the most novel style of trimming for them are the garnitures Fontanges. This trimming is composed of eight or ten rows of very narrow ribbons, drawn full like narrow flounces, one above another; these ribbons are festooned, fringed, or have lace edges.

A novelty that we have received from Paris, which singularly enough takes its name from our famous race-course, is called the Pardessus-Newmarket; it is of a simple form; the corsage, closed to the throat, has some resemblance to a gentleman's waistcoat; the skirt only just passes the hips, and is narrow, but not ungracefully so: the sleeves descend only to the elbow; they are terminated by pagodas of rich black lace of the same pattern as a very broad flounce, which encircles the bottom of the pardessus: they are always composed of silk, but with this difference, that if it is plain poulte de soie, or dark taffeta, as blue, or violet, it is strewn with plain sentaches in the style of arabesques; but if the material is damasked, or broche, a *ruche à la vieille* surmounting, the lace is employed instead of the sentaches. We should observe, that the skirts of these pardessus are completely round.

Several shawls, composed of dentelle de laine, have appeared: they are black for the morning, white, or coloured, for demi negliges.

Muslin pardessus begin to appear in carriage and half-dress: the most elegant are the echarpe mantillas, embroidered and trimmed with lace. Muslin points, embroidered and trimmed with broad lace, are also in favour. Lace pardessus, trimmed round the bottom with one or two very full lace flounces, and the same garniture, encircling the pagoda sleeves, are, with one exception, the most elegant that have appeared; that exception is a mante, brought out originally in the beginning of the season as an evening pardessus, but expected at present to enjoy considerable vogue, both for carriage and public-promenade dress. Those for the promenade are composed of black, dark green, and dark blue taffeta, and trimmed with black lace. A lace hood is attached to the small collar of the mante; it is sufficiently deep to be drawn over the coiffure, and partially to shield the face somewhat in the style of a Spanish mantilla. Those intended for carriage dress, visits, &c., are always of light colours—pink, blue, and lilac, are preferred; they are always trimmed with broad white lace.

Peignoirs are a good deal adopted in morning home-dress; they are composed of taffeta, cambric, and muslin; the two latter predominate. Peignoirs in muslin or organdy, trimmed with lace, and lined with silk, are also worn in home dinner-dress. Caps are a good deal adopted in home-dress; those for morning are composed of very clear muslin, or organdy, lightly embroidered in feather-stitch: there is very little lace employed in the trimming, which is mostly formed of coques of ribbons, disposed in tufts on each side. Caps, composed entirely of lace, without any kind of ribbon, are much in request, their only ornament being lace lappets forming knots on each side.

The greater number of robes in demi toilette are now composed of white muslin, and trimmed with flounces; if the robe is of plain muslin, three very deep flounces, embroidered in feather-stitch, cover the skirt, so that the dress seems entirely embroidered: there is either a corsage Raphael, or a canezou a basquine, very open in front, with demi long sleeves; and a pagoda, embroidered to correspond with the volant. Some of the corsages Raphael have the opening on the breast filled by very narrow volants, placed one above another, and embroidered in very small patterns to correspond with the flounces on the skirt.

These robes are also made of white organdy; each flounce is put on with very little fulness, and bordered with a double bouillonnee, each row divided by open-work, embroidered in very small patterns in feather-stitch: a blue, pink, or lilac ribbon is run through each bouillonnee. The canezou has double pagodas corresponding with the flounces, and each sleeve is ornamented with a knot of ribbon, with floating ends placed under the pagoda; the ribbon must correspond with that on the flounces. If a corsage a basquine is adopted, the basquines are entirely encircled with a narrow

bouillonnee, but there must be no ceinture; if, on the contrary, the corsage is plain, it is terminated by a ceinture of very broad taffeta ribbon, with long floating ends tied without bows before.

Plain mousseline de soie, white, pink, and pearl-gray, begins to be a good deal seen in half-dress; the corsages are cut square and moderately low; the sleeves short and tight.

The skirts of dresses have lost nothing of their extravagant width, but their length for the promenade is now moderate enough. Waists are made as long as possible.

Silks are comparatively little seen for evening robes, organdy, gaze de soie, and tulle, are generally employed, the corsages are low, and the sleeves are short. Flounces are still the trimmings almost exclusively employed.

Coiffures, in evening dress, are almost exclusively of hair, ornamented with flowers.

Bracelets have resumed all their former vogue, and more than their former variety.

### SHIPPING OF THE GREAT BULL FROM NINEVEH.

THE lovers of art will be pleased to hear that the great Bull, and upwards of one hundred tons of sculpture, excavated by our enterprising countryman, Doctor Layard, are now on their way to England, and may be expected in the course of September. In addition to the Elgin, Phigalian, Lycian, and Boodroom marbles, our Museum will soon be enriched with a magnificent series of Assyrian sculptures. It is said at Nineveh that the French government are determined to excel us in the exhibition of Assyrian works of art, in order to compromise the comparative deficiency which the Louvre is obliged to acknowledge as to the treasure it possesses in the other great catalogues, and that large sums have been accordingly voted for the expenses of excavation. The learned Major Rawlinson continues to decipher and explain the wondrous records which have been buried in the earth so many ages, and increases, as he continues his labours, his glorious curiosities relating to the kings, the peoples, and great events referred to in the Scriptures, to the fidelity of which they bear testimony. It is hoped by our numerous countrymen, who feel a deep interest in the enterprise, that it will not be abandoned to our neighbours by the lack of encouragement manifested in the refusal of the necessary funds. A drawing which represents the shipping of the sculpture has been just brought over by one of the Messrs. Lynch, of Bagdad, who has been with Dr. Layard exploring the remains of Nineveh. It represents the action of placing the Great Bull on board the Apprentice, at Morghill, on the right bank of the Euphrates, about three miles above the old city of Bussorah. This place long formed the country residence of Colonel Taylor, lately the political agent of this country at Bagdad and Bussorah, and is now rented by Messrs. Stephen Lynch and Co., for the Hon. East India Company, as a depot for their vessels on the Euphrates. Alongside the Apprentice is the Nicotris steamer, under the command of Captain Jones, I.N., whose influence with the natives is most powerful, and to whose assistance the success in effecting the difficult operations on the muddy and deserted banks of the Euphrates is in a great measure attributable. The Apprentice was sent out from this country by Mr. Alderman Finnis, at the instance of the trustees of the British Museum, and to that gentleman and his nephews, Messrs. Lynch, the public are indebted for a strict periodical communication between the Thames and the Euphrates. Another vessel belonging to the alderman is, we understand, upon the eve of leaving London, and it is hoped by the admirers of art, that she may in like manner return home laden with the monuments and trophies of what we have been too apt to regard as some fabulous metropolis of the ancient world.

### ON THE USE OF COFFEE IN ARABIA AND ABYSSINIA.

BY M. A. D'ABBADIE.

GREAT nutritive qualities have been attributed to coffee by M. de Gasparin, in his memoir, on the mode of living pursued by Belgian miners; and he quotes, in support of his opinion, the experience of the French soldiers in Algiers, and of the Arab nations. Without pretending to dispute the accuracy of M. de Gasparin's conclusions, I may be

allowed to state that the experience of the Arab tribes is not entirely in his favour. It is well known that the Wahabis, who dissent from Islamism, scrupulously abstain from coffee; and although I have lived with many of this sect, I never found that they were less temperate, or less capable of fatigue, than their coffee-drinking countrymen. If a proof more convincing than the above is sought, it will be found in Abyssinia, where the Musselmans, who drink coffee several times a day, support a fast with less ease than the Christians. This has been many times observed by my brother, M. Arnaud d'Abbadie, who commanded soldiers of both religions in the wars of Gojjam. In the disastrous retreats across desert countries, the Musselmans always suffered more than the Christians. The latter, who think it a crime to drink coffee, will follow the army on foot, heavily laden, for three successive days without any other refreshment than a little earth soaked in cold water. These same soldiers will fight during Lent without other nourishment than a quarter of a pound of unsifted flour, which is often baked in ashes, and without leaven. This flour is less nutritious than that of wheat, and the single meal is often at sunset, after a fatiguing day's march, and a twenty-four hours' fast. The Abyssinians are both less strong and less temperate than the Gallas. The latter, the whole object of whose existence seems to be continual warfare, often pass several days in succession in the deserts which separate them from their enemies. The Gallas then fast for an incredible length of time, which the traveller, Bruce, explains by their use of coffee boiled with its shell in butter, and seasoned with salt. It is true that the Gallas do use this substance, which will keep a long time, and which I have often tasted with pleasure, but they do not look upon it as an aliment. Before undertaking their military expeditions, they lay in an extra stock of strength by a very substantial and varied repast, taken in absolute rest, in huts at a distance from their women. They then start with a few chick-peas, which they eat raw, and which they soon finish, fast; if necessary, for several days together; and afterwards fight with such vigour, that their enemies never mention it without some expression of astonishment. It is well known that in Abyssinia, raw meat, whether fat or lean, does not possess the nutritive qualities which have been ascribed to it by M. Magendie in European meat. Whilst staying with the army of Agame, I heard the soldiers, who daily killed some hundreds of oxen, complain that they were losing their strength from exclusively eating raw meat. One of my porters gave up his situation and refused the extra pay which I offered him, because he said that he was losing his strength from the want of bread and the constant eating of raw flesh. This fact is admitted as true by all Abyssinians, notwithstanding their great liking for uncooked meat. An Abyssinian epicure would despise a meal which did not, partly at least, consist of a good raw lump of cow's flesh, still warm with animal heat and seasoned with pepper. On the other hand, my brother is satisfied, both by observation and by experiment, that, in the same countries, meat dried in the sun restores one's strength much better than raw meat, though not so well as corn.—*Comptes Rendus.*

### MECHANISM OF THE POST-OFFICE.

#### THIRD NOTICE.

PACKETS.—On its being notified by the Post-master-General, immediately after the establishment of Mr. Rowland Hill's penny system, that, at progressive rates of postage, letters and "packets" of any description might—provided they did not exceed in weight sixteen ounces—be forwarded by post, it was, no doubt, expected that there would suddenly appear a crowd of rectangular parcels of various lengths, breadths, and thicknesses—some sealed, some wafered, some tied, but all containing written or printed documents of more or less importance.

It appears, however, from a certain most extraordinary ledger which we were permitted to peruse, that a portion of the public availed themselves of this inestimable literary indulgence with about as much consideration as a herd of very hungry pigs might be expected to evince on being allowed, for recreation, to walk in a garden of beautiful tulips; and, certainly, if the ghost of our excellent old friend the late Sir Francis Freeling could but by conjuration be made to read the list of the "packets"

which have been transmitted and delivered by post, it certainly, like that of Hamlet, would exclaim to our energetic Postmaster-General—

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

For instance, it appears that there have been transmitted as "packets," from Blackburn, in Lancashire, to Spitalfields, London, two canary-birds, delivered by the postman alive and well. From Devonport to London, a pork pie. To London, a woodcock, also a pair of piebald mice, which were kept in the Post-office a month, fed, and at last delivered to the owner, who called for them. From Manchester to Castle-street, Borough, two rabbits and one bird—fifteen parcels of plum-pudding. From Bognor to Plymouth, a lobster. In one day thirty-one letters containing wedding-cake. On more than one occasion, without any envelope, a bank-note (one was for no less than fifty pounds) the two ends being merely folded upon each other, wafered, and the back of the note then directed! Innumerable leeches in bladders, several of which having burst, and the water having wetted the letters, many of the poor creatures were found crawling over the correspondence of the country. From Plymouth to, "Hunmanby," a bottle of cream. From a mother to her son, a bottle of strawberries, which, being smashed in the bag, completely destroyed a "packet" full of very valuable lace addressed to the late Queen Dowager. A ship-biscuit, the address being on a very small piece of paper pasted thereon. From Totness to Dublin, an uncovered bottle full of liquor, merely labelled with an address and the words "sample of cyder." From Exmouth to Hastings, half a pound of soft soap in thin paper. From Bishop's Stortford to Brunswick-square, a fish; also several packages of plants in wet moss. From Hastings to Bath, a bunch of grapes; also shrimps. From Kingston to Westminster-bridge-road, to Mrs. —, a roast duck. A flask of gunpowder. Fifty-three separate "packets," containing each a box of lucifer-matches, one of which, on being handled, exploded in the post-office. A traveller or bagman wrote to his beloved wife for his pistol; she affectionately sent it, merely labelled, loaded almost to the mouth with powder, ball, and slugs. To the Countess of —, a pair of flesh-brushes: the mail-cart in coming from the west was upset into a brook, which dissolving the paper-covering of these brushes, they, probably fancying they had arrived at their journey's end, instantly set to work and destroyed a considerable portion of the epistolary contents of the bag. To Mr. —, a live snake. From London to Wellington, Somersetshire, a very long cucumber. To a naturalist in London, a live mouse, two china teacups, and a box of live spiders. From Oxford-street, to Merriam-square, Dublin, addressed to Miss —, a most beautiful head-dress of the genus Jigamaree. From London to Sudbury, two sweet-breads. To —, a human heart, a partridge, a mackerel, a paper of fish-hooks, a human stomach, &c. &c.

**THE BLIND-MAN.**—Our readers will have observed that in the first operation of dividing into fourteen main classes the whole of the letters for the United Kingdom, as well as for all foreign countries, which pass daily through the Inland department of the London Post-office, there exists among the above number of pigeon-holes one marked blind.

Into this little hospital for the destitute or houseless poor are thrown, by each sorter throughout the department, all letters bearing an illegible, an incomprehensible, or an inadequate address. It appears, from several experiments which have been made in the Post-office, that of any given number of letters taken up at random as they are poured out of the bags, about one-tenth of them have not on their addresses any post town! On one day 3,559 letters arrived at St. Martin's-le-Grand, addressed "London" only, most of them being to petty shopkeepers, who, with a turkey-cock's desire to look grand, had struttingly supplied their country correspondents with this single word as their sufficient address; and yet, such is the intelligence of the Post-office—such its triumph of mind over matter—that every one of these letters was delivered to the person for whom it was meant!

We must here pause for a moment to observe, that it would relieve the servants of the Post-office from infinite vexation and trouble, and to the advantage of all classes, would consequently materially expedite the delivery of letters, if the public, of their own accord, would, or by the imposition of a heavy extra postage could be required to, reverse

the existing foolish fashion by writing legibly, as the first word of the address of every letter—the only one out of the present confused irrelevant mass which the sorter wishes to discover, and has now to search for—namely the post town; after which the name of the pretty little village, of the county, of "the hall," "the lodge," "the grove"—or anything else might at any length be most harmlessly inserted—with, lastly, that which is of no earthly importance except to the postman who actually delivers the letter, the name of Hobs, Dobs, or Snobs; in short, of the person or personage to whom it is addressed.

The duty of solving all the enigmas, and of deciphering the astonishing specimens of writing that are continuously afflicting the Inland Post-office, is imposed upon a gentleman selected from all the sorting clerks, and who, from being gifted with extraordinary memory, very sharp wits, and, above all, with what Mr. Samuel Weller termed "a pair of patent double-millon-magnifying-gas-microscopes-of-hexra-power eyes," is gravely distinguished throughout the department, as well as in its books, by the title of "The Blind Man." Accordingly, to his little desk, five feet long, two broad, modestly leaning against the wall of a small chamber close to the "foreign" room, and adjoining the large double sorting hall, are brought all the letters which every sorter has, in despair, chucked into his 'blind' pigeon-hole; and as, gazing for several minutes at nothing but the blind man's back, we beheld one basket full of botherations after another brought to him, we could not—when we considered that this badgering is mercilessly continued throughout every day, week, month, and year of his life—help wondering why the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has not yet come to his rescue.

No one, however, who has watched the facility with which every compositor in a printing-office can read bad writing, would be much surprised at the ease with which the blind man gets over that portion of his troubles. And again, as almost any person can readily learn to understand "broad" Yorkshire, broad Devonshire, broad Scotch, or any other patois, so it is not, on reflection, surprising that a gentleman of ready abilities should, in due time, learn to decipher "broad writing"—such as "sromfredevi," for Sir Humphry Davy; "Ner the Wises," for near Devizes; "Biley Rikey," for Billericay; "Steghelhester Sussexese," for Chichester, Sussex; "Warding Street, Noher Londer Brutz Schibseid," for Watling-street, near London Bridge, Cheshire; "Wharan Que ner Ne Weasal Pin Tin," for Wareham Quay, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c. &c. But where the direction is incorrect, or, as in the generality of cases (especially in circular tracts addressed by religious societies to our clergy at their parish "rectories," "vicarages," &c.), the post towns are omitted, the difficulty is not only clearly evident, but it at first appears to be insuperable; nevertheless, in attentively watching the blind man's back, it is astonishing to observe how easily and fluently he does his work. For a considerable time he is to be seen, evidently from memory, writing post-haste the omitted post towns on each letter, as rapidly as he can handle them. Now and then, as if his gas-lamp had, without any apparent reason, half-fainted away, he holds a letter before him for a few moments, turning it a little on this side, and then on that, until he suddenly deciphers it. In extreme cases, he is occasionally obliged convulsively to scratch the side of his head, just above his right ear, for half a second with the sharp-pointed black holder of his iron pen; whenever, on he goes, placing occasionally beside him, at the left extremity of his desk, those letters for which reference to his little library, arranged before him, is necessary; and thus, with the help of about half-a-dozen thick well-thumbed books, and of an intelligent assistant who sits beside him, he usually manages by the evening mail, or, at all events, by that of the following day, to despatch the mass of mysteries which have been so mercilessly imposed upon him.

#### THE STING OF THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

WHAT I write I write as a warning for the wives of England, that, if they do travel, they may take care and go abroad with their husbands, on the same piece of paper. \* \* The Ambassador smiled a bit, and went on writing. "There go my eyes upon the paper," said I to myself, as he looked at me; and whether or no, I did feel 'em twinkle. "And that's my nose, I'm sure of it," for it suddenly burnt so; "and that's my mouth," and I couldn't

help smiling at the thought,—"and that's my complexion,"—for I felt a flush;—"and that's my hair; and now I'm finished." And having given my name, of course, I thought it was all over; when the Ambassador—as if he had been asking for the coolest thing in life—said, in a sort of English that even a poodle might be ashamed of—"What is your age?"—"What!" cried I, and they might have heard me in the street.—"What is your age?" said the Ambassador once more, twisting his ferret moustachio in such an aggravating way that I could have torn it off.—"Well!" said I, "what next?" And that's all he got out of me.—"What is Madame's age?" said the Ambassador, beginning to laugh.—"What a question for a polite Frenchman!" said I, laughing too.—"Ask a lady's age! Well I'm sure!"—"I must know Madame's age," said the Ambassador.—"It's like your impudence," said I, "and you'll know nothing of the sort."—"Then Madame can't go to France," said the Ambassador, throwing down his pen.—"What is it to France now old I am? France is very curious. Perhaps I'm five-and-twenty," said I.—"Five-and-twenty," cried the Ambassador, and where he learnt the words I can't tell, "suppose, Madame, for sport, we go double or quits?"—"My blood did boil, but I contrived to say nothing—only to laugh."—"Really, Madame," said the brute, beginning to be gruff, "I must have your age."—"Well, then," said I, throwing my veil quite back as if daring him to do his worst, "as for my age, there's my face; and take what you like out of that."—The wretch laughed—wrote something—and gave me my passport, which I did not look at, I was in such a passion, till I'd locked myself fairly in my room at home. Would you believe it? When I unfolded the passport, I saw within as my description:—"Agee"—which is French for "Aged."—But no, Mr. Punch, not even to you will I reveal the insult that's been put upon me.—Mrs. Amelia Mouser, in 'Punch.'

**AN EMPIRE FOUNDED BY A SPIDER.**—As Mahomet and his friend Abubeker sat in a dark corner of one of the caves of Thor, on the third morning after they had betaken themselves to that place of concealment, they saw their enemies approach the mouth of the cavern. "What shall we do?" whispered the trembling Abubeker; "it is vain to attack them, for we are but two."—"There is a third with us," said Mahomet, calmly; "God!" The pursuers, concluding from a spider's web across the opening into the recess, that no one could have recently passed in or out, withdrew, and the hidden fugitives shortly afterwards made their escape, and saved their lives. Mahomet subsequently founded an empire, which in eighty years extended its dominion over more kingdoms and countries than the Romans had subdued in eight hundred. But the spider that wove the cobweb was the real founder of the Mahomedan dynasty, and wrought a more extensive change in the destinies of the world than Alexander or Xerxes.

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—An overtired Yankee, travelling in Kentucky, called at a log-hut for refreshment. The young woman of the hovel, that she might quickly spread the table, gave him her infant to hold, and in a few minutes laying before him a homely meal, she then modestly returned to her work. The long-backed man, naturally enough, was enraptured at the sight of the repeat; and overwhelmed by conflicting feelings of gratitude to the young woman, of admiration of the lovely infant that sat smiling on his knee, and of extreme hunger—in a fit of absence of mind, exactly such as caused the person in England to post a letter containing one thousand five hundred pounds without any address, he, to the horror of the hostess, all of a sudden, with great energy.....kissed the loaf—buttered the child's face, and cut its head off—at least, so runs the story in Kentucky.

**PRESERVATION OF GREEN KIDNEY BEANS.**—The following is the process employed by M. Gehen de Montigny, for the preservation of green kidney beans. In fine weather gather the pods, before the seeds are too visible, take the threads off, plunge the pods in boiling water, and take them out again immediately; let them cool, put them in a tub in layers five inches deep, alternating with vine leaves, which must begin and end the series; on the top of the last layer of vine-leaves put a stone, heavy enough to keep the whole well pressed. Then pour in some salt water until the top is covered; replace the water as it evaporates. The beans can thus be preserved quite fresh.—*Flore des Serres.*

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

## SUMMER NOVELTIES IN BALLOONS.

There seems to be nothing stirring much, excepting balloons, and they are "up and stirring" in every direction. The householders who live in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall and the Cremorne Gardens must have a nice time of it. What with the shouting, and the crowds, and the noise, and the fireworks, they must detest the cry of "Balloon!—Balloon!" almost as much as a lady abhors the announcement of "Please, ma'am, the kitchen chimney's on fire." These detestations, too, must be rather heightened by the probability of a parachute, with a live tiger in it, dropping in the back garden, or of a number of sky-rockets falling through the skylight, and astonishing the master and missus, as they are marching solemnly, with their candlesticks, up to bed.

The rage for experimental balloons must be stopped, or else all sorts of extravagancies, animal and pyrotechnical, will be committed in the name of science, and every little tea-garden or suburban saloon that commands six square yards of open space, in front or in rear of the house, will be advertising a "Wonderful Ascent," either with or without fireworks, or else with a pony, or a horse, or a donkey, or something of that sort. The mania of imitation exists as strongly between capitals as between individuals, and, as it extends, is sure to increase in absurdity. Now, as Paris has lately witnessed the ascent of a balloon with a pony, all "alive and kicking," London is certain to be favoured before long with the exhibition of some intrepid aeronaut, who will richly deserve the laurels, as well as the appellation of GREEN, by ascending with a bull, or a giraffe, or it may be an elephant. Who knows, if this public appetite for balloons grows more ravenous, that we may not be astonished some fine morning at breakfast, with the announcement in the papers of a piece of insanity like the following:

## UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION.

WONDERFUL ASCENT THIS EVENING OF MR. GREEN

In his celebrated Fulham Balloon, with the

## HIPPOPOTAMUS

(Of the Zoological Gardens.)

Who has kindly lent his valuable services for this occasion only.

At the altitude of 200 feet above the level of Chelsea, Mr. Green will descend from the car on to the back of the Hippopotamus, and discharge a

## BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

N.B. For seats on the back of the Hippopotamus, apply at the Box Office of the Gardens.

The only question is, if the above absurdity is attempted to be perpetrated, who is there to stop it? We are afraid that, from their very nature, Balloons are out of the reach of the law; and if a policeman were sent to "take up" a Balloon, the chances are that he would only be taken up himself. As there is a class of policemen expressly for the river, there may probably be instituted a new class of aerial policemen, probably to navigate the "silent highway" of the clouds. It will be rather awkward, though, to approach a balloon whilst it is discharging a brilliant display of fireworks, and difficult, as well as unpleasant, to take it into custody whilst committing the act.

PUNCH FAIRLY PUZZLED.—We are not very easily baffled in an attempt to solve a conundrum; we have seen through a deal board when it has been riddled all over with shots. We have never had a difficulty about a charade; and as to a rebus, we have gone to it so boldly that our *fortiter in rebus* never could be for an instant questioned; but we admit ourselves to be fairly puzzled by an advertisement headed, "The oldest Juvenile Dépôt in London." We cannot understand the compatibility between old age and juvenility, which that announcement implies. Perhaps, however, there is a jolly-buckism, or old-boyishness about the concern which justifies the title given to it in the advertisements; but at all events, in the absence of any authorised explanation, we admit ourselves unable to say with confidence what the "Oldest Juvenile Dépôt in London" can possibly mean.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.—Broth is said to suffer material from a superfluity of cooks; and if

the rule applies equally to an over-abundance of domestic servants in every other department, we wonder how the Chiltern Hundreds can exist under the plurality of Stewards that are constantly tendering their services. If these hundreds were thousands, there might still be a Steward for every particular unit, so numerous are the acceptances of the office, in which there appears, nevertheless, to be a perpetual vacancy. The new Chief Justice of the Common Pleas has, we learn from the *London Gazette*, just taken upon himself the Stewardship of these Hundreds, as a sort of relief, no doubt, to his severer duties; for the Chiltern Hundreds appear to impose upon their stewards no occupation that may not be combined with any other employment, however arduous or dignified. We wish Lord Campbell would employ his leisure in giving to the world the Lives of the Stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds, an account of whose stewardships would form a series sufficiently long to furnish ample materials for even his untiring industry. We should be glad to know whether the Chiltern Hundreds employ, in addition to a steward, the usual establishment of butler, footman, page, cook, and house-keeper. We should recommend the hundreds who "want places" to write down to Chiltern at once, and ascertain whether the Hundreds, which have always a vacancy for a steward, may not find room for other classes of domestics.

A WORD OR TWO ON WATER.—We are afraid that writing upon water is as useless as writing upon sand, and indeed so much has been lately written on water, and so little impression made, that whoever goes into the subject, however deeply, for the good of the public, can only expect to have cold water thrown upon him for his pains. A book has been lately published by a Dr. Hassell, who favours the world not only with his own views, but the views of an artist, on the water we drink; and these views, painted literally in water colours, shows us in all their disgusting variety of tint and form, the specimens of animal and vegetable matter we take in with every drop of aqueous fluid we imbibe. Since we have seen these alarming pictures, they have haunted us, and we have been troubled by a perpetual attack of Thames water on the brain. Every drop is a sort of menagerie in itself when subjected to the powers of the microscope, by whose aid we may perceive the water devils, the testacea, the infusoria, the crustacea, and other abominations, flitting and floundering about to an extent the contemplation of which makes our blood run almost as thick as Thames water in our veins. In the book we have mentioned, there is a specimen of the water of every Company supplying London, and there is not one of them but may be described as a species of Grand Junction of everything that is unwholesome and revolting to look upon. The old song of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" could never have been adapted to the water-drinkers of the present day, for to drink with the eyes shut is the only resource of the modern votary of our metropolitan river-gods.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAKE AND CONSTRUCT.—Omnibusses are generally constructed to hold fifteen, but somehow they are made to hold eighteen, and on a wet night frequently more than that.

SUNDAY AT SEA.—Admiral Bowles, on the Mercantile Bill, moved a clause to prevent Sunday labour at sea. And very right: because it is now a well-known fact—at least to Lord Ashley and all the Sackclothites—that on Sundays at sea there is never any wind, but a fair and gentle one—that billows never break—and rocks, at least on Sundays, never threaten. Perhaps, the perfection of a Sunday cruise—a cruise which we earnestly recommend to the Sabbatarians—is a cruise upon the Dead Sea!

THE SMITHFIELD LIFE PILL.—Smithfield has been so much extolled lately for its salubrity, and city medical men have been so loud in their praises of the purity of its atmosphere, and the general healthiness of its neighbourhood, that we wonder that no Life Pill has yet seized upon its valuable name as a guarantee to cure everything. We think, if largely advertised, and backed with a few strong testimonials from well-known Aldermen and Common Councilmen, that the Smithfield Life Pill would be a sure fortune to any one who does not mind imposing upon the credulity of the British Public. We should like to do it ourselves, for there is a difficulty now-a-days to make your fortune, unless you happen to be a quack, only we have a few foolish doubts as to the honesty of the transaction.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

ANNIE RUSHTON.—It does not very often happen that we find ourselves obliged to censure a young lady; but without particularising your conduct to the gentleman, who has paid you the greatest compliment that he can pay you, by offering to become your husband, we think that your behaviour to him has been inconsiderate. You should recollect, that although your feelings may by no means be largely interested in the affair, that his evidently are so. Your rejection of his suit, surely, was quite sufficient, without exposing him to the ridicule of those who, while they have no feeling for him, probably, upon reflection, will come to a very harsh judgment, indeed, concerning you. If you want our advice further, we should be glad to give it, for we only blame you in order that you may take a course that will produce for you greater happiness, as we consider all our correspondents who are frank and candid with us, in the light of friends, to be advised to the best of our abilities.

A YOUNG POET.—If young poets would but try to find out some subjects for their muse not quite so hacknied as the "Lines to the Moon," there would be some chance of their contributions appearing. We beg to decline, with thanks.

A POOR PLAYER.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note, and cannot do better than reprint the letter sent with it:—"The Theatrical Profession v. Royal Funerals.—The following letter has been forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain, by Mr. Lyon, of the City of London Theatre:—"To the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain.—My Lord,—May I venture, during the present melancholy period, to address a few lines to your lordship on a subject which may be considered trifling and immaterial by you, but which is highly interesting to that class of her Majesty's subjects whom it may more intimately concern, not few in number, nor wanting in loyalty—industrious and hard-working people, who fall under the denomination of 'poor players,' their adjuncts and assistants. The subject is the closing the theatres on the demise of royalty. Your lordship, perhaps, is not aware that an actor's salary ceases if the curtain is not raised for the evening's performance. Under the same head fall carpenters, painters, and that vast concourse dependent upon theatrical exhibition, many with large families, for the means of subsistence, finding it by chance, and dearly cherishing it when found. Your lordship's fiat, on the death of any of the royal family, is final and decisive, viz., shutting up the establishments on the day of their death, and of their burial. Is the Legislature aware that by so doing from two thousand to three thousand persons are maled of their salary for two nights, at the same time that every other business is pursuing its orderly course—public gardens open, concert-rooms, &c.—whilst the only sufferers are that very class of people who can least afford a loss?"—We need hardly say that in every word of the above we cordially concur. When the Queen Dowager died, many a poor actor's wife and children felt the loss of her a whole week—in the cupboard. What would the gentle Adelaide have said if she had only dreamt of such a thing?

JULIA G. is going to be married on the 4th day of August ensuing and she "owes all the happiness of being wedded to one whom she truly loves to the kind advice given in the pages of this MISCELLANY," as it was by that advice she was convinced she had been in the wrong, and that she candidly wrote to Alfred to say so, and her note brought him at once to her feet, and he vowed that her ingenuous confession of her fault endeared her to him ten times more than ever; so Julia G. writes to thank the Editor, and to wish him all the happiness in the world.—The same to you, Julia G.

A COCKNEY FAMILY.—Certainly, the pleasantest way by which you can go to Hampton Court is by water; and then, if you do not "stick in the mud of the river" on the road home, you will enjoy the trip very much.

ANNIE ELIZA.—The lines are simple and pretty enough, but we would advise our fair correspondent not to indulge in musing upon such melancholy subjects. The French for Forget-me-not is *Ne m'oubliez pas*.

## THE LITTLE GRAVE.

See ye yon slightly raised-up grave,  
See ye yon little mound;  
Beneath there rest the cold remains  
(Ay, colder than the ground)  
Of my first-born, my darling babe.  
He was a lovely boy:  
Last spring he withered in my arms,  
My only hope and joy.  
And being too fair a bud for earth,  
Was plucked to bloom above.  
That little milk-white head-stone marks  
The grave of buried love.  
A chaplet of wild flowers I'll weave  
To deck that little grave—  
Each day I'll praise the God who gives,  
And takes but what he gave.

ANNIE ELIZA.

A YOUNG LADY.—No more, in French, is rendered by *Ne plus*;—*encore*, simply means yet. There is no neuter gender in the French language. Everything must be feminine or masculine, and there are no precise rules of grammar upon that point. It is a nicety of language that the vainest frequently fail in.

**AN UNHAPPY DAUGHTER.**—We are not in possession of the information you require. Write to the Editor of the "Lancet," and ask for a private communication, which we daresay that gentleman will oblige you with.

**HORATIO KING.**—Yes—you can have the Plate upon the very best paper for the price of one shilling. Any bookseller would supply you with it to order.

**EYES.**—A young lady, the first portion of whose signature is illegible, wishes to know how to get too tight a ring off her finger.—There is a mode of doing so by twisting a thread round and round the finger and passing an end of it under the ring; but it requires to be seen to be understood.—Plunge the hand in cold water, and then hold it up and try to press the blood from the finger. If that will not do, you had better have the ring sawed off.

**A READER.**—We shall have great pleasure in looking at the "Lines," and giving you our opinion. Why did you not send them at once? There was no occasion for a note preliminary.

**AN OFFERING.**—We will consider.

**Z. Z.** must excuse us. We cannot answer correspondents privately, except upon very rare occasions, and then we do so quite in our private capacity, and let it be so understood.

**A FAMILY.**—The distance is four thousand miles. The planet called Georgium Sidus in some celestial atlases, and Herschell in others, is one and the same.

**A COMPARISON.**—It is quite impossible for us to do otherwise than agree with you in the comparison you have instituted; but we feel that it is better to build up than pull down, so we must decline opening the eyes of the public with regard to the publication in question.

**A YOUTH.**—Do not make the mistake that the Vicar of Wakefield's son did, of going to Germany to teach English, before you know German.

**A MOTHER.**—We have perused your letter with painful interest, but we do not see that we can do more than offer you our sincere sympathy. The heartless conduct of the fiend in human shape who has made you childless, will surely some day come home to him. Cheer up, and recollect that, after all, she whom you so deeply regret is at peace. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well. Death is the end of all woes. Time, we hope, will have the effect of healing your sorrows. Write again, if it will be any comfort to you.

**CENTAURO.**—Your little excursion into Kent will amply repay the toil you will undergo, by the varied beauties of the rich natural landscape that will be exhibited to you. With regard to your specific inquiry, the process in the hop ground may be thus described:—The poles are taken down, and the stems of the plants cut to within three feet from the ground. If they were cut shorter, the root would be weakened by the running of the sap, technically called bleeding. The poles are then laid sloping over a strong frame of wood, called a bin, within which is suspended a piece of cloth, forming a bag; three men or women, or four boys or girls, then stand on each side of the bin, and pick the hops from two poles at a time. Where the quality of the hops is specially regarded, they are divided, by means of baskets, into different sorts, as the green, which are not quite ripe; the light yellow-brown, which are in perfection; and the very dark, which have passed their prime. Some even make still more numerous divisions by sorting differences of fragrance as well as of colour. After picking, the hops are dried on a hair-cloth in a kiln, and then bagged. This process is conducted with great care in order to ensure the absolute exclusion of the air from every part of the bag. Weyhill Fair, near Andover, is the greatest English Hop Market. Our most extensive hop plantations are in Kent, Sussex, and Herefordshire; but the hop is also cultivated in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Surrey, Hampshire, and other counties. The plant is very tender, and, therefore, liable to great alterations of failure and success, which, of course, tends to great loss or profit, and to considerable difference of prices in different years. Let us now say a few words on the plant itself. The hop is a perennial plant, known among botanists as the *Humulus lupulus*; the former a generic name, derived from *Humus*, or fresh earth, expressive of the love of the plant for rich soil; and the latter, a specific name of the hop, from *Lupus Salictarius*, the ancient Roman name that had been given to it, because it was as destructive to the willows, (among which it grew,) as a wolf among sheep. The hop is, in fact, a very strong course climber or twiner, and is found growing wild in the hedges in many parts of Europe, in Asia, and also in the United States of America. It is dioecious; that is to say, some plants are male, and some female, and have respectively flowers of a different construction and habit. It is the flowers of the female plant that form the hops for brewing. They are known by the name of cones, strobili, or catkins, and consist of a number of imbricated or overlapping scales, having the fruit or seed-vessels at their base. The surface of the scales and fruit is studded with aromatic glands, which afford the lupuline, the most valuable part of the hop, and containing, in fact, its essential properties. The chemical constituents, of the lupuline are volatile oil, resin, a bitter principle, tannin, malic acid, acetate, hydrochlorate, and sulphate of ammonia.

**D. C.**—We should like to give your note a little further consideration before saying positively, Yea or Nay.

**ANASTASIOS.**—We regret to be compelled to say No, but we shall be happy to hear from you again.

**MISS A. A. B.** has been on a visit to a friend's house in the country, and while there she met with a young gentleman with whom she took many walks in the garden, and the shrubbery, and the orchard, and the adjoining lanes, the result of which was, that he professed for her

the most ardent and honourable attachment, and was very anxious to be introduced to her parents, and to propose for her hand. Miss A. A. B. had no objection, but it turns out, upon inquiry, that he deserted another young lady for Miss A. A. B. Would it be very prudent to encourage his addresses after such a fact?—Perhaps not very prudent, but yet not very imprudent. Both ladies and gentlemen change their minds at times, and, as the song says—

"Still seeking flowers more rich and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes."

We would advise caution, and that the young lady should not give too much encouragement to the gentleman. Time will show the nature of his feelings towards A. A. B.

**A YOUNG HUSBAND.**—We do not advise you to insure your life in the Economic Assurance Office in Bridge-street, Blackfriars. In the event of any unlooked-for circumstances arising with regard to your resources, you will not meet with the same liberality of treatment in that office that you will in some others. We know of a case in which the directors might have been liberal and just, when they were, on the contrary, only grasping and legal. Do not go there.

**F. M. C.**—Mr. R. Peacock, we believe, is the locomotive superintendent on the Great Northern Line. That is to say, as far as we can gather the fact from that mass of mystification, "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." Your hand-writing is not good; but for the situation you require it is not essential.

**EMILY H.**—Negotiations are now pending, and we hope to be able very shortly to make a favourable announcement upon the subject.

**AMIABLE W.**—Declined with thanks.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—We certainly answered you. Coal gas, in its pure state, should be hydrogen.

**A YOUNG LADY.**—No; do not enter into the correspondence. You may not now be aware of what evils it may entail upon you. How do you know that you will always have the same feelings towards the young gentleman that you have now, or that he, when he sees fresh faces and gets into fresh society, may not alter? With regard to your question as to where you had better go for the summer and autumn, considering your delicate state of health, we should recommend an inland county. The sea air would not be beneficial to you as it is liable to too many sudden fluctuations of temperature.

**AN INDIGNANT ONE.**—Why not send your indignation to the person you intend it for? You cannot expect us to be the medium of conveying it.

**M. A.**—In the library of Eton College, there are some oriental manuscripts which may assist you. You will not have any difficulty in procuring a sight of them upon application to the librarian at the college any day.

**MISS.**—Yes; the Engraving is "The Mother Rescuing her Child from the Eagle's Nest," and you are entitled to it with your number upon payment of one penny, for each.

**LONDONINES.**—Declined with thanks. We have seen the anecdotes before, and they are well-known. Novelty is our aim.

**AN ANXIOUS SISTER.**—Apply at the Dead-letter Office, at the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

**A LADY AND HER SON.**—You will be amused if not edified by a short sojourn at Hesse-Homburg. The following is the account they give of it themselves, and is written by the Grand Duke, who lives on the profits of the gaming tables:—"The forests, which surround Homburg like a rich zone, are pierced with rides and drives by which the residents at the baths may, with ease and pleasure, visit the Feldburg, the Rock of Elizabeth, Luther's Oaks, and all the picturesque sites of the Taunus. The Directors of this grand establishment have constructed a magnificent Casino, which—by the beauty of its architecture, the excellence of its distribution, and the richness of its decorations—surpasses any building hitherto erected at any point on the banks of the Rhine. It contains splendid saloons for balls and concerts, rooms for the games of Trent et Quarante, and for roulette tables; a cabinet for reading, in which are most of the German, French, English, Russian, Belgian, and Dutch journals; a coffee-room; a divan for smoking, opening on to a fine terrace laid with asphalt, and a grand dining-room with a table d'hôte, served à la Française, twice a day, viz., at one and at five o'clock. An excellent orchestra from the Theatre of Mentz perform three times a day; in the morning, at the springs; in the afternoon, in the beautiful gardens of the Casino; and in the evening, in the grand ball room. Concerts, balls, and fêtes of every description succeed each other without interruption. The Directors shrink from no sacrifice to render this watering-place as delightful as possible to its visitors, and to this end have rented about fifty thousand acres of forest lands and plains, all abounding in game of every description, as well as a reserve park for the grandes chasses at the close of the winter season. The Casino of Homburg is the only establishment of the kind that has enjoyed hitherto the privilege of remaining open all the year, and the continuation of the tables for play, its balls, its concerts, and its hunting parties throughout the winter season, makes it attract a numerous and select society from every quarter of Europe, and there is now a great number of strangers of distinction there. The journey from London to Homburg, passing through Brussels, Cologne, Mentz, and Frankfort, is performed in thirty-six hours. The distance from Frankfort to Homburg, is got over in one hour and a half. Mail coaches and omnibuses run between these places every hour.

**THE FAIR ANNABELL** has been married about three years, but, like the celebrated Lord Lovell in the ballad, her husband left her about a year ago, "foreign countries for to see." The Fair Annabell has heard that he is dead somewhere in Turkey, and there is a very nice gentlemanly widower in the same house in which The Fair Annabell has apartments, who would gladly marry her. Does the Editor think she might venture?—Rather not—some odd day, Lord Lovell might come home, when he may not be so obliging as to "give three kicks and expire," upon finding The Fair Annabell has been to "St. Pancricon Church" to get married again. If he make no appearance in seven years, we should then advise the Fair Annabell to marry the widower who is such a nice man.

**A COCKNEY.**—We have before had occasion to say that the Monument is two hundred and two feet high, and that the Duke of York's column is but one hundred and fifty feet high.

**LETITIA.**—We should have great pleasure in complying with your request, but it is completely out of our power.

**M. S.**—The Picture of "The Mother Rescuing her Child from the Eagle's Nest," is presented to the subscribers to LLOYD'S MISCELLANY at the trifling charge of one penny, and can be obtained of any bookseller.

**A POOR STUDENT.**—Fifty-two of our Numbers will form a volume. We do not know of a coffee-house or reading-room where A Poor Student could get the reading of the medical and philosophical publications. Probably, at any first-rate circulating library our correspondent could borrow all the publications he requires to read.

**R. H. SPILLAN.**—We surely answered your kind communication. We are compelled to decline with thanks.

**A MECHANIC.**—We beg for the third or fourth time to state that we must positively decline giving advice to emigrants as to the best colony for them to go to. We do not feel that we are, of our own knowledge, in possession of facts sufficient to enable us to adopt such a responsibility. We wish you every success and happiness wherever you may go.

**T. T.**—Declined with thanks. Quite out of the question.

**AN AFFIANCED ONE** made it a particular bargain when she promised to marry Henry, that no smoking was to be allowed, and he solemnly promised that he would give up an odious short pipe—yes, Mr. Editor, and absolutely a short pipe as black as ink—and blacker too, than most ink—which he was in the habit of smoking, although he is a gentleman. An Affianced One believed him, and pledged herself to be his. There is a garden to her father's house, and the Editor will hardly believe, that An Affianced One actually caught him smoking in an obscure corner, the very identical short pipe, which, upon her approach, he hid in the boughs of a little mulberry-tree, and tried to look as innocent as possible. What would the Editor advise An Affianced One to do?—To marry as soon as possible, and try afterwards to break the husband of the pipe, but if unsuccessful, to put up with it.

**A. X. X.**—We are compelled to say "Declined with thanks."

**AN IRISHMAN** begs through our columns to express his indignation at a paragraph which we reprint below, from "Notes and Queries." An Irishman says that is an unmanly and Saxon attempt to fling away the legends of old Ireland, for that in his family there is still preserved the tip of the tail of the one cat, and the left-hand whisker of the other, that were left after the conflict in the attic and not in the saw-pit.—"The Kilkenny Cats."—The story generally told is, that two of those animals fought in a sawpit with such ferocious determination, that when the battle was over nothing could be found remaining of either combatant except his tail,—the marvellous inference to be drawn therefrom being, of course, that they devoured each other. This ludicrous anecdote has, no doubt, been generally looked upon as an absurdity of the Joe Miller class; but this I conceive to be a mistake. I have not the least doubt that the story of the mutual destruction of the contending cats was an allegory designed to typify the utter ruin to which centuries of litigation and embroilment on the subject of conflicting rights and privileges tended to reduce the respective exchequers of the rival municipal bodies of Kilkenny and Irish-town—separate corporations existing within the liberties of one city, and the boundaries of whose respective jurisdiction had never been marked out or defined by an authority to which either was willing to bow. Their struggles for precedency, and for the maintenance of alleged rights invaded, commenced A.D. 1377, and were carried on with truly feline fierceness and implacability till the end of the seventeenth century, when it may fairly be considered that they had mutually devoured each other to the very tail, as we find their property all mortgaged, and see them each passing bye-laws that their respective officers should be content with the dignity of their station, and forego all hope of salary till the suit at law with the other 'pretended corporation' should be terminated, and the incumbents thereby caused removed with the vanquishment of the enemy. Those who have taken the story of the Kilkenny cats in its literal sense have done grievous injustice to the character of the grimaldins of the 'faire cittie,' who are really quite as demure and quietly disposed a race of tables as it is in the nature of any such animals to be."

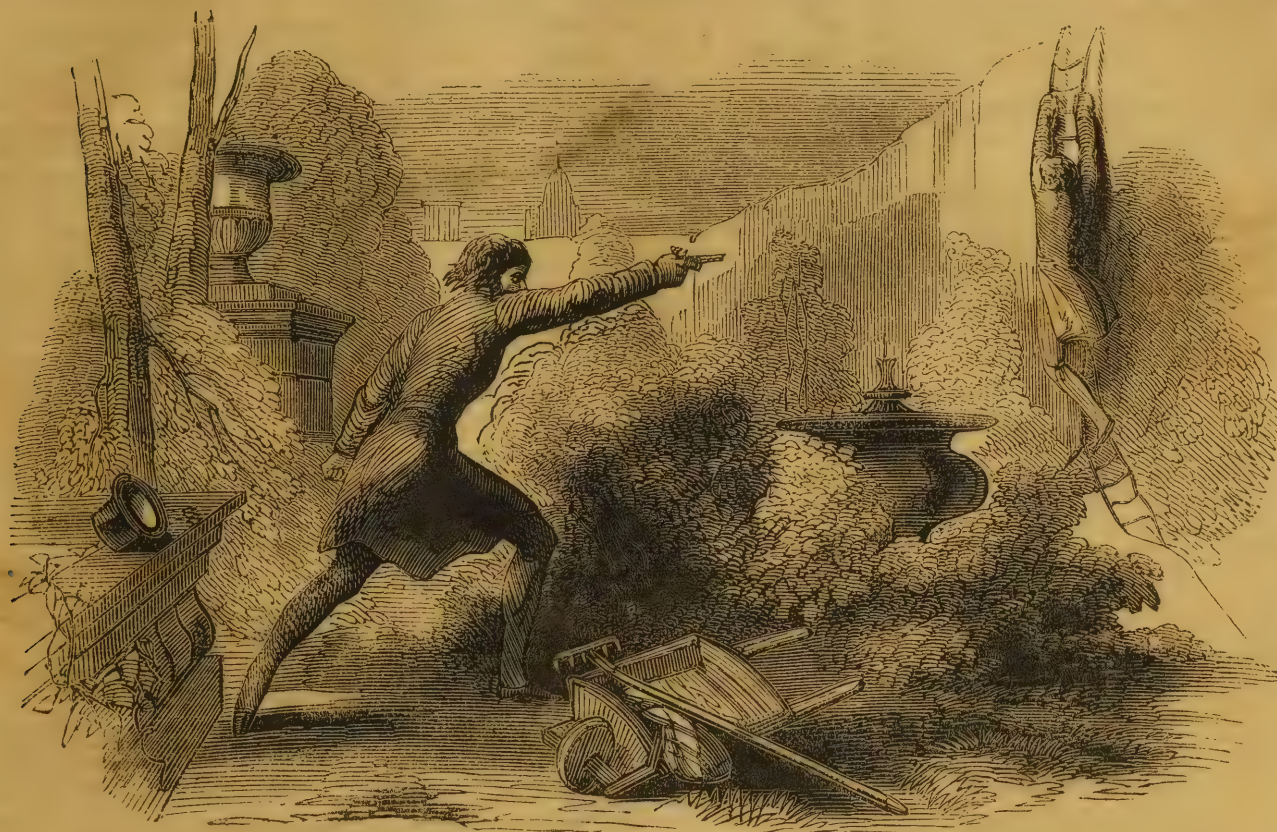
# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY

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[CHARLES LORTON KI LING THE GAMBLER IN THE GARDEN OF CORE HOUSE, AT KENSINGTON.]

## THE DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER LVIII.

SHOWS HOW CLINT HID MARIANNA IN HIS CHAMBER.

It will be remembered that we left Marianna in the chamber of her father, whom she had so unexpectedly discovered during her fearful progress through Gore House.

Oh, upon what a delicate and rotten thread hangs such plots as those which Horton had woven for the destruction of the Duke of Pangbourne! It is the wise dispensation of a Providence that cannot err, that makes evil in itself a hollow and a spurious thing, liable to a thousand accidents and failures, that truth and justice can never encounter. And so was it with the finely drawn schemes of Horton. They were each and all at the mercy of any little malapropos circumstance, which at any moment might scatter them to the winds.

And it so happens, that the greater the ingenuity and talent of the schemer, the more airily delicate are the fabrics he spins from the storehouse of his brain, and the more liable they are to the slight or ruder shocks, as the case may be, that will destroy them.

Then again, as regards plotting, and planning, and scheming for objects, without any regard for truth and honour in the pursuit, who is to say what amount of trickery and crime it will just require to accomplish a seeming result? Who shall take upon him to say, how far he may have to go upon the slippery downward path to iniquity and destruction? Oh, short-sighted mortals! are you im-

mortal, that even in a purely worldly view of such a matter, it is worth while to cast away that jewel of the soul—innocence? Ah, no! The wisest schemer that ever lived—the most wily plotter—the most subtle contortor of circumstances that ever breathed, holds his frail life upon such a tenure, that one would think a moment's thought would be sufficient to induce the idea that, after all, it was, indeed, scarcely worth while to take so much trouble for so little and precarious a result.

But while men live and breathe they will plot and plan, and fill up their little breathing space with such an anxiety of iniquity, that nothing but some great perversity in human nature can possibly account for it.

It was the nature of Horton to do what he was doing; and, perhaps, if we take a very calm and philosophical view of him and of his position, we ought to bestow more pity upon him personally, than upon any of his victims—for if he did not suffer more than they, he was certainly in the way to suffer more.

We left him thoroughly maddened at the supposed escape of Marianna, and yet, with that wonderful command that he had of himself and of his nervous system, he managed to conceal from the Duke of Pangbourne that such a blow had fallen upon him.

It was not altogether the fact of Marianna being as he now could not but think she was, in some mysterious way, at liberty that touched him, but it was the dread of what might be the results—of the means by which she had eluded him, and of what perils she might bring down upon him and his mansion of mysteries as a consequence of her imprisonment and escape.

Over and over again he cursed his own folly,

that he should have thought it worth his while so to elaborate his security as to interfere with the young girl at the school at all; for, after all, his sole object in getting possession of Marianna, was to prevent the possibility of an interview between her and the Duchess, and a consequent éclaircissement regarding her position, and the Duke's acquaintance with her.

That was all.

But still, Horton had a part to act with the Duke, and to do him justice, he performed it in a most consummately artistical manner, while at the bottom of his heart there still lingered the design of putting an end to the life of the man whom he had already tortured almost beyond human endurance.

"Come," he said to the Duke, "as you are very quiet here, I hope that I shall be able to render your enforced stay as free from any real discomforts as if your time were passed in the ducal mansion of the Pangbourns."

"Name not that hateful house to me," said the Duke. "My prayer is, that I may not cross its threshold again. Oh, Horton, I am truly sick of many griefs."

"I don't wonder at it: But come, I have prepared some refreshment for you that will stand you in good stead. Do not allow your strength to give way, for who knows but you may need it all? The bloodhounds of the law will be upon your track."

"They will—they will."

"Ay, and who will urge them on to this blood-thirsty track? Who will now disclose all that can have the effect of rendering a vague suspicion more than serious?"

"No more—no more, Horton! I know to whom

you allude, well—alas! too well. No more, I pray you!”

“The Duchess! Ha! The Duchess!”

“Fiend! I tell you I will not thus be mocked and taunted! Horton, you pride yourself upon being a prudent man. Beware of me! for there is that now tugging at my heart that makes me dangerous.”

Horton was afraid he had gone a little too far. Assuming, therefore, a look of the greatest gravity, he said—

“Allow me to apologise for my heedlessness. I assure you it is nothing more. But really when one feels that a friend has been badly and most ungratefully treated, one is apt, perhaps, to go a little too far in one’s condemnation of the wrong-doers.”

“That is enough,” said the Duke. “I want no more said upon that subject.”

“Very well; and now will you permit me to leave you again for a little time, as I have some letters to write that are rather urgent?”

“Yes, yes, in a moment; but tell me, Horton, if some immediate means cannot be found of enabling me to leave England. I long to bid adieu for ever to the country in which I have suffered so much. From the more serene and peaceful haven of a foreign land I shall be able to make such arrangements as will remove from my mind much of the weight that at present is upon it.”

“That shall be seen to,” said Horton. “Of course, you would leave the estates in some sort of stewardship during your absence; and as for the Duchess, I think you intimated that you meant to let her have an ample income.”

“It shall be so. She should now covet retirement; and attached to the dukedom, there are some country houses and estates, in one of which she may have leisure for that repentance which surely will come to her sooner or later.”

“Why, yes, you have a very nice little place called High Knoll.”

“Little place? I have been informed that it is one of the most important properties of the Dukedom.”

“Indeed! Then it will be of no use my preferring a little request that I was about to make?”

“What is it?”

“Simply that you would allow me to reside there during the summer for the benefit of the quiet and the country air, that was all; but if you think it so important a place, perhaps you would hesitate about doing so. Nay, no excuses, your Grace—I can think no more about it; but I did mean to ask you to let me have a note there to your servants, ordering them to make me welcome.”

“Be it so, Horton. I shall never see the place—never—never! And it is not likely that Clara will select it as her home. If she should do so, you will recollect that you must leave instantly.”

“Oh, that is quite understood, your Grace. And now I will go and finish my letters, and be back with you shortly.”

“As you please, Horton,” said the Duke, languidly. “There is no hurry.”

Horton could hardly conceal the exultation that he felt until he left the apartment, and then hastily shutting himself into another room, he said—

“That fixes it. Who will dispute my title to High Knoll after that? With the deed of gift in my pocket, and with the Duke’s letter to the servants in my hand, desiring that they should make me welcome at the place, the thing is settled. That letter will be such a piece of confirmatory evidence of the whole transaction, that no one can for a moment dream of contesting it with me. Ah, that is a master-stroke of policy, indeed; and now for the search for this girl, and for the discovery, if possible, of the diabolical means by which she has escaped me. That is a mystery that hangs heavily upon my spirits, and which I must solve, if it be at all possible so to do; and then I have got to think of the means by which the Duke is to bid adieu to this world and to his cares, and so leave me the undisputed master of a large estate, on which I can live and be lord of, and by there being a prosperous gentleman, I shall be respected where I am now suspected, and every human virtue will surely be the attributes of a man with such land and such beeves as I shall possess. Ha!”

How strange it was that with all his thorough appreciation of the utter worthlessness of human reputation, and applause, and respect, knowing, as he did, that it was not accorded to virtue and worth, but to mere possessions, that he (Horton) should be the man to plot, and scheme, and pass

his days and nights in endeavours to attain to such a worthless bauble!

There can be no doubt but that, even then, Horton was rich enough for all the requirements and for many of the luxuries of life; but they did not satisfy him. There was a craving in his heart for distinction—a kind of restless ambition to be a somebody or a something, that he never could be.

After, then, making up his mind as to the course to be pursued with regard to the High Knoll Estate, Horton proceeded in the most systematic manner that could have been conceived to search his house, for the purpose either of finding Marianna still lurking in it, or of discovering beyond a doubt the means by which she had escaped from the thralldom of her captivity.

The two rooms that he had placed her in underwent from him such a scrutiny as they had never experienced before, and the mystery only thickened around him, for he could find no possible mode of egress or ingress to them but by the door, the key of which he had had in his possession, and the lock of which was perfectly uninjured, and just as he had left it.

Twice Horton, with all his cleverness and foresighted ingenuity, passed the little door in the wall by the side of the secret staircase, through which Marianna had gone; but he never for a moment thought of such a place, and the secret passage was by far too dark for it to meet his observation.

Had Horton been carrying on that inquiry at night, and had he proceeded, as of course he would have done, with a light, he would have been no longer left in a state of mystery and terror regarding the escape of Marianna, for then he must have observed the opening in the wall; but as it was, he passed it without the vestige of a dream that there was such a place.

Horton was getting thoroughly alarmed.

“What can be the meaning of all this?” he said.

“Am I mad, or has the girl, by some supernatural means, escaped me? I thought that the age of miracles was past, but it seems not to be so; for if ever there was a circumstance that assumed the character of one, this is it.”

After a little more thought, he left the room that he had considered to be so secure a prison for a young girl, and proceeded to search the house. There was not a nook or corner in Gore House that escaped the scrutiny of Horton, excepting the room occupied by Clint, and that occupied by the Duke.

How very strange it was that Horton should think there could be no possible reason in searching the very apartment in which Marianna was! But then he could not think it possible that Clint had seen her, for was not he, too, locked in? and was not the key of his chamber in the possession of Horton? and did he not find that there was no sort of difficulty in opening the lock, and that all was calm, quiet, and secure?

Then, as regarded the Duke, Horton had already assured himself that she was not there. The few moments he had spoken to the Duke concerning her, and the manner in which he had been replied to, had, taken together, constituted an experiment that he was perfectly satisfied with; and he felt quite sure that in his present condition the nerves of the Duke would never have stood the test of such a remark, had he been in any way privy to the place of Marianna’s concealment.

“Well,” said Horton, as he flung himself into a seat by the side of the large secretaire, where he kept his papers, “Well, I must not think of it. She is gone, and I must leave it to time or accident to unravel the mystery; for at present it is beyond all comprehension. And now for the Duke—ay, now for the Duke. Dukes die as well as meaner folk—and why not? Why should not dual clay mingle with its mother earth, as well as the festering remains of a beggar? The duke must die!”

This was a proposition that Horton had been for the last few days gradually familiarising himself with. Indeed, it is questionable whether, from the first moment that he fairly elaborated the idea of getting up the sham deed of gift of the High Knoll Estate, he did not couple that piece of iniquity with the larger villany of the ultimate murder of the Duke.

It was not at all likely that such a man as Horton would allow any single life to stand in the way of his acquisition of such a property; and as the Duke’s was, certainly, the only life that could now so interfere with his open claim to the estate in question, it became to such a mind natural to contemplate his murder.

In fact, for the last four-and-twenty hours, the idea had so ripened, that it had become only a question of the when and the how.

“Shall I poison him?—shall I shoot him?—shall I creep behind him, and stab him?” Such were the cogitations of Horton; but after a time, with that warier spirit that belongs to cold-blooded mortals, he resolved upon making the attempt with poison.

And now only remark how one crime becomes, even in its most vague condition, suggestive of another. Horton thought, and the thought only then occurred to him, that when the Duke was dead, it would be a good thing to get rid of Clint likewise.

The idea that if he did not murder Clint, that individual would be a perpetual annoyance to him, and a drag upon his resources, came strongly upon him, and his murder; too, was all but a fact accomplished.

“The sure subtle drug that will eat into the life of a Duke, will suffice to let out the spirit of a gambler and a black-leg,” said Horton. “Clint is getting rapidly well of his wound. To be sure, he is still weak, but I can persuade him that wine will be now good for him, and he is too fond of the liquid devil not to drink it freely if offered to him. His first draught shall be his last!”

There seemed now to Horton to remain nothing but to put into execution his murderous plans. He looked upon himself in that house as the arbiter of life or death; and having then, as he considered, passed sentence upon the Duke and upon Clint, he proceeded, with an awful calmness, to make the necessary preparations for carrying out his design.

First he provided himself with a large clear decanter, in which he assured himself that there was no dust or extraneous matter to excite suspicion; and then he carefully took from a secret drawer of the secretaire a square mahogany box, not many inches in size either way. The lid of that box was secured in its place by a seal.

“Here,” said Horton, “is enough of death-dealing liquid to alter the condition of the world, and to desolate kingdoms through the decease of their royalty.”

As he spoke, he broke the seal, and slid open the lid of the little box. Within it there was a small bottle, the stopper of which was carefully tied down, and now Horton proceeded with extraordinary caution.

Holding the bottle at arm’s-length, he got out the stopper, and with a steadier hand, and a better sight, than most men could have brought to bear upon such a ticklish operation, he poured into the decanter six drops of the colourless fluid that the bottle contained.

“So much for the Duke,” he said.

He then poured six drops more into the decanter.

“So much for Clint!”

A faint smell, as of almonds, pervaded the apartment, and Horton hastily placed the stopper in the little bottle again, and tied it down.

“That will do,” he said.

The faint almond odour still pervaded the room. It came from the decanter, and it was evident that the colourless liquid was rapidly evaporating. Horton then uncorked a bottle of Madeira wine, and decanted it. He held it up to the light. Nothing could be clearer than it showed through the richly cut glass, into which he had dropped the poison.

A fiendish smile crossed his features.

“If they survive this,” he said, “I shall set them both down as immortal. The Duke’s rank entitles him to precedence, and he shall have it.”

With these words, Horton left the room, carrying the decanter in his hand; and it was wonderful with what an easy, unconstrained air and manner he entered the apartment occupied by the Duke of Pangbourne.

“Well, your Grace,” he said, “I have finished my letters, and have again to apologise for keeping you so long waiting alone in this place, which I am fain to admit is not quite so lively as Pangbourne House.”

“To me, Horton, Pangbourne House would be the gloomiest spot upon earth. Do not apologise. You are in your own house, and I am the intruder.”

“Not at all. Not at all, your Grace. Do not say that. But will you just, in case we forget it, write me the little note you spoke of?”

“Note! What note?”

“To the servants at High Knoll.”

"Oh, yes, surely. There is a steward there, named Atkins. I think I will write to him; and for the future management of my Estates, I will employ a man whom, I am aware, I have not treated justly, but of whose probity I am well aware."

"Who is the *rara avis*?"

"Mr. Oliver, the attorney."

"Ha! ha! An attorney's honesty, your Grace, I take to be something like a woman's virtue—a fine thing, until found out."

"You are a cynic, Horton; and I know well that in your philosophy you give no credit to the world for any human virtue."

"True—true. I do not: and until the world convinces me that it does possess some virtues and very different modes of action to what is common with it, so far as my own observation has extended, I think I shall continue of the same opinion."

As he went on speaking, Horton continued to place writing materials before the Duke, who quite innocently, as regarded the use that was to be made of the epistle, wrote as follows:—

"Pangbourne House, London.

"MR. ATKINS,—You will be so good as to pay every attention to Mr. Charles Horton, who will occasionally take up his residence at High Knoll. Hoping that everything connected with your stewardship is in a favourable condition, and that the Estate is kept in its highest condition, for which purpose you need spare no reasonable cost,—I am, Mr. Atkins,

"PANGBOURNE."

"That will do very well, indeed," said Horton, "and I feel myself much obliged to your Grace for the little favour; and now, let me prevail upon you to take a glass of this Madeira. It will do you a world of good. I always look upon real Madeira as one of the finest of wines, and fancy that its exhilarating qualities, even if taken to excess, are followed by less depression than arises from indulgence in other wines."

"No, no," said the Duke.

"Nay, you wrong my hospitality if you will not drink; you will make me think that you are so far prejudiced, that you have determined nothing shall seem good to you out of the confines of Pangbourne House."

"Well, Horton, at your solicitation I will."

In order now that the reader should clearly understand the most remarkable circumstance that occurred at this juncture, we must state that Horton had, when he invited the Duke, to follow him to breakfast, removed him to a room that had a pleasant look out into the garden of Gore House.

That garden was, as we have before had occasion to remark, a complete wilderness, and it was through it that Horton had been in the habit of making his secret way to the mansion. It was by that route, too, that the men comprising the extraordinary association to which Horton belonged, had been in the habit of reaching the large room in which they held council.

It will be remembered that that association had been broken up, as regarded any more meetings at Gore House, or any further connexion with Charles Horton. The separate game that he was playing rendered it highly desirable that he should get rid of his associates, and he was most rejoiced when they, themselves, picked such a quarrel with him, as easily enabled him to do so.

The only thing that Horton had to dread, as a consequence of such a rupture with them, was his assassination; and that he did dread it was sufficiently evidenced by some precautions that he took upon a former occasion. It would appear, however, that in the hurry and the excitement of his proceedings regarding the Duke and the Duchess, that such a dread had worn itself out; for of late Horton had disregarded all precautions, and had got almost into such a state of mind as to forget that there was a set of desperate men in London, who considered his death the only next best thing to his alliance, and who, despairing of ever again having the advantage of the latter, were still likely to consider of the former with longing expectation.

We say, Horton had forgotten all this, or nearly forgotten it, but his old associates had not; and although denied access to Gore House, they still found a place of meeting, at which the most popular and high-sounding topic among them was what they were pleased to call the unexampled treachery of Horton.

To wish a murder done, and to do it, are, however,

two very different things, and hence there had taken place a delay that had lulled Horton into a false security; but that delay was to have an end, and it so happened that the end came upon that very day, and in the very hour that the arch-villain thought to consummate his crimes by the deliberate murder of the Duke of Pangbourne.

We must, however, in another chapter, relate how it was that out of evil there sprang much good.

## CHAPTER LIX.

SHOWS HOW HORTON'S LIFE WAS ATTEMPTED FROM THE GARDEN.

THE Duke of Pangbourne, then, had actually taken the glass of poisoned wine in his hand. He had actually got it half way to his lips, and Horton's eyes were flashing with the triumphant feeling of the moment that nothing now could save his intended victim, when, with a flash and a loud report that was truly startling, a pistol or a gun was fired from the garden, and the bullet passed exactly between the Duke and Horton; and hitting the decanter that was upon the table, scattered it to fragments in all directions in a moment.

A cry of surprise burst from the lips of the Duke, and relinquishing his hold of the untasted glass of wine, it fell to the floor, and was broken. Horton, too, rose, but he uttered no cry. No doubt the true nature of the attack flashed upon him in a moment.

The window was a French one, and was only closed by a small button. It opened outwards, and Horton, with no doubt a full knowledge of such facts, with one hand dashed against it, and burst it open.

Three or four of the large panes of glass were shivered by the violence with which he struck the window frame; but he succeeded in his object, which was to get into the garden as quickly as possible, and to the amazement of the Duke, he saw him, at a desperate speed, rushing across the wilderness of a place.

All this happened with such startling suddenness, that the Duke of Pangbourne stood by the window with the look of a man who has been roughly awakened from a sound sleep, and can hardly take in the facts of his waking existence.

At his feet lay the fragments of the glass. The table and the floor were drenched with the spilt wine, and the decanter had been dashed into so many pieces, that they appeared to be strewn over every article that the room contained.

Had the bullet not had to make its way through the glass of the French windows, there is very little doubt but that it would have hit Horton, and the probability is, that its passage through the pane made it just swerve a little, and strike the decanter which was within six inches of his breast.

The state of alarm and bewilderment into which the Duke had been thrown by the suddenness of the occasion, soon gave way to the interest he felt in what was passing in the garden.

The person who had fired the shot was a foe of Horton's and not of his, he could easily conceive, for he knew that there was no person in all the world who could possibly have such feelings towards him as to induce such an act. Even the revenge of a Lady Alpine was not sufficient for that.

It was quite evident that Horton saw some one in the garden, and that his object was to reach the person before he could get upon the wall again, and so escape from the place. The pursuit, however, owing to the intersected character of the garden, was attended with many difficulties. The bushes had grown into tall trees, and had got entangled so with each other, that in some parts the place was a complete little wood, while all over the once trimly and elegantly kept spot, there was such a growth of strong weeds, that more than once Horton got his feet entangled, and once he did fall to the ground.

These were impediments that were mightily in favour of the assassin, who, immediately that he had fired the shot, made for the wall, down which hung a ladder of rope, by which he had descended. Perhaps, if Horton had been less anxious than he was to keep this man in sight, he might have reached the wall sooner than he did, for it would have been a much quicker process to go round a tangled mass of bushes and underwood, than to force a passage through it; but perseverance and anger will do wonders; and just as the man got about two-thirds of the way up his rope ladder, Horton reached the open space opposite to the spot.

"Villain! let me see your face," said Horton.

The trepidation that the man was in impeded him, and he missed his foothold of the frail ladder, and for a moment hung by his hands, making the most desperate efforts to regain his position. Horton took from his breast-pocket a small, dark-coloured pistol, and rapidly making it ready for action, he levelled it at the assassin.

"Allow me to recommend you," said Horton, in the blandest accents he could possibly assume—"Allow me to recommend you to come down, my friend."

The unhappy wretch knew from Horton's tones that his doom was fixed. Yet he made a last desperate effort to save himself, and in a wailing voice, he cried—

"Oh, spare me, Horton, and I will tell all!"

"Tell all? Oh, no—no! surely not, my good friend; it would never do to add such treachery to your other little offences."

"Oh, yes—yes, Horton. I will tell you how it was. I can—I will tell you who sent me, if you will only spare my life!"

"Oh, my dear sir, I know as well as you do who it was that sent you, and how it came about that you sought my life. Really, now, you have nothing to tell me."

"Mercy—mercy!"

"Well—well, it becomes me to be merciful. Cannot you manage to get your feet on the ladder? There, now, you have got a hold with your toe—all is right. You will escape if you mind what you are about, only the chance of a pistol missing fire that never did so before, is not very great, you know, my dear friend."

"Oh, God! I knew it. He is going to shoot me, now. I knew he was prepared to kill me!"

The wretched assassin jerked himself round, so that he faced Horton, and then he saw that the deadly weapon was fairly levelled at him, and that it wanted but a touch of Horton's fore-finger to explode it.

"I hope," said Horton, "that you have made your will—that is, provided you have anything to leave, otherwise it would be a very useless ceremony, indeed, for you to do so."

The man began to scream and shout. Horton was particularly solicitous that the attention of the neighbours should not be directed to Gore House, so he fired his pistol at once.

The couple of rifle-cut bullets with which it was loaded, hit the assassin in the face, and with one frightful cry, he loosened his hold of the rope ladder, and fell huddled up among the weeds of the garden.

"It is done," said Horton. "I think it is done; but one ought to make assurance doubly sure in such cases as this."

With these words, Horton walked quite calmly up to the spot upon which the dead body was lying, and with his foot turned it over, so that he could see the face. One glance at that awful spectacle was sufficient, and even Horton was satisfied.

"Dead enough," he said. "I will find a means this night of disposing of the body. In the meantime, lie there, fool that you were to measure your wit with mine."

He stooped and wiped the lock of his pistol on the skirt of the dead man's coat; and then, carefully placing it in his pocket, he walked back to the House.

"What does the Duke think of this?" was Horton's muttered remark to himself, as he neared the window through which he had made so wild a dash. "How strange it was that the pistol-shot which was intended to destroy me, should save him! Another moment, and he would have drunk the wine, in which he would have found the spirit of death. It was almost more than strange. Is there a fate—a destiny in this?"

For once in his life Horton felt a little superstition, and as he approached the window, his face was slightly flushed, and he lingered a pace or two as though he had a kind of dread of facing the man whom he would have poisoned.

The Duke was in the garden a few paces from the window.

"Oh, your Grace," said Horton, summoning up his usual effrontery, "it is not so safe as it might be for you to breathe the open air."

"But, Horton, this assassination—this attempt upon my life or upon yours, what does it mean?"

"Simply what it is, your Grace. An attempt upon my life, not upon yours; and the mere cause

and hidden meaning of it simply is, that I have a few enemies, that is all."

Horton spoke with a sneering smile upon his face, but from the spot of colour that was upon each of his cheeks, it was quite evident that he was in a much greater state of excitement than he chose to own, or to give further way to.

"Have you killed him?" said the Duke.

"Justice has been done," replied Horton.

The Duke shuddered.

"I cannot pity an assassin," he said, "and I do in my heart believe that it is one of those crimes that Heaven specially finds out and punishes."

"No more of this, your Grace," said Horton, impatiently. "No more of this. It is past now, and should be forgotten. Come into the house, your Grace. The external atmosphere, as I have said, does not agree with you."

The tone of taunting in which Horton spoke was anything but agreeable to the Duke, but it only showed the perturbation of mind of poor Herbert at that time that he allowed such a man to speak to him in such a style. He followed Horton into the house again with all the docility as if he were compelled to obey him.

Alas! how the consciousness of wrong-doing will beat down all those high and noble feelings which would seem to be inherent in some natures, and not to be eradicated. How completely human nature will change its aspect, and the proud man, proud in the consciousness of innocence, with guilt pressing upon his soul, shrinks and shivers into the meek and the forbearing dependent, and forgets almost that he is a man.

The weight of the supposed murder of Clint still hung heavily upon the soul of the Duke, and from that moment he had seemed to part with that strength of intellect and majesty of rectitude which had enabled him, and which would still have enabled him to keep such men as Horton far from him.

The idea of again attempting the death of the Duke by means of the poisoned wine was abandoned by Horton just then. The strange feeling of superstitution, to which we have before alluded as forming one of the contradictory traits of that man's character, was too strong to allow him, just then, to pursue that infamous and dastardly project. There is time enough, he told himself, for the deed, and there are means sufficient.

Horton still felt, however, the greatest possible anxiety regarding Marianna; and not satisfied with the search he had already made through the house, he still felt the keen desire to go from room to room, and to look again into each hiding-place with the hope yet of finding her. Besides, he wished to speak with Clint.

"Will you now," he said to the Duke, "pardon me for a short time? I have some little business affairs to look to."

"Certainly," said the Duke; "do not let me detain you for a moment from your own affairs, Horton. But you forgot the newspaper you promised to bring to me this day."

"No, but I was unable to procure one. When I leave the house again I will take care that you have it."

"I thank you, Horton. You are the only friend I have in all the world now. I own that there have been times when I have thought harshly of you, and when I have told myself that you were my enemy; but now where should I be if not in your house, and what should I be if not your guest at this moment?"

"Say no more, your Grace," interposed Horton. "So very humble a man as I am is more than repaid for all that he can do for a Duke by the great condescension of a person of such title in allowing him to do for him. When we little folks come into contact with great ones, we feel that we cannot possibly do too much, or feel too grateful for the condescending notice that may be taken of us."

It was quite impossible that the Duke could help being cognizant of the sneering irony of this speech, and he turned to the window without making any reply to it. Horton repented of what he had said almost before it had well left his lips, and advancing to the Duke, he said in so altered a tone, that no one could possibly have supposed it came from the same person—

"Forgive me, Herbert. I am so much accustomed to sneer at the world, and to say all sorts of harsh things to it, and of it, that for the moment I did really forget where I was, and to whom I was talking. I did not mean one word of what I said."

"Let it pass, Horton."

"Nay; but you are hurt, and that is a pity. There are enough stern realities in your life to give

you pain, without the addition of any flimsy non-senses which I have just so foolishly given utterance to. You will forget it?"

"I will, indeed, Horton."

"That is well then. And now, your Grace, I will leave you for a little while, and accept your word of honour as sufficient security for your not quitting this apartment."

"You have it. You have it, Horton. I will remain where I am."

Horton left the room.

"What a wild and wayward piece of folly it is of me," he muttered to himself, "to say the things I do to Pangbourne. Is he not in my power solely? Can I not, at my own good pleasure, cut short the thread of his existence? Surely I can, and, therefore, is it folly of me to descend to taunts and bitter sarcasms, when I have more pointed weapons to use when I please; but it is a habit that I cannot rid myself of. Truly, I ought by this time to have more discretion."

Horton was right. No one ever knew himself better than he did. He had got into the habit of giving as much pain as he possibly could to every one who came near him by an envenomed tongue; and he could no more control it, than he could by mere determination to do so, stop his own breath voluntarily by a resolve not to inspire another mouthful of air.

"Well, well," he added, "it matters not, and it proves one thing, and that is, that his Grace of Pangbourne is too much depressed to resist anything."

Horton walked rapidly through several rooms, and then he began to ask himself if there were any secret portions of the house he had not yet examined, and where, by possibility, Marianna might be hidden.

No, there were no such places to his knowledge, and he fully believed that he knew all about Gore House. Moreover, if she were hiding, surely even by that time hunger would have driven her forth.

Rendered desperate by his unavailing efforts to elucidate the mystery of Marianna's disappearance, Horton wandered from room to room of his spacious house like a perturbed spirit. He looked into all the most improbable places that could be thought of, and then he examined the locks and fastenings of the outer doors.

All was secure—nothing appeared even to have been tampered with to the extent of failure; and thoroughly bewildered and confused at the mystery which surrounded the disappearance of the young girl, Horton at last flung himself into a chair, and hiding other objects and the daylight from his eyes by covering them with his hands, he strove to collect his thoughts.

That Marianna had escaped, appeared to be too self-evident a proposition to admit of a doubt; and now the anxious question arose of "Where had she gone, and who had she told of her imprisonment at that house?"

"What may be the result of the revelations she may make?"

That was the most startling question of all.

Horton rose and paced the room for some time in silence; and then in a low tone, he said—

"I will go and speak to Clint. There is just a chance that he does know more than he is willing to tell me of this affair. The rascal for this week past has looked stronger than he would confess to being, and I cannot forget that the Duke heard some one moving about the house in my absence. Yes, I will go and speak to Clint; and if he has been playing a double part in this transaction, let him beware!"

(To be continued in our next.)

#### INTRAMURAL INTERMENTS.

It is to a member of the medical profession that the sole honour is due of having commenced, and carried on successfully, the righteous agitation against that most pestiferous of nuisances—interment in large towns. Mr. G. A. Walker commenced his labours in this cause single-handed and alone, and at a time when he had giant prejudices to contend with, and almost every kind of authority against him. Undeterred by difficulties which would have damped the ardour of most men, and undaunted by the real dangers to health and life which he daily encountered, he pursued his courageous and honourable career. By the bed-side of the patient, suffering from the low infectious fever consequent upon grave-yard malaria,—in the most

wretched hovels of the poor,—in the grave-yard of a crowded neighbourhood surrounded by myriads of living beings affected by its atmosphere,—in the danger-vaults of such foci of pollution and disease as were found beneath Enon Chapel, and similar burial-places, was to be found the indefatigable philanthropist. The results of his inquiries were published in his work, entitled, "Gatherings from Grave-yards." The public, at first, were inclined to look upon the statements in that remarkable work as highly exaggerated, and painfully overdrawn. They could scarcely believe that some of the grave-yards of London were so overcrowded, that the very place of worship was but a den of infection, and that men were struck dead as if by lightning by the effluvia from an open grave. The terrible catalogue of evils, however, soon received additions, to which the attention of the entire metropolis was painfully drawn;—the catastrophe in Aldgate Churchyard; the melancholy story connected with St. Margaret's, Westminster, under the very nose of Parliament startled and alarmed even the most hardy and sceptical. Then it was, after years of solitary labour that the cause identified with the name of Mr. Walker was discussed at public meetings, formed the subject of coroners' inquests, and began to be agitated in Parliament. At length, like a river having its origin in a solitary mountain-rill, gathering, as it pursued its course, fresh force from other tributary streams, it became irresistible, and bore down the mighty barriers which resisted its course. Such, to use a metaphor, has been the progress of the sanitary movement in favour of extramural burial. We need not refer to the discussions on this subject in Parliament to the opposition of interested parties, to the introduction of a Bill by the Government, and the virtual overthrow of the system. With that Bill, and its grave and numerous faults, Mr. Walker has had nothing to do; but let it not be forgotten that to him, and to him only, is due the entire merit of having directed public attention to the matter. Had he fallen a victim to his philanthropic zeal in the early days of his inquiries, it is probable that he might have been remembered only in his private circle. Few, indeed, are the rewards which Government offers to the medical man. Exposed to a foe more deadly than the enemy in the field of battle, and more insidious than the midnight assassin; fighting with death in the dark corners of poverty, he has nevertheless nothing to look forward to as a reward, except the *mens conscia recti*, and the satisfaction of having done his duty. In free and enlightened England, so profuse in her decorations to warriors, the great soldier of medicine has no chance of reward, not even a Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he would have obtained had he been a Frenchman, or the dignity of the civic crown had he been born a Roman citizen. We are not surprised then, though we are disgusted, with the ingratitude of the Government, when we find that Mr. Walker has as yet had no notice taken of his labours. Almost the credit has been snatched from him of having originated the movement. But the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen will not be stained with so dark a blot as to allow him to go unrewarded. We are delighted to perceive by the newspapers that a public meeting has been held, at which was a numerous attendance of members of Parliament and persons of influence, for the purpose of forming a fund to present Mr. Walker with a testimonial of the public sense entertained by the community of his energetic, unwearied, and successful labours in the cause of sanitary reform, and of the removal of the "dead from the centre of the homes of the living."

**LIGHTNING.**—The account of the injury to property and loss of life, both to man and brutes, in the province are remarkable; and the phenomena attending some of the accidents have been very curious. The following describes an occurrence at the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham:—"A meteoric ball was seen to enter through one of the panes of glass in the window, and pass to the fire-place, where it exploded like a pistol. It was about the size of an egg, had the appearance of a star, and, singular to state, did not break or crack the glass through which it passed, or leave any mark whatever; the entire building was shaken. A few minutes afterwards another ball entered through a doorway, and two of the nurses were enveloped in flames."

## LIBEL IN OLD TIMES.

LEIGH HUNT in his amusing biography, gives the following account of his imprisonment for libel:—

An article having appeared in *The Examiner* severely reflecting on the Prince Regent, a prosecution was commenced with success. Leigh Hunt was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment! On reading the alleged libel, one wonders what there could be to justify such severity. The daily press has more violent attacks on the Government every day. This is his account of

## HIS IMPRISONMENT.

We parted in hackney-coaches to our respective abodes, accompanied by two tipstaves apiece. They prepared me for a singular character in my jailor. His name was Ives. I was told he was a very self-willed personage, not the more accommodating for being in a bad state of health; and that he called everybody *Mister*. "In short," said one of the tipstaves, "he is one as may be led, but he'll never be drew."

The sight of the prison-gate and the high wall was a dreary business. I thought of my horseback and the downs of Brighton; but congratulated myself, at all events, that I had come thither with a good conscience. After waiting in the prison-yard as long as if it had been the ante-room of a minister, I was ushered into the presence of the great man. He was in his parlour, which was decently furnished, and had a basin of broth before him, which he quitted on my appearance, and rose with much solemnity to meet me. He seemed about fifty years of age. He had a white night-cap on, as if he were going to be hung, and a great red face, which looked ready to burst with blood. Indeed, he was not allowed by his physician to speak in a tone above a whisper. The first thing which this dignified person said, was, "Mister, I'd ha' given a matter of a hundred pounds that you had not come to this place—a hundred pounds!" The emphasis which he laid on the word "hundred" was ominous. I forget what I answered. I endeavoured to make the best of the matter; but he recurred over and over again to the hundred pounds; and said he wondered, for his part, what the Government meant by sending me there, for the prison was not a fit place for a gentleman. He often repeated this opinion afterwards, adding, with a peculiar nod of his head, "Mister, they knows it." I said that if a gentleman deserved to be sent to prison, he ought not to be treated with greater nicety than any one else; upon which he corrected me, observing very properly (though, as the phrase is, it was one word for the gentleman and two for the letter of prison lodgings), that a person who had been used to a better mode of living than "low people," was not treated with the same justice, if forced to lodge exactly as they did. I told him that his observation was very true; which gave him a favourable opinion of my understanding; for I had many occasions of remarking, that he looked upon nobody as his superior, speaking even of the members of the Royal Family as persons he knew very well, and whom he esteemed no more than became him. One royal duke had lunched in his parlour and another he had laid under some polite obligation. "They knows me," said he, "very well, Mister; and, Mister, I knows them." This concluding sentence he uttered with great particularity and precision. He was not proof, however, against a Greek Pindar, which he happened to light upon one day among the books. It's unintelligible character gave him a notion that he had got somebody to deal with who might really know something which he did not. Perhaps the gilt leaves and red morocco binding had their share in the magic. The upshot was, that he always showed himself anxious to appear well with me, as a clever fellow, treating me with great civility on all occasions but one, when I made him very angry by disappointing him in money amount. The Pindar was a mystery that staggered him. I remember very well, that, giving me a long account one day of something connected with his business, he happened to catch with his eye the shelf that contained it, and whether he saw it or not, abruptly finished by observing, "But, Mister, you knows all these things as well as I do." Upon the whole, my new acquaintance was as strange a person as I ever met with. A total want of education, together with a certain vulgar acuteness, conspired to render him insolent and pedantic. Disease sharpened his tendency to

fits of passion, which threatened to suffocate him; and then in his intervals of better health, he would issue forth, with cock-up-nose and his hat on one side, as great a fop as a jockey. I remember his coming to my rooms about the middle of my imprisonment, as if on purpose to insult over my ill-health with the contrast of his convalescence, putting his arms in a gay manner a-kimbo, and telling me I should never live to go out, whereas he was riding about as stout as ever, and had just been in the country. He died before I left the prison.

The word *jail*, in deference to the way in which it is sometimes spelt, this accomplished individual pronounced *gale*, and Mr. Brougham he always spoke of as Mr. *Bruffam*. He one day apologised for this mode of pronunciation, or rather gave a specimen of vanity and self-will, which will show the reader the high notions a jailor may entertain of himself. "I find," said he, "that they calls him *Broom*; but, Mister—(assuming a look from which there was to be no appeal)—"I calls him *Bruffam*." Finding that my host did not think the prison fit for me, I asked him if he could let me have an apartment in his house. He pronounced it impossible, which was a trick to enhance the price. I could not make an offer to please him; and he stood out so long, and, as he thought, so cunningly, that he subsequently overreached himself by his trickery, as the reader will see. His object was to keep me among the prisoners till he could at once sickle me of the place, and get the permission of the magistrates to receive me into his house, which was a thing he reckoned upon as a certainty. He thus hoped to secure himself in all quarters; for his vanity was almost as strong as his avarice. He was equally fond of getting money in private, and of the approbation of the great men whom he had to deal with in public; and it so happened that there had been no prisoner above the poorest condition before my arrival, with the exception of Colonel Despard. From abusing the prison, he then suddenly fell to speaking well of it, or rather, of the room occupied by the Colonel, and said that another corresponding with it, would make me a capital apartment. "To be sure," said he, "there is nothing but bare walls, and I have no bed to put in it." I replied, that of course I should not be hindered from having my own bed from home. He said, "No; and if it rains," observed he, "you have only to put up with want of light for a time." "What!" exclaimed I, "are there no windows?" "Windows, Mister!" cried he. "No windows in a prison of this sort. No glass, Mister, but excellent shutters." It was finally agreed that I should sleep for a night or two in a garret of the jailor's house, till my bed could be got ready in the prison, and the windows glazed. A dreary evening followed, which, however, let me completely into the man's character, and showed him in a variety of lights—some ludicrous, and others as melancholy. There was a full length portrait in the room, of a little girl, dizenized out in her best. This, he told me, was his daughter, whom he had disinherited for her disobedience. I tried to suggest a few reflections, capable of doing her service; but disobedience, I found, was an offence doubly irritating to his nature, on account of his sovereign habits as a jailor; and seeing his irritability likely to inflame the plethora of his countenance, I desisted. Though not allowed to speak above a whisper, he was extremely willing to talk; but, at an early hour, I pleaded my own state of health, and retired to bed. On taking possession of my garret, I was treated with a piece of delicacy which I never should have thought of finding in a prison. When I first entered its walls, I had been received by the under-jailor, a man who seemed an epitome of all that was forbidding in his office. He was stout, and very thick, had a hook-nose, a great, severe countenance, and a bunch of keys hanging on his arm. A friend stopped short at sight of him, and said, in a melancholy voice, "And this is the jailor!" Honest old *Cave!* Thine outside would have been unworthy of thee, if, upon further acquaintance, I had not found it a very hearty outside—ay; and in my eyes a very good-looking one, and as fit to contain the milk of human kindness that was in thee as the husk of a cocoa. To show by one specimen the character of this man—I could never prevail on him to accept any acknowledgment of his kindness greater than a set of tea-things, and a piece or two of old furniture which I could not well carry away. I had, indeed, the pleasure of leaving him in possession of a room which I had possessed; but this was a thing unexpected, and which neither of us had supposed could be done. Had I been a prince, I would have forced on him a pension: being

a journalist, I made him accept an *Examiner* weekly, which he lived for some years to relish his Sunday pipe with. This man, in the interval between my arrival and introduction to the head jailor, had found means to give me further information respecting my condition, and to express the interest he took in it. I thought little of his offer at the time. He behaved with the greatest air of deference to his principal, moving as fast as his body would allow him to execute his least intimation, and holding the candle to him while he read with an obsequious zeal. But he had spoken to his wife about me, and his wife I found to be as great a curiosity as himself. Both were more like the romantic jailors drawn in some of our modern plays than real Horsemonger-lane palpabilities. The wife, in her person, was as light and fragile as the husband was sturdy. She had the nerves of a fine lady, and yet went through the most unpleasant duties with the patience of a martyr. Her voice and look seemed to plead for a softness like their own, as if a loud reply would have shattered her. Her health had made her a Methodist; but this did not hinder her from sympathising with an invalid who was none, or from loving a husband who was as little of a saint as need be. Upon the whole, such an extraordinary couple, as apparently unsuitable, and yet so fitted for one another—so apparently vulgar on one side, and yet so naturally delicate on both—so misplaced in their situation, and yet, for the good of others, so admirably put there, I have never met with before or since. It was the business of this woman to lock me up in my garret; but she did it so softly the first night that I knew nothing of the matter. The night following, I thought I heard a gentle tampering with the lock. I tried it, and found it fastened. She heard me as she was going down stairs, and said the next day, "Ah, sir, I thought I should have turned the key so as for you not to hear it; but I found you did." The whole conduct of this couple towards me, from first to last, was of a piece with this singular delicacy. My bed was shortly put up, and I slept in my new room. I was on an upper-story, and stood in a corner of the quadrangle, on the right-hand as you enter the prison-gate. The windows (which had now been accommodated with glass, in addition to their "excellent shutters") were high up, and barred; but the room was large and airy, and there was a fire-place. It was intended to be a common room for the prisoners on that story; but the cells were then empty. The cells were ranged on either side of the arcade, of which the story is formed, and the room opened at the end of it. At night-time the door was locked; then another on the top of the staircase, then another on the middle of the staircase, then a fourth at the bottom, a fifth that shuts up the little yard belonging to that quarter, and how many more, before you get out of the gates, I forget; but I do not exaggerate when I say there were ten or eleven. The first night I slept there I listened to them, one after the other, till the weaker part of my heart died within me. Every fresh turning of the key seemed a malignant insult to my love of liberty. I was alone, and away from my family; I, who to this day had never slept from home above a dozen weeks in my life. Furthermore, the reader will bear in mind, that I was ill. With a great flow of natural spirits, I was subject to fits of nervousness, which had latterly taken a more continued shape. I felt one of them coming on, and having learned to anticipate and break the force of it by exercise, I took a stout walk by pacing backwards and forwards for the space of three hours. This threw me into a state in which rest, for rest's sake, became pleasant. I got hastily into bed, and slept without a dream till morning. By the way, I never dreamt of prison but twice all the time I was there, and my dream was the same on both occasions. I fancied I was at the theatre, and that the whole house looked at me with surprise, as much as to say, "How could he get out of prison?" I saw my wife for a few minutes after I entered the jail, but she was not allowed on that day to stop longer. The next day she was with me for some hours. To say that she never reproached me for these and the like taxes upon our family prospects, is to say little. A world of comfort for me was in her face. There is a note in the fifth volume of my Spenser, which I was then reading, in these words: "February, 4th, 1813." The line to which it refers is this:—

"Much dearer be the things which come though hard distresses."

I now applied to the magistrates for permission to have my wife and children constantly with me, which was granted. Not so my request to remove

into the jailor's house. Mr. Holme Sumner, on occasion of a petition from a subsequent prisoner, told the House of Commons that my room had a view over the Surrey hills, and that I was very well content with it. I could not feel obliged to him for this postliminous piece of enjoyment, especially when I remembered that he had done all in his power to prevent my removal out of the room, precisely (as it appeared to us), because it looked upon nothing but the felons, and because I was not contented. In fact, you could not see out of the windows at all, without getting on a chair; and then, all that you saw was the miserable men whose chains had been clanking from daylight. The perpetual sound of these chains wore upon my spirits in a manner to which my state of health allowed me reasonably to object. The yard, also, in which I took exercise was very small. The jailor proposed that I should be allowed to occupy apartments in his house, and walk occasionally in the prison garden; adding, that I should certainly die if I did not; and his opinion was seconded by that of the medical man. Mine host was sincere in this, if in nothing else. Telling us, one day, how warmly he had put it to the magistrates, and how he insisted that I should not survive, he turned round upon me, and, to the doctor's astonishment, added, "Nor you, Mister, will you?" I believe it was the opinion of many; but Mr. Holme Sumner argued otherwise; perhaps from his own sensations, which were sufficiently iron. Perhaps he concluded, also, like a proper old Tory, that if I did not think fit to flatter the magistrates a little, and play the courtier, my wants could not be very great. At all events, he came up one day with the rest of them, and after bowing to my wife, and piteously pinching the cheek of an infant in her arms, went down and did all he could to prevent our being comfortably situated. The doctor then proposed that I should be removed into the prison infirmary; and this proposal was granted. Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound in my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the least fitted for companions; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used; one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on going from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I proposed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room raised off from another belonging to a neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In Autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made point of dressing myself as if for a long walk, and then putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I were too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in

dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear), that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, "No, I'm not lost; I'm found." Neither he nor I were very strong at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty, and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a fresh understanding will be found together. I entered the prison the 3d of February, 1813, and removed to my new apartments the 16th of March, happy to get out of the noise of the chains. When I sat amidst my books, and saw the imaginary sky overhead, and my paper roses about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty. The little room was my bed-room. I afterwards made the two rooms change character when my wife lay in. Permission for her continuance with me at that period was easily obtained of the magistrates, among whom a new-comer made his appearance. This was another good-natured man, Lord Leslie, afterwards Earl of Rothes. He heard me with kindness; and his actions did not belie his countenance. My eldest girl (now alas! no more) was born in prison. She was beautiful, and for the greater part of an existence of thirty years, she was happy. She was christened Mary, after my mother, and Florimel after one of Spenser's heroines. But Mary we called her. Never shall I forget my sensation when she came into the world; for I was obliged to play physician myself, the hour having taken us by surprise. But her mother found many unexpected comforts; and, during the whole time of her confinement, which happened to be in very fine weather, the garden door was set open, and she looked upon trees and flowers: A thousand recollections rise within me at every fresh period of my imprisonment, such as I cannot trust myself with dwelling upon. These rooms, and the visits of my friends, were the bright side of my captivity. I read verses without end; and wrote almost as many. I had also the pleasure of hearing that my brother had found comfortable rooms in Coldbath-fields, and a host who really deserved that name as much as a jailor could. The first year of my imprisonment was a long pull up-hill; but never was metaphor so literally verified as by the sensation at the turning of the second. In the first year, all the prospect was that of the one coming; in the second, the days began to be scored off like those of children at school, preparing for a holiday. When I was fairly settled in my new apartments, the jailor could hardly give sufficient vent to his spleen at my having escaped his clutches, his astonishment was so great. Besides, though I treated him handsomely, he had a little lurking fear of the *Examiner* upon him; so he contented himself with getting as much out of me as he could, and boasting of the grand room which he would fain have prevented my enjoying. My friends were allowed to be with me till ten o'clock at night, when the under turnkey, a young man with his lantern, and much ambitious gentility of deportment, came to see them out. I believe we scattered an urbanity about the prison, till then unknown. Even William Hazlitt, who there first did me the honour of a visit, would stand interchanging amenities at the threshold, which I had great difficulty in making him pass. I know not which kept his hat off with the greatest pertinacity of deference, I to the diffident cutter-up of Tory dukes and kings, or he to the amazing prisoner and invalid, who issued out of a bower of roses. There came my old friends and school-fellows, Pitman, whose wit and animal spirits still keep him alive; Mitchell, who translated Aristophanes; and Barnes, who always reminded me of Fielding. It was he that introduced me to the late Mr. Thomas Alsager, the kindest of neighbours, who contrived to be a scholar and a musician. He loved his leisure, and yet would start up at a moment's notice to do the least of a prisoner's biddings.

In February 1815, he was released, with health much shattered.

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

**AN INTERESTING TOURIST.**—Mr. Chapman, an executioner from the United States, has arrived in Paris for the purpose of studying the French guillotine system, and examining the machinery employed in the work of decapitation used in other parts of Europe.—*Times Correspondent*.

**PORCELAIN**, by which is designated a dense body too hard to be scratched by a knife, translucent,

sonorous and white, was manufactured from a very early period in China; the remote antiquity of this manufacture is proved by the discovery of bottles of Chinese porcelain, with inscriptions in that language, in the tombs of Thebes. The porcelain Tower, near Nankin, was built A.D. 1277, but as early as 163 B.C. it is stated that porcelain was common in China. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, penetrated into China in the thirteenth century, and he describes, with much accuracy, the mode then, as now, employed by the Chinese in the preparation of their clays. "They collect," he says, "a certain kind of earth as it were from a mine, and laying it in a great heap, suffer it to be exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, for thirty or forty years, during which time it is never disturbed. By this means it becomes refined and fit for being wrought into the vessels above mentioned. Such colours as may be thought proper are then laid on, and the ware is afterwards baked in ovens or furnaces. These persons, therefore, who cause the earth to be dug, collect it for their children or grandchildren."—R. HUNT, in *Art Journal*.

**THE HOUSE OF BURNS.**—The house in which the author of "Tam o' Shanter" and "Bonnie Jean" lived and died, in Dumfries, which was recently advertised for sale by public auction, has been purchased by his son, Lieut.-Col. W. N. Burns.

**SALE OF LORD EXETER'S PROPERTY IN THE STRAND.**—On Tuesday Messrs. Driver put up to auction, at the Auction Mart, the freehold property belonging to the Marquis of Exeter, known as the London Estate, and comprising a large number of extensive buildings situate in Wellington-street North, Exeter-street, Catherine-street, Burleigh-street, Brydges-street, Strand, and Exeter-passages; including the *Morning Post* Office, the Lyceum Theatre, and Exeter Change. There was a full attendance of Capitalists, and a very active competition for the various lots. The estate was stated to produce rents amounting to about five thousand and fifty pounds per annum; but of the estimated rental, when the whole is in possession, of upwards of eight thousand pounds per annum. The auctioneer said the property had been in the possession of the family of the Marquis of Exeter since the year 1600, when it was first held by Lord Burleigh, treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. There were forty-four lots, which were offered in one lot, but upon that there was no bidding, when they were disposed of in separate lots. The day's sale comprised twenty-four lots, producing a rental of about three thousand and thirty pounds per annum, but which was of the estimated total value of about four thousand pounds at the expiration of the present leases. The day's sale realised about fifty-eight thousand pounds. The second days' sale realised about thirty eight thousand pounds, many of the lots, including Exeter Change, not obtaining a bidder.

**A FEMALE VETERAN.**—Most of the gallant men who were with Nelson at the victory of the Nile have, with their immortal commander, descended to the tomb. There are, however, some gray-headed veterans still alive to tell their tale, and we think it will interest some of our readers to know that there is still in the land of the living, a woman who was in that memorable engagement, and there assisted to attend the wounded. She was the wife of a seaman, and was often noticed by Nelson's favourite, Lady Hamilton, who on the birth of her child, which took place on board the *Bellerophon*, supplied it with clothing which she herself had made. One little incident is recorded of Nelson, with feelings of gratitude by our heroine. When near her confinement, the hero of a hundred fights, having ascertained that the doctor on board the ship was not so experienced in midwifery as he should be, signalled for another; thus finding time, amidst all his responsibilities and cares, to succour a woman in her hour of trouble! Our readers will naturally feel curious to know how this follower and sharer of the fortunes of the brave, the battle and the breeze, has been provided for. She is between seventy and eighty years of age, and receives two shillings and sixpence week from Portsea Parish.—*Portsea Advocate*.

**MISS JANE PORTER'S Library** was sold at Christie and Mason's, last week. It consisted of 268 works, in which were included some good folio editions.

**HER MAJESTY'S monstrous land tortoise** has been presented to the Zoological Gardens, as a rival attraction to the hippopotamus.

## THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

THERE is a piece of scenery about eight miles from Nottingham, which very likely has attracted very little of the attention of the inhabitants of that great stocking-weaving and lace-weaving place, but which is to me very delightful. Entomologists often visit it in the summer, for it abounds in a variety of curious and splendid insects; but, otherwise, you seldom encounter anything there, except it be a person from the adjacent farms, or the neighbouring village of Oxtou. But I have traversed it summer after summer, and always with renewed pleasure. It is a remnant of the fine old forest of Sherwood, denuded, it is true, of its grand old oaks, but still studded with furze-bushes, carpeted with most elastic turf, and inhabited by a host of the wild denizens of nature. You first become aware of its picturesque beauty by finding yourself at a little bridge, beneath which a most clear and swift trout-stream runs; and, arrested by that charming object, you look around and onward, and discover a long valley, all filled with wild sedges, and showing afar off the glancing light of waters that tempt you to visit them. Below you the stream widens into a little lake, with an island in the centre, where you see the water-hens swimming about, and enjoying themselves; and all about the margin of the water, the tall, hassocky sedge stands in such shaggy and isolated masses as Bewick delighted to draw. It is exactly the sort of scenery that he gloried in, and depicted over and over in the haunts of his water-birds, and always with new traits. Lower down, the prospect is bounded by woods and copses; but upward, the valley stretches most invitingly—on the left bounded by green fields, on the right by heathy hills and true moorland grace. When I last traversed this scene, it was in the middle of May. It was in the company of an old friend, who was as much a child about out-of-doors delights as myself. No sooner had we stepped off the highway than we set foot on the heath, and were surrounded by sights of beauty, smells of wild fragrance, and sounds of waters running and even roaring amongst the wild sedges of the morass. Here, close to the stream, was a shepherd's hovel, erected of heath and turf, and provided with a seat, where the summer sheep-washers took their meals. We entered, and sat down, having around us only the heathy hills, the sound of those hurrying waters, and, at some little distance, two little girls, who watched the gate through which we had passed to this moorland—two little rustic creatures, who there wait all day long, and all summer long, to act the janitors to all passengers, whether mounted or not, and are rewarded with a few halfpence by the more liberal, and amuse themselves during the intervals of business with all sorts of childish contrivances. Scarcely were we seated in our pleasant hut, when there came birds of various kinds—yellow-hammers, gorse-linnets, with their rosy-breasts, pied wagtails, and graceful yellow wagtails, winchats of the richest colours, titlarks, and wheatears,—all come to drink and cool themselves. It was beautiful to see them in their happy freedom, believing themselves unobserved by man. Into the transparent waters they waded up to their very necks, twittering, and even singing in their delight; and some stood perfectly still, enjoying the cool liquid as it streamed through their feathers, and others dipped and fluttered it over their bodies, and made a ruffling and a scuffling in the brook that was truly delightful to see. As these flow away, others were continually coming and taking their places. It was evidently a fashionable bathing-place with them, and that obviously because the stream here was shallow, running over the clear, bright gravel most temptingly and accommodately. It was a peep into the life of these lowly but lovely creatures which is rarely attained, and for the rareness of which we have to thank our tyranny. The happy creatures seldom stayed long: the sense of duty lay even upon them. They had their household cares and their young families in the bushes and amidst the shaggy retreats of the moorland. We went on, and the next moment came upon the banks of a sunny mere, out of which the wild-fowl rose in numbers, and flew round and round, and then off to more distant waters; and when they were gone, we perceived little voices, which had been drowned in their louder ones. These were the cries of large flocks of ducklings, young teal, coots, &c., which they had left, and which went sailing to and fro amongst the tall pillars of sedge, and, ever and anon, emerging from beneath their drooping masses of leaves, with open beaks, in pursuit of flies, with an active eagerness that made them proof to fear. It was beautiful to see them. Then came the cuckoo, flying past

with its cowering motion, and leaden-hued plumage, and that quaint guttural note of which naturalists seem to have taken no notice, and which listeners are in general too distant to hear, catching only its more common monotone, whence it derives its name. We plunged into the very midst of that mass of jungle, as it may properly be termed, stepping from pillar to pillar of sedge; for this singular plant grows up in solid masses of two or three feet high, whence its long, hard, grassy leaves hang all round, and overshadow the depths of the bog below. From crown to crown of these we went, enlightening each other on the wonderful use these stepping-stones of sedge must have been to our ancestors, in the old, far-off, uncultivated days of the country. Without them, indeed, many parts of forests would have been impassable. From crown to crown we went, now making a false step, and plunging with cries and laughter into the stream below; now scaring the pheasant from her retreat; and now starting the trout, as we came suddenly on a bend of the brook that wound through them. But we could not discover what we sought most earnestly—the nests of snipes which are said to be found here. \* \* \* We made our way out of the bogs to the solid ground, and thence to the hills; and there the scene which now presented itself was like what we may suppose in some enchanted land. The whole valley and open hills were scattered with heaps of the most resplendent gold—in other words, the gorse-bushes were in full bloom, and not only filled the air with their rich orange-odour, but every branch was covered with a profusion of such large and lustrous blossoms, as those who see the furze only in dusty lanes have no conception of. In the larch-wood, on the opposite side of the valley, we could see all the openings and ridings filled with this vegetable glory, just as if it were a fairy-land itself, and all its green avenues were paths of woven gold. To talk of such a thing gives no adequate idea of its beauty. To contemplate this scene, we threw ourselves down in a little glen on the turf, and lay and looked on the rich expanse.”—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons*.

## STORM AT NEW YORK.

On the night of the 18th ultimo a storm of rain and wind raged fearfully over the city of New York. It commenced at sunset, and increased in violence till it reached its climax at sunrise. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind, which blew from the east, howled all night long, prostrating trees, and doing a vast amount of damage in every part of the city.

The *New York Herald* gives the following description of the storm:—

“Many persons who happened to be from their houses at eleven o'clock on Thursday night were detained till morning, vainly waiting for the abating of the storm and the restoration of light. The lamps were all out, it being one of those nights that the almanac advertised the moon was shining, but horribly lied, the darkness being so great that a person could not see three inches before him, while slates and bricks were flying in all directions. The consequence was, that most of those absent preferred remaining away from their families at least till daylight, rather than encounter the ‘pelting of the pitiless storm.’ Several of those who ventured out went astray, and often plunged into water up to their knees. The gutters were overflowed, and the streets were in a sea. The vacant lots became so many ponds. Several houses have been unroofed and sky-lights blown away. The tin roofs of two houses in Third avenue were rolled up like a scroll, and blown to a distance. One of the walls of a new brick three-story building in Fourth avenue, near Thirty-first-street, was prostrated; also a stable in the same avenue at the corner of Seventeenth-street. Two or three half-finished brick buildings were thrown down in Second-avenue, near Twenty-eighth-street, and another opposite the Harlem railroad engine-house, in Thirty-second-street. The exposed open streets up town were swept as with the besom of destruction. The top of the chimney of the house on the corner of Pearl and Moore streets was blown down on Friday morning upon the walk; and another in Centre-street, near Broome. The awnings in the Bowery, from one end to another, were torn to shreds. In front of No. 224, one of the large wooden posts,

eight inches in diameter, was broken down. In Broadway, opposite 589 and 591, a very large awning was carried away, with the posts. In Broadway, generally, the awnings have suffered terribly, the light posts that have been adopted for neatness and elegance not being sufficiently strong to stand against a gale or sudden gust, when it catches the canvas. In a few blocks a score of them might be counted, snapped square off; and even the iron-wrought supporters, an inch and a half in diameter, were broken. These are exceedingly dangerous, and the lateness of the hour probably prevented the loss of life. When those iron posts were first introduced in Broadway, a person passing was killed by one of them snapping, and giving him a mortal wound. Among the trees prostrated is a large sycamore on the Broadway side-walk, at the park; and another very large one in the Bowling-green, which fell across a railing into Broadway. A very old and beautiful tree, a drooping willow, well known and venerated, which stood opposite St. Stephen's Church, at the corner of Broome and Christie streets, fell before the breath of the storm. Another fine tree at the corner of Canal and Varick streets was torn up by the roots and laid across the street. The flags of the side-walk were torn up where it stood. In Bond-street, Eight-street, Ninth-street, Twelfth-street, Mercer-street, and Waverley-place, trees were uprooted and scattered. In St. John-square there are four trees down, some of them two feet in diameter. In Washington parade-ground the large weeping willow near the centre has been denuded of its main branches, and three large trees are torn up by the roots.”

The shipping was considerably damaged at the wharves in the East and North rivers. Accounts of serious disasters at sea were anticipated. Several lives were lost. All the lines of telegraph wires running from the city were broken, and the communications interrupted.

## FINE-ART GOSSIP.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE is not one of Sir Christopher Wren's great masterpieces in his art. It is badly lighted throughout: but Wren, perhaps, is hardly to blame for this. He was called in at the last moment, to vex Vanbrugh; and as old Saah of Marlborough was her own mistress in political and even domestic matters, so was she her own mistress when the freak was on even in bricks and mortar. The future residence of the Prince of Wales is not, therefore, particularly well adapted for an exhibition of pictures. We are partial, we must confess, to a side light now and then, when the pictures to be seen are smaller than what is called gallery size; but Marlborough House has no good lights. Angerstein's old House in Pall Mall (the first National Gallery) was ten times better adapted for the purposes of Art than Marlborough House. But we are not sorry to see, or rather to find, the Vernon Collection, and such pictures as the National Gallery possesses, of the British school, brought together for the first time, and placed alone. Mr. Uwins has done all that tact and impartiality could do to make every picture be seen; and where he has failed, success was all but impossible. There is another advantage in this arrangement besides the single and national purpose of the Exhibition. This temporary and indifferent location of some of our best pictures must bring the National Gallery question to a close before another session of Parliament is over. The Hogarths (those real treasures of the British school) are recognised here only by their frames and the well-known arrangement of the several figures. All character and detail—age and colour, too, for which they are so wonderful—are placed under the dark lantern of the Marlborough House windows. The large Wilsons (the *Beaumont Wilsons*) have been varnished and washed—(we must not say *cleaned* in these days)—and never were they seen to such advantage as they appear at present. Sir George Beaumont himself, were he alive, would have found new beauties in his favourite pictures. The walls, indeed, are nobly hung; and the hurry exhibited on the 25th ult. by Her Majesty's Ministers to settle Marlborough House on the Prince of Wales would look, were we living in more tyrannical times, as if the Prince intended to lay his carpets down, and take possession of the house and pictures forthwith. The collection, notwithstanding the surmise, was opened to the public on Monday last.

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## CONSTANCY.

As Doctor Johnson said of apparitions, "There is a great deal to be said upon both sides of this question;" but at the outset it will be more convenient if we define what species of Constancy it is that, in the few following remarks, we propose to treat of:—We allude, then, to that Constancy which is considered so great a virtue, as securing the endurance of affection between the sexes.

A constant lover has, from time immemorial, been the theme of praise by bard and novelist. There is not a Romance or Tale, in which the affections have any hold, that Constancy is not the grand virtue of the hero and the heroine. In the old chivalric legends of the middle ages, the constancy of a knight to his lady-love, was a part of his religion, and her constancy to him, although he might be far away, fighting the Battle of the Cross against the Crescent was part of her reputation, and such a circumstance only seemed to have the effect of rivetting more tightly the chains of affection which held them together.

In later days, when people are a little more utilitarian in their ideas, and have quite enough crosses at home to occupy their attention, instead of going abroad to try to cram one down the throats of some million of people who would "rather not," this same Constancy has continued to be considered a cardinal virtue.

So much, then, is Constancy praised, and so greatly is inconstancy held in contempt, and such an amount of popular and private odium is called down upon it, that the subject is worth some little amount of calm and dispassionate inquiry.

Constancy, then, shortly defined, means that feeling which induces a continuance of a passion or a feeling, irrespective of other circumstances of a changeable nature—that is to say, a certain individual of the male or female sex sees or fancies that he or she sees certain excellencies, beauties, and qualities in one of the opposite sex, and forthwith loves that person upon the strength of having seen such excellencies, beauties, and qualities: and Constancy means the continuance of that love without change.

Now, certainly, like causes, will, philosophically speaking, produce like effects; and if there were no such a thing as mutability in the affairs of this world—if we were not in a state of existence which has constant change for its very essence, Constancy would be submitted to no trials.

If, likewise, the changes that take place in the material world and in the mental one always bore to each other a certain aptness and relation, so that along with changes that affect the mind, the mind itself underwent corresponding changes, rendering it fit, as before, for its relative position, we should still hear nothing of inconstancy. But—oh, that but!—But, kind and unsophisticated reader, such is not the case; and we would ask you, in sober seriousness, what can become of effects, when the causes that produced them cease?

A feeling of ardent affection is produced by certain circumstances present in the face, form, voice, manner, and *tout ensemble* of some young lady, and a young gentleman loves to distraction, and vows—what? Eternal Constancy. That, we presume, is the gist of most lovers' vows.

Do they not sing—

"The rose may cease to blow,  
The eagle turn a dove;  
Fair streams may cease to flow,  
E'er I will cease to love."

That is to say, all impossible things must come to pass before the fond and enraptured lover becomes inconstant. But what, after all, in sober seriousness has the lover's vow of Constancy really amounted to?

I love you because your face is of such a form and such a complexion—because you are of such an age—because your voice has a certain tone, that to my ears is grateful and pleasing—because your thoughts seem to flow in a channel agreeable to mine; and, in fact, for a thousand graces and beauties that, perhaps, to other eyes are unobservable, but which to me are as clear as they are exquisite. Therefore is it that I love you, and therefore is it that I will be constant. Now, Constancy is no virtue under such circumstances as these, and should meet with no laudation. It is simply the continued effect from a continued cause, and a man might as well take credit for any other of his natural feelings or perceptions. But what is to become of the effect if the cause should cease? The beauty of the lady may fade—the charming voice lose its sweet freshness—the bounding sylph-like form may from sickness or other causes lose its elasticity—even the temper may become a wreck, and a little—just a little of the shrew may replace the delicate tenderness of an angelic nature. We have seen such things. Lo! the causes of the affection have vanished. Where is the Constancy?

It is simply absurd for any one to love one day the very antithesis of what he loved the day before. We cannot delight in the soft strains of an Eolian harp, fanned by a zephyr to wild and fitful melody, and then turn our pleased attention to a Scotch bagpipe. Such things are not in nature, and the lover must do one of two things. He must either remain and *act* constancy—playing a part which is alike repugnant as it is deceitful—or he must declare off, and endure the scorn of the world for his inconstancy.

Another circumstance may occur, quite independent of any changes, physical or moral, on the part of the lady. The gentleman has a mind of some sort, and that may, by the force of circumstances by which he may be surrounded, or by continued education, or even by physical changes in the system incidental to all humanity, undergo such alterations, that the same things that delighted him at one period may not at another, and he may turn with a kind of loathing from what he will, perhaps, call a mere piece of sickly sentimentality, and at once leave the inconstant one!

What is to be done in these cases?

Think of this readers—ladies and gentlemen both—think of this, and ask yourselves if the real deceit and the real Inconstancy does not lie in what is commonly called Constancy—that is to say, in an affected perseverance in feelings which have flown, never to return again?

We must return to the first sentence of our paper, to the effect, that there is a great deal to be said upon both sides; and very shortly we shall say more upon this most interesting, social, and domestic subject.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—The new President of the American Republic is stated to be but fifty years of age. He commenced life as a schoolmaster, afterwards attained distinction at the bar, and subsequently became Vice-President of the United States. The death of President Taylor has placed Mr. Fillmore in one of the most eminent positions the world has to offer. We content ourselves with recording the fact, and leave our readers to contrast the difference in the respect paid to the schoolmaster on the two sides of the Atlantic.

## SOMETHING ABOUT TIGERS.

In one respect, Singapore offered novelty, for man was now no longer the undisputed "lord of creation." One of the local advantages, urged at the time when the English selected the spot, was the "absence of wild elephants and tigers;" but it appeared in the sequel, that the island presented no attractions to the latter animal until a city had been built. The invasion took place about six years prior to the visit, doubtless by swimming from the main land, which is at no great distance. The number of persons who have since "been taken by tigers, amounts to some hundreds," there being scarcely any other kind of prey; and instances sometimes occurred within two miles of the centre of the city. It was said that these animals "attacked in the daytime, though perhaps more frequently at night;" but they were not apt to come out into the main road, or to fall upon a palanquin and horse. Such a thing as a tiger pouncing upon a man without killing him was unknown at Singapore; although it sometimes happened, where several persons have been in company, that the tiger has been immediately frightened away. There were persons who made a profession of killing tigers, and government had been paying a premium of a hundred dollars for a head, but having recently reduced this to fifty, the business was for the present at an end. In reference to these prices, it should be observed, that the value of money here is fivefold greater than with us. In the wildest recesses of North America, the traveller may throw himself on the ground to pass the night; not so in these countries, where, without disparagement to the rifle, I may state my belief that it would not prevail. Tigers, however, require covert; and they will disappear whenever the island shall be cleared of woods an event not likely soon to take place. Under present circumstances, there is little difficulty in keeping out of their way; and European residents, by observing certain precautions, do not much regard them.—*Travels in Singapore.*

## BUT MY WORD SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.

A single-hearted, simple man  
Stood by a river side,  
And waited that the rolling flood  
Might pour away its tide.

An eager-hearted, earnest child,  
Kneelt by the stream of truth,  
And wondered how that stream had run  
Since time was in its youth.

The river rolled and wasted not;  
The traveller turned aside;  
The child became a thoughtful man,  
And still he knelt and died.

'Tis past, and where the billow broke,  
A field is green with sod,  
Yet still that silent stream of truth  
Is flowing forth from God.

—*Critic.*

COFFINS OF BAKED CLAY OF THE CHALDEANS.—Mr. Kennet Loftus, the first European who has visited the ancient ruins of Warka in Mesopotamia, and who is attached to the surveying staff of Colonel Williams, appointed to settle the question of the boundary line between Turkey and Persia, writes thus:—"Warka is, no doubt, the Erech of Scripture, the second city of Nimrod, and it is the Orchoe of the Chaldees. The mounds within the walls afford subject of high interest to the historian and antiquarian; they are filled, nay, I may say, they are literally composed of coffins, piled upon each other to the height of forty-five feet. It has, evidently, been the great burial-place of generations of Chaldeans, as Meshad Ali and Kerbella at the present day are of the Persians. The coffins are very strange affairs; they are in general form like a slipper-bath, but more depressed and symmetrical, with a large oval aperture to admit the body, which is closed with a lid of earthenware. The coffins themselves are also of baked clay, covered with green glaze, and embossed with figures of warriors, with strange and enormous coiffures, dressed in a short tunic and long under garments, a sword by the side, the arms resting on the hips, the legs apart. Great quantities of pottery and also clay figures, some most delicately modelled, are found around them; and ornaments of gold, silver, iron, copper, glass, &c. within.—*Art Journal.*

## COUSIN CECIL;

OR,  
THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

COUSIN CECIL PROTECTS THE DESERTER, AND TAKES  
A DEEPER PLUNGE IN INIQUITY.

It becomes now necessary, in order to keep up the action of our story to one point, that we should repair to the secret stairs leading from the greenhouse to the Strangers' Room of Larchins, where we left Cousin Cecil and the deserter.

That this young soldier was her own son, Cousin Cecil dared not now doubt, and that he had been guilty of *parricide* in the dreadful murder he had committed, she knew, although he did not jump to that conclusion so aptly as one might imagine.

It was true that he had overheard sufficient of the truly thrilling interview that had taken place between Migsley and Cousin Cecil on the preceding night, to be aware that Migsley discovered her as his wife; and he quite understood that it was upon the ground that he bore that social relationship to her, that Cousin Cecil was so ready to offer a thousand pounds, and prospective advantages besides, to him, the deserter, for the murder of his associate; but he did not for one moment dream of the relationship really subsisting between him and his victim and his temptress.

There was but little to lead an unimaginative person like the deserter to such a conclusion.

In the first place, he had been so early thrown upon the world, that he looked upon himself as much older than he really was; for with him there had scarcely been any childhood, so far as regarded the feelings and the amenities of that thoughtless state. Cousin Cecil, too, in the second place, did not look by some years so old as she really was; and although there was nothing extraordinary in the fact that she was the mother of the young man of nineteen, yet, she was a well-kept woman, and she did not look to be her real age; so that the deserter not having facts and dates before him to compare, did not for a moment dream that she was so nearly related to him.

What might have been the consequence of such a piece of information to him, it is hard to say; but Cousin Cecil felt the propriety of keeping him in the dark upon the subject, and hence her rapidly concocted tale about his mother having been a favourite attendant—a tale which the deserter saw no special reason to disbelieve, and upon which he was quite willing to remain very quiet, as long as it had the effect of bettering his condition.

We now, therefore, at once take up the thread of our narrative at the point at which Cousin Cecil had thought she might risk the closing of the secret door behind the statue, notwithstanding it would close with a snap.

The complete darkness of the place he was now in was not agreeable to the deserter; but, yet, in his solicitation at having at last awakened, by an accident, sufficient interest in the bosom of the Lady of Larchins to induce her to take real trouble to save him from his pursuers, would have reconciled him to a much more disagreeable predicament than being in a dark place, after passing through a secret door. He was about to speak; but Cousin Cecil hushed him down, for she was intent upon listening to what was going on in the greenhouse.

Not a word that there was uttered escaped her; and from that moment, she took a horrible resolution, which filled up her whole thoughts, and cast into the shade all previous iniquities, even including the murder of Migsley, of which she might be said to be guilty.

*That resolution was to destroy Lionel.*

Was there really any feeling in the heart of that woman towards her own son? Did she really feel a gush of motherly tenderness, when she found out that he, whom she had suborned to do so fearful a deed, and whom she had been plotting to saddle with the dire consequences of it, was her own flesh and blood?

It would seem by her conduct, that even in her bosom there was some instinctive amount of tenderness that made her, if she must have a victim, prefer that it should be another rather than her own offspring.

There cannot be a doubt but that it was the

sudden discovery of the consanguinity of the deserter to her that had so suddenly altered her resolution to leave him to his fate, and induced her at once, as she did, to disclose to him the secret of the door in the wall of the greenhouse, behind the statue. While there, from what she overheard, the prospect of at once gratifying her feelings of deadly hatred against Lionel, and of saving her son, by charging the former with the murder in the old gravel-pit, found a place in her mind, from which it never for one moment afterwards stirred.

To accomplish that judicial murder now became with her a far greater object than the accomplishment of the vulgar murder of Migsley.

She kept hold of the deserter by the arm until Lionel and the constable, with his assistants, had left the greenhouse, and then she spoke.

"Follow," she said. "You will be quite safe. I will be your protectress, from the love that I bore to your mother. Upon her death-bed she procured from me an oath that, if I could by any means find out her son, meaning you, that I would befriend him. Chance has thrown you in my way, and I will keep my oath."

"Oh, yes. Certainly—certainly," said the deserter. "It's quite right to keep one's oath. I am sure, if I had sworn to anything, I would keep to it, that I would. You will not give me up, now?"

"Be at peace upon that score. You are safe."

"That's the pleasantest word I have heard this morning yet. And so you actually knew my mother?"

"I did."

"What sort of a person was she?"

"Ask no questions just now. Follow me up the stairs that are before you. We will speak of all these things at another time. I have much to do—oh, so much to do!"

"Have you?" said the deserter, with an air of insolent familiarity. "Well, as long as you supply me with money, I shall be all right now. Ha! ha! I suppose they won't think to look for me here, at all events?"

"No—no. They will not. Do not speak in that tone—oh, do not! I tell you I will save you. And so, they found you in a hedge?"

"Half in a hedge and half in a ditch, they told me—that is, the tinker and his wife said so. I rather think I have led an odd sort of life since then."

"Yes—yes; and the rough coral necklace?"

"Ah! to be sure. I kept it by me for a good while; but what was the use of it to me?"

"None. Oh, none, of course. None. Nothing is of any use in all the world. What a pleasant thing it would be to be dead—if death were all! If the grass, and—What am I saying?—oh, what am I saying?"

Cousin Cecil had reached the Strangers' Room, and flinging herself upon the first chair she came to, she clasped both her hands over her face, and wept.

Yes, tears, bitter tears, such as she never thought to shed—such as she would have denied the possibility of her ever shedding—forced themselves from her eyes; and with hysterical sobs, and strange gasping attempts, as it seemed, to speak, she swayed to and fro in almost a delirium of excitement.

The deserter was alarmed, and screwed up his mouth as though he would utter a long whistle of dismay and wonder; but prudence got the better of the impulse, and he was quiet.

"Don't go on in that kind of way," he said. "I don't think they will nab me now."

It was still of himself that he thought.

"Come—come, what's the use of all this crying? But that's always the way with the women-folk. If anything happens, a little out of the way, they can't hold up against it long. Why, you were old enough about that poor devil, Migsley's affair."

"Peace! Oh, God, do not you utter his name. Promise me that you will not—upon your soul, promise me that you will never again allude to him in any shape or way to me."

"Oh, well—well, I won't, then. I'm sure I don't want ever to hear his name again. It was an ugly job, at the best—a very ugly job, indeed, and one that—"

"Peace, I say! Oh, why do you not die?"

"Die?"

"Yes; it would be the happiest thing—But no matter. This is folly—madness. You will not see me thus again, I tell you, so do not glare at me as though I were a monster. You shall be saved, I tell you. Hush!"

She dashed aside the tears that were upon her eye-lashes, and went with a firm step to the door of the apartment, she opened it a little way, and listened. All was still in the corridor.

"Listen to me," she said, speaking hurriedly as she returned to the deserter. "Listen to me. This murder is now discovered, and it will be the talk of the whole country presently. There will be every means used to discover the perpetrator of it. Government will offer a reward, and the whole energies of the police will be brought to bear upon the subject."

The deserter turned pale.

"If the body had remained a week or two at the bottom of the pit, as I hoped it would, all might have been well; but now you stand upon the brink of ruin and destruction."

The deserter shook again.

"I tell you all this," added Cousin Cecil, "because I would have you believe that something uncommon must be done to save you."

"Oh, yes; anything to save me."

"You overheard what passed in the greenhouse while we were hidden in the secret passage leading to this chamber?"

"Yes—yes."

"They accused Lionel Danvers, the son of the late Colonel Danvers and the proprietor of Larchins, of the murder—that is, he would have been the proprietor of Larchins, but that the late Colonel willed the whole of the property to another."

"And who was the lucky person that got it all?"

"I am that person."

The deserter now did whistle a long note of admiration.

"Why, then, you are the mistress of this place?"

"I am."

"And that accounts, then, why you didn't want Dick Migsley to —"

"Peace! Wretch, did you not promise never to utter that name again to me?"

"I did—I did; but I forgot at the moment, that was all. A fellow can't help forgetting, you know, but I'm so delighted to hear that you are the mistress here, instead of the maid. I feel quite at home now. Oh, this is capital!"

"But you forget one trifle."

"What is that?"

"Simply, that were I the mistress of fifty such houses as this, I could not save you from the scaffold, if your crime be clearly proved against you."

"Yes, but your neck, you know, ma'am, would go into the same noose. Ha—ha!"

"And would that take your's out of it?"

"Why, a—no—I don't mean to say that it would do that exactly."

"Because if you think," said Cousin Cecil, in a firm tone, "that your safety will be best assured, or that it will be any gratification to you to measure your wit with mine, and to see what effect your criminating yourself and your accusation of me will be, there is a magistrate, now, in this house?"

"Oh, no—no—no!"

"Well. Let me never again, then, hear such a foolish remark from you. Take care that I do not repent, some day, and tell all. My punishment would be great, but yours would be death. Beware, I say, beware."

"Oh, but I did not mean—"

"There, do not say it. Remember it is I that can threaten, not you. There will be a reward offered for the discovery of the murderer, and in that offer it will be stated that a free pardon will be given to any one who will turn queen's evidence, and bring the offender or offenders to justice."

"Yes, a free pardon to any approver—"

"Except," cried Cousin Cecil, in a clear tone. "Except to him who actually did the deed."

The deserter's countenance changed.

"Do you understand your position now? Did you ever read such a proclamation? If you have, you will remember that such is its usual phraseology. Now, I further warn you, I have laid my plans so well and cautiously, that I have got witnesses to gainsay every word of your statement, if you were so ill-advised as to make one, concerning my complicity with you in the murder. To accuse me at all, you must positively convict yourself. The accusation of me would fail, but the conviction of yourself would remain, and the presumed false charge that you would be considered to have made, would seal your fate, even if there happened to be the least loop-hole through which otherwise mercy would reach you. You are, and you shall be my slave—the victim of my bounty—living, breathing only at my good pleasure!"

The deserter, during the utterance of this speech, which was characterised by a calm earnestness that let him see she fully meant it, several times turned to interrupt her—to deprecate the interpretation she put upon his conduct; but she would finish what she had to say, and she was not slow to perceive that her words had had their full effect upon him.

The coward felt that he was in the presence of his superior genius, and he shrank to the small proportions of his own intellect, before the more fiery and determined mind opposed to him.

"Do you understand me?" she said.

"Yes—Oh, yes—I quite comprehend—I will do just as you think best—I feel that you know better than I can."

"Immensely better."

"Well—well—you are cleverer and braver than I am, and all that sort of thing; and you are a rich lady; so—so I will be guided by you, Madam, if you please, in everything."

"That is well," said Cousin Cecil; "and with such a clear and distinct understanding, I will save you."

The deserter mumbled something that he intended should be his thanks.

"Moreover," she added, "I will take care that you will have ample means for every comfort that life can afford to you; but you must be ever completely obedient to my orders. On such conditions you may be assured of safety and of competence."

"I can't want more."

"That is true. You cannot want more. And now that we so perfectly understand each other, I will explain to you what I intend to do, in order that even the suspicion that there is anything to discover in connection with the murder should be quelled. This young man, Lionel Danvers, must be accused, tried, and convicted!"

"And hanged?"

"Yes, and hanged—Why not? And hanged for the deed; and then the whole affair will subside for ever and ever."

"Well, Madam, I can't have any objection who suffers about it, as long as I don't."

"Certainly not. Nor I, so long as I keep my word by you, which I will do to the utmost of my power, and that power is great."

Several times during this colloquy Cousin Cecil had gone to the door of the chamber to listen if any one were within hearing; but she and the deserter had that part of the house all to themselves; and in answer to some remark of his, regarding where he was to go, she said—

"You will remain here. It is here that you will find comparative safety. The secret of the staircase leading from this room to the greenhouse below, is only known to you and to me, and to one other. That other will not have the opportunity of interfering with you. Let me show you how this panel in the wall may be readily opened, if you find that there is any danger."

"Yes—oh do show me. I can run off if I find any one coming."

"No; you must do no such thing. It is by remaining upon the staircase between the two secret doors that you will find yourself safe. The greenhouse may be searched, and this room may be searched, but still you will remain undiscovered. Do not give way to any sudden panic, and so show yourself. If you do, you are lost—quite lost."

"I will not, ma'am. Oh, no! I will do just as you tell me, if you please; and I am only glad that I have got you to tell me what is the best to be done."

"That is well. Now I will tell you. Do not be at all impatient if I am away from you for a longer space of time than you think reasonable. I have much to do."

"I suppose you will bring me something to eat?"

"Yes, you shall have refreshments in plenty, but you must be patient."

Cousin Cecil left the Strangers' Room, and locked the door on the outside, taking the key with her. She crossed the corridor, and reached her own chamber, the door of which she closed again; and then, with such a strange cry that it seemed as though it would surely have been her last, she flung herself upon her bed, and lay as still as death.

The past and the present were alike struggling for the sole occupation of her mind; and between the instinctive feeling that she had towards her son so newly found—the shuddering horror at the fact that he was the murderer of his father, and the design that she had formed of accusing Lionel, and

taking steps to make probable his conviction for the murder, Cousin Cecil was in such a state that even she feared that her intellect would lose its equilibrium, and that, lapsing into madness, all her schemes would fall into one mass of hideous ruin.

It will be seen how from one crime to another—the one crime, as it were, growing out of the other—she had stepped. The desertion of her child—the hypocrisy with which she had deceived the late Colonel Danvers—the frightful forgeries, by the aid of which she had blackened the character of Lionel to his father—her marriage with the Vicar—the necessity then, as she considered it, for the death of Migsley—the necessity then for the accusation of Lionel, in order thoroughly to screen her own son, the parricide—all made up in her mind such a sequence of events, that from them a fearful lesson may be gathered.

The first step in wrong doing is over the brink of a precipice, from which there is but the smallest chance of a return. The first error knowingly committed, is but the hideous parent of a hideous brood; and no man nor woman shall be able to say, "Thus far will I sin and no farther."

We will now leave Cousin Cecil to the sad society of her own reflections, while we take up our story at that point, where Lionel was advising Sir William Watson to hold a court of inquiry at Larchins in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, concerning the alleged murder of some one in the deserted gravel-pit.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LIONEL FINDS CIRCUMSTANCES VERY STRANGELY AGAINST HIM.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON was known to be one of the most impartial justices that had ever sat upon the bench. The poorer class of people in the vicinity held his decisions in a sort of superstitious reverence, for they were always dictated much more by justice than by law.

In fact, when Sir William was adjudicating, he quite forgot that he was not an absolute monarch; and as no form of government can for excellence come near that of an absolute monarchy, when it happens that the monarch is a just and clear-sighted man, which might happen once in a thousand years, so it is no wonder that Sir William gave satisfaction.

After Lionel had spoken to him the few words we have recorded, the old Baronet looked vexed.

"There now, Lionel," he said. "Just as I wished to give my whole thoughts and attention to your affairs, here comes this plaguy murder, that I suppose will set the whole neighbourhood chattering for a month to come."

"It is unfortunate, sir."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Why can't they go to some other justice?"

"It would be rather slighting you, sir, if they were, seeing that the body has been found so close at hand. But, perhaps, it is not a murder at all; some one may have fallen into the pit."

"Ah, I should not wonder: some drunken fellow, now, I dare say, has wandered near the edge of it, and gone down. It is work for the county coroner, not for me, I take it."

"Yes, sir; but they will not be satisfied unless they give an information before you of the circumstances, so far as they know them."

"Well, well! Oh, here is Solomon."

"Mr. Bruce," said Solomon.

"Bring him in," shouted Sir William. "He is welcome. That is my own lawyer, Lionel. He ought to have been here long ago; but better late than never. Ah, Bruce! how are you? Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Lionel Danvers."

Lionel rose and bowed to the Attorney, who was a young looking man, but of great activity of intellect as far as one might judge from his face.

"Sir William," he said, "you will excuse me for not sooner complying with your urgent note; but I was engaged on a case that I could not leave, and I can only say that I am here as early as I possibly could be."

"Say no more about it. It's all right. Better late than never, you know, and I am too glad to see you to quarrel with you for not coming before. Come, sit down, Mr. Bruce."

"Thank you, sir. I hope that the case we have to consult upon will not prove very troublesome?"

"Ah, but it will, though. Do you know Greene?"

"What is he, sir?"

"A rogue of a lawyer, to be sure."

Mr. Bruce smiled.

"Green with an e is he called, Sir William?"

"To be sure he is. That's the very man."

"Hem!" said Mr. Bruce.

"Oh, you do know something of him?"

"Only that he is what we call a sharp practitioner."

"Which means, that he is more rogue than common, I take it; but I tell you what, Mr. Bruce, I—Well Solomon?"

Solomon had walked into the room with a mysterious look, and in answer to the interrogatory of the old Baronet, he said, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder to intimate the direction of his remarks—

"Crowd out there. Murder—waiting for you. Dead man got out of the gravel pit. Row. Calling for you. Must go."

Sir William looked fidgety.

"Solomon," he said, "just send a man to Mr. Purvis over at the Grange; I will have him with me in this matter as a brother magistrate; and if I tell him I am rather busy, he will take it off my shoulders."

"Yes, sir."

Solomon left the room, and Lionel turning to Mr. Bruce, who sat with an inquiring look upon his face, glancing from one to the other of them, he said—

"Sir, it appears that a dead body has been found in this immediate neighbourhood last night or this morning, and as Sir William is a magistrate, the constables wish to lay an information of the circumstances before him. It is very annoying, just now, when our own affairs call out so particularly for our attention."

"Has it been a murder?" said Mr. Bruce.

"The popular idea seems to go that way," replied Lionel, "but Sir William and I rather think it is some one who has fallen down an old gravel-pit that is in the vicinity of the place. The night was very dark, indeed, and rainy, as I well know—"

"As you know, Lionel?" said Sir William. "Why you were snug in bed, my boy, at eleven o'clock."

"Yes," smiled Lionel; "but I could not rest, and I sallied out, as I have very frequently done in the summer time, for a walk in the grounds, and I got as far as the gravel-pit, and heard, or fancied I heard, voices in it."

"Why, you must be a witness," said Sir William.

"Certainly," remarked Mr. Bruce. "Such testimony is very important, indeed. Do not let me be any hindrance to you, Sir William, in the matter, if your court is waiting for you. Pray go at once."

"Nay, you are no hindrance, Bruce. Quite the contrary. I shall be much obliged if you will come with me; and if these people will have a bother about the affair, why, I suppose it must be so. I wonder where that young fellow who acts as my clerk, and the under-clerk of the parish, is."

Sir William, accompanied by Lionel and Mr. Bruce, were upon the point of leaving the breakfast-room to proceed to the room in which the constables were assembled, when Minna made her appearance.

"Oh, Lionel," she said, "what has happened? There is quite a crowd of men in the house, and I hear the word 'Murder.'"

"Do not agitate yourself, Minna. There has been a dead body found in the old gravel-pit, that's all. Let me advise you to remain in your own room until the inquiry is over."

"I will, Lionel—I will; but—but—"

"But what, you little troublesome thing, you," cried Sir William, "what now?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir William. I know you will laugh at me. I was only going to say that I had passed a dreadful night, with such frightful dreams, that—"

Sir William made a pretended rush at Minna, who at once escaped from the room.

"If I dislike one thing more than another," said Sir William Watson, "it is people coming down stairs of a morning, and tattling about their dreams. Come on, Mr. Bruce. I daresay my friend, Purvis, will be here soon, and I shall certainly shuffle the affair on to his shoulders."

The distance to the large apartment into which Solomon had thought proper to introduce the officers and such spectators of the pending proceedings as had come with them, was short, and Sir William, with Lionel and Mr. Bruce, soon entered it.

At the sight of the worthy Baronet, every hat was taken off, and the manner of the people testified

at once the great respect that they had for him. It was a respect that he fully merited.

"Well, Mr. Constable," cried the Baronet, "what is all this about—eh?"

"A murder, Sir William, if you please."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't please. Murder, indeed! Who ever heard of a murder in this peaceful neighbourhood?"

"It is a murder, sir, though, if you please."

"Well, we will soon see that. I have sent for Mr. Purvis."

"And I am here, Sir William Watson," said an elderly gentleman, with remarkably white hair, entering the room. "I hope you are quite well?"

"Quite—quite; and you, old friend?"

"I am much as usual, always complaining. Is there anything serious in this affair? They talk of a murder."

"Well, Mr. Purvis, I don't know; but I wish you would take the affair in hand, for I am so very busy, as I told you yesterday, when I met you on the affairs of my young friend, Lionel, here, that I feel I cannot give the amount of attention to a criminal charge, which it deserves."

"I will cheerfully attend to the case, Sir William; but the coroner had better perform his functions in the matter. I understand there is no prisoner; so I don't see what we can do in the matter. Eh, Mr. Constable?"

"I wish your worships would take information of the affair, that's all," said the constable, rather uneasily.

"Well, we can do that. Have you given notice to the coroner?"

"Yes, sir. Just now. I have sent a man to him."

"Very good; then we are ready to listen to whatever you have to say to us about the matter."

Sir William and Mr. Purvis sat down, and Mr. Bruce likewise took a chair near to them.

"Lionel," cried Sir William, "where are you?"

"Here, sir."

"Then make yourself useful, and act as our clerk for the nonce, my boy. I daresay we shall not detain you long in the matter; and, perhaps, my young lad who does that business for me may arrive soon, if he hears that there is anything going on."

"I shall have great pleasure in rendering myself useful to you, gentlemen," said Lionel, as he took his seat at a table, upon which Solomon had placed writing materials.

"Now, Mr. Constable," said Sir William, "pray proceed."

"If you please, gentlemen, there has been a dead body found in the old gravel pit; but here's a boy can tell more about it than we can; and if your worships will take his examination first, it will do best."

Dick, the coffin-maker's apprentice, stepped forward. His handsome, honest face was all of a glow, for he had been right away home and back again since the reader last saw him, in order to get leave of Mr. Nipps to attend the inquiry. Mr. Nipps himself was *en route* likewise to Larchins, for he said that, in common with Napoleon, he liked to know everything that was going on in the neighbourhood.

"Who are you?" said Sir William. "Hilloa!" Lionel had reached his hand across the table, and shaken hands with Dick, rather to the surprise of all in the court, considering the relative stations of the parties.

"What!" continued Sir William, "is he an acquaintance of yours, Lionel?"

"This, Sir William," said Lionel in a low tone, that only reached the ears of the Baronet—"this is the lad who behaved with so much courage upon the occasion of Minna being annoyed in the plantation by a ruffian."

"Oh, is it? Then, we shall get the truth and nothing but the truth from him; for courage and truth always walk together. Swear him, Mr. Constable."

Dick was duly sworn, and Mr. Purvis conducted his examination.

"What is your name?"

"Dick."

"Dick what? Surely you have some other name than Dick?"

"No, sir, I have not. Folks call me by other names; but 'till I know who was my father, I cannot name myself anything but Dick. I am a foundling, sir; but they christened me Dick; and I am apprentice to Mr. Nipps, the coffin-maker of Hampton."

Mr. Nipps, who had arrived by this time, immediately advanced; and, after a bow to the bench, he said—

"Your Worships, I call him Dick Hampton; for, as Field-Marshal Von Blucher would say, he ought to have some name; and, as Napoleon frequently remarked, I like to know the name of everybody."

"Very well. Now, my lad, what do you know of this affair?"

"I was out at the very earliest dawn," said Dick,—"you could only just see, and that was all—and I was taking the nearest way that I could for Mr. Halton's, the gardener, so I had to go past the brink of the old gravel-pit, and as I got near it, I heard something that sounded like the echo of a voice, and I stopped to listen. The voice came from the old pit, and fearing that there might be thieves there, I lay flat down on the ground, and crept on till I came pretty close to the edge. Before I could look over, then, I heard a pistol or a gunshot fired in the pit; and then, when I looked over, I saw a man in a brown felt hat crouching down among the bushes, and I saw another fall right away from slope to slope, till he went plump into the pool that the rains had left at the bottom of the pit. I then was so terrified, that I turned, and fled as fast as I could, and got home."

"Why did you not give an alarm?"

"I did so, sir, very soon. After I had got home, I began to think what it was proper for me to do; and then I went out again and knocked up Mr. Hill, the constable, and he got some more together, and we all went to the old pit."

"Do not hurry, my lad, and be very careful, now, as to what you are saying."

"I will, sir. We all went to the old pit, and some of the men went down, and they found a dead body in the pool of water, where I had seen it fall; and while some of them took it on to Hampton, I, with the others, came towards here to find Sir William Watson. Just as we got near to the garden, there darted out of the little plantation a man in a brown felt cap, such as I had seen the man wear in the pit."

"Go on."

"He fled like a hunted hare, right across the garden; I never saw anybody run so fast, in all my life; and he disappeared from us somewhere near the old greenhouse."

"Is that all you have to state?"

"Yes; that is all I know."

"Are you sure that the man you saw dart out from the plantation was the man you saw in the gravel pit?"

"No, sir."

"Should you know the man whom you saw run across the garden again?"

"No. The distance was too great for me to see anything but that it was a man, and in a felt cap."

"Do you recognise the body of the man found in the pit?"

"I do, sir. He came once to my master's workshop, and spoke to me; I knew him again, directly, sir."

"And you can swear to his identity?"

"Oh, yes. He said his name was Dick, as well as mine."

Mr. Purvis looked at Sir William, and said—

"This seems a serious affair."

"It does, indeed. Now, Master Dick, how come you to be out at such an hour in the morning?"

That's what I want to know, as Benjamin Franklin would remark," cried Mr. Nipps.

Dick was silent.

"Come, my lad," added Sir William Watson, "you must answer the question. Any reserve upon your part will throw discredit upon all you have said."

"Oh, but, Sir William, it is, indeed, all true. It really is, Sir William."

"Very likely; but why were you out so early in the morning?"

"I said, sir, it was to go to Mr. Halton."

"What did you want at Mr. Halton's?"

"Some flowers, sir. There's somebody I know who is so fond of flowers, and they are better early in the morning; besides, I have not time to go for them in the day, and Mr. Halton is good enough to let me take them."

"Then," said Mr. Nipps, placing his finger by the side of his nose, and looking uncommonly wise, "that is what accounts for the immense quantity of flowers that my daughter Susan always has. Dear me, I never could find out where they all came from before."

"Oh!" said Sir William; "that will do."

"Perfectly," said Mr. Purvis.

There was a slight titter through the throng of spectators; and when Dick, with a flush of colour upon his cheeks, looked around him, he saw that all the servants of Larchins, male and female, were present in the hall, and that his love for pretty Sue was no longer one of the mysteries of Hampton.

Mr. Nipps was shaking his head, muttering to himself—

"A pretty discovery!—A very pretty discovery, indeed. Hem! ha!"

And Lionel, who saw and pitied the state of confusion into which poor Dick was thrown, leant over to him, and said—

"Never mind, Dick. There is no shame in true love, you know."

"Oh, no," said Dick. "No. But I wish I had not gone by the old gravel-pit last night, that's all."

The very friendly manner of Lionel with Dick was perfectly amazing to those who did not know what grateful feelings, upon Minna's account, Lionel had towards the boy, and various whispered comments were made upon the circumstance. Sir William Watson and Mr. Purvis engaged in an earnest whispered consultation together, and it was quite evident that they both thought the affair was of a much more serious nature than it had at the first appeared to be.

That a murder had been committed was quite evident, from the evidence of Dick, which, upon such a point, was most conclusive. The only very mysterious thing, now, was the disappearance of the man with the brown felt hat, who, without doubt, was the murderer.

"Had we better go any further in the affair, or wait for the inquest?" said Mr. Purvis to Sir William.

"Well, I hardly know," he replied; "but if you don't think it will have the effect of, in any way, interfering with the ends of justice, in the way of the arrest of the murderer, I think we may as well hear what the constable has to say upon the subject."

"Very well, we will hear his evidence; but what this boy has sworn to is very conclusive. It will be highly necessary, too, immediately to have the grounds of Larchins well searched."

"Of course, for the rascal cannot be far off."

"Well, Mr. Constable, what have you to say? Pray take your oath."

The constable was sworn, and with a look of confused terror and consternation upon his face, that neither of the magistrates could comprehend at the time, he came forward to give his evidence.

The bearing that that evidence would have against Lionel Danvers, was what both grieved and confounded the constable.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF ALL NATIONS, 1852.—The proposal for transfer to America of selections from our own forthcoming great exhibition of next year has just been submitted to the commissioners at the City office, in Cheapside. The American gentlemen who have engaged in it, profess to be actuated by motives equally honourable and almost equally disinterested with those of the distinguished originators of the London exhibition. The improvement in connection with manufactures is their first object, and the profits of the exposition are to be given to that American city which will make the most liberal arrangement for its reception. In other relations the undertaking is intended to be thoroughly commercial, and strong inducements are held out to all the European nations, by proposing the vast and increasing market of the transatlantic continent for the display and competition of their productions. The occasion will, it is calculated, be earnestly embraced by our own manufacturers for impressing their American customers with an increasing sense of the immense variety and excellence of the productions of the looms and the lathes, the moulds and the anvils, the chisels and the gravers, and all the other apparatus and implements of the industry of Britain.

MINING IN AUSTRALIA.—Advices from Western Australia, dated the first of March, describe a discovery of lead, silver, and copper in considerable abundance. The mines are about eighty miles from Port Champion, with perfect facilities of water conveyance, and in the midst of a favourable district adapted for settlement.

## SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MR. ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

BY MR. WATSON.

THE working men of Whitley having called on me to come forward and be their advocate, I accepted their call, after having in vain referred them to one or two more distinguished reformers in the town. I proceeded to organise them as a branch of the National Charter Association. For this purpose I was desirous to obtain more information than an obscure local district could afford, and I resolved to visit my friend, Elliott. I had also hopes that my play of "Wat Tyler" would be brought out at the Sheffield theatre. After a ride of 100 miles, on a cold, clear, frosty day in December, 1838, I arrived at Sheffield. \* \* The first time I saw this remarkable man he was coming out of a bookseller's shop in the neighbourhood of his own business premises, in Gibraltar-street, for he had removed from Burgess-street. I immediately recognised him by the portrait in his works, published in three volumes, by Steill, of Paternoster-row, though he looked older and yet better. I followed him into his premises, but though I was not a minute behind him, he had gone out again. I was desired by a tall young man, his son and foreman, to sit down and wait his return, which, he said, would not be long first. I accordingly took a seat in the counting-house, a dingy place, up a flight of wood stairs, proper enough for the business of an iron and steel merchant, but giving no indications of the poet, and, with the exception of a newspaper and a franked letter or two, none of the politician. I was with difficulty reconciling my previous impressions of Elliott from his poetry with the scene around, when the poet himself made his appearance; a man rather under the middle size, slightly formed, with features marked by the small-pox, a light blue eye, eye-brows very shaggy, thick grey hair, and long upper lip; his looks were expressive of one "frenzied by disease or woe," as Byron says of Rousseau, but sometimes a smile like a wintry sun-beam lit up the habitual sadness of his countenance. I rose on his entrance and shook hands with him, telling him my name. On resuming my seat, I said I had come from Whitley to see him. \* \* He said he would take me to the Secretary of the Working-Men's Association, but proposed a walk in the meanwhile, asking me if I were a good walker. I told him I should not tire if I had him for a companion. He led the way, talking as he went on various subjects, among which the Corn-laws were the most prominent. \* \* I told him of the ferocious idea which those who did not know him entertained of him from his writings; he smiled at this, and said—"I would not hurt a fly, not even if it stung me."—He spoke of his family, saying he had two sons in the Church; it was not a trade that he would have chosen for them. We met a poor man dirty and drunken. Elliott exchanged a nod with him; he told me that that man had been a fellow-workman of his in his younger days; he said that he himself was once a sad drunken dog, but that he had got a taste for botany, which led him into the fields, and poetry followed. We reached a wood with pathways through it—he lamented that, being winter, everything appeared to disadvantage, and a mist which hung over the scene prevented a distant view. He pointed out the scene of "The Ranter," which first made him popular as a poet. He had taken a Sabbath walk with his children, when he saw a preacher holding forth in the open air. The scene struck his fancy; and, shifting the *venue* to Shirecliffe, he had painted the view as in his poem. He pointed out a tree, into which he had climbed to obtain a better view, and which he had distinguished by driving a nail into it. Sheffield was hid by its smoke; but a diversified prospect lay before us. There was Loxley, where he had purchased a piece of land for a burial-ground. We returned by a different route. \* \* He took me to the Mechanics' Institute, where I heard him argue in a very tolerant humour with one who differed from him, as if seeking to gain a point for the other rather than for himself. He left me here, after telling me to call at his warehouse and he would give me a letter to the Sheaf-works. I availed myself of this, and saw the process of iron from the raw material to the finished razor. Also his son showed me their process of converting iron into steel in the furnace. He invited me to come on the following Sunday, and spend the day with him at his house at Uppertorpe; but I was engaged to go to Castleton on that day—

so he appointed Saturday, and said he would have a walk up the Rivilin, his favourite valley, and the scene of many of his poems. I accordingly went, and found his dwelling-house at Uppertorpe from his description of it—a neat stone building, with a slated roof, standing on an eminence in the midst of a large garden that was surrounded with a wall. The postern-door was left open for me, and he himself opened the front door of his dwelling, and ushered me into a breakfast parlour which had two windows, commanding different prospects. The room was genteelly furnished. The first thing that struck me was a portrait, in oil, of himself, which, though a likeness, I did not much admire, because it rather caricatured him. His wife told me it was taken during the agitation for the Reform Bill, and that might account for its wild look. There was another picture, a better one, that of his son William, who had died of consumption, well painted, and very life-like, especially about the eyes. There was also a bust of himself, with rather a ludicrous expression, which was increased by a woman's cap that had been placed, either by accident or design, on its head. On the mantelpiece stood a full-length small figure of Scott, and an extract from Channing, "On the Reasonableness of Christianity," written in his own bold hand, and framed. A few books lay on a table with Sowerby's "Botany," which he told me first made him a poet.

After breakfast, we sallied forth, and took our course up a hill, till the vale of the Rivilin opened to our view, which he described with the eye of a painter. The mills on the stream, and the weirs belonging to them, made a succession of beautiful landscapes. We looked in at one of those mills, and saw an old man of thirty, a grinder. He said they seldom reach forty, yet would not use the grinder's life-preserver, because, if they prolonged their lives, there would not be work for them all, and they preferred to die of the disease rather than of starvation. The poet was now at home: he pointed out the little pink buds on the firs, and seemed to be acquainted with every tree and flower, speaking of them as of personal friends. We walked about five miles up the valley, till we came to a streamlet which he had christened Ribbledin, from the music of its waters as it flowed. We came to a little waterfall at the head. He said it was Nature's boudoir; and, indeed, it might have served for a fountain for Diana. After crossing the stream on bridges of fallen trees, and remarking the great age of the hollies, we clambered with some difficulty, which he made light of, up a rocky ascent, and returned by the moors, first sitting down on a large grey rock to partake of luncheon. Our drink was a flask of home-made wine, concocted from the fruits of his own garden, and racy enough. In listening to his talk, I almost forgot the scenery, till we reached a point where a circumference of landscape was visible, which we stood to admire. We arrived at his house with a good appetite for dinner; after which we resumed our table-talk over a bottle of claret. \* \* I had now an opportunity of studying him more closely. When I had first seen him at his warehouse, he was dressed in a suit befitting the place, but now his appearance was that of the gentleman. He wore a black surcoat with a velvet collar, and bore eyeglasses suspended with a ribbon. He walked with a rather jaunty air, or with a slight swing of the body from side to side, as one desirous to appear younger than he really was, though he did not disguise that he was fifty-eight. He was somewhat nervous, and had got an idea that he would not live long; indeed, he said he had been dying four years of consumption. His general look expressed a kind of severe benignity. His head was not what phrenologists would term a good one; it was small, and of an oval shape, but his forehead was neither high nor broad. He said his wife was his critic. Her familiarly affectionate manner of addressing him as Ebby or Eb, sounded rather oddly in my ears. He could not write, he said, unless he was warm and comfortable, and generally sat near the oven, which was his muse. \* \* Two anecdotes which I heard of him may serve to indicate the fearless self-will of his character. He had taken a pipe of wine from a merchant, in liquidation of a debt. The merchant's creditors requested the wine to be given up, and employed a solicitor to write to him about it. The cholera was then raging, and he returned for answer, "If you were all dying of the cholera, and one drop of that wine would save your lives, you should not have it!" It was his custom, when speaking in public, to hold a card in his hand, on which he had written the heads of his address. Getting up on one occasion, putting on his specta-

cles, and taking out his card, a person in the meeting said, "He's going to read his speech!" Elliott glanced with ineffable disdain at this person, and said, "Do you think I am such a fool as you—to come here and not know what I am going to say?"

## SCIENCE AND ART.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.—The *Art Journal* recommends for consideration that some portion of the surplus likely to arise from the profits of the Exposition be expended in the purchase of a selection from the best of those foreign productions in which we are excelled, and that these should be sent round to the different provincial towns in which those branches are prominently carried on. "Let the best available specimens of Sèvres and Dresden porcelain, together with examples of the delicate manipulation of the Orientals, be sent to the Staffordshire potteries; the choicest metallurgical works, together with the lacquered ware of China and Japan, to Birmingham and other towns eminently the seat of those manufactures; Persian shawls, of the Kernon wool, those of Cashmere and Delhi, with the muslins of Decca, Chunderee, &c., to Manchester, Paisley, &c., &c. In towns where museums are already formed, these examples might be deposited as heir-looms; and where at present they are without those advantages, the hope of securing such valuable deposits will be mainly instrumental in causing their speedy establishment. The results to the practical operative classes attending the examination and repeated observation of the best products of their separate trades, would be of a most salutary and immediate nature. Access to the works should be ready, and investigation into the processes which have achieved the successes invited, encouraged and assisted. Volumes of description fail to convey to the general mind what one glance of the actual object will presently reveal. This is the practical teaching so much required. It is not only the most permanently effective, but it is also the most readily imparted and thoroughly understood."

SCIENTIFIC AND EXPERIMENTAL BALLOON ASCENT.—The account of MM. Bixio and Barral of the aerial ascent on Thursday, July 18th, has been read to the Academy of Sciences. The following is a summary:—Departure 4h. 3m. The balloon rose slowly, and took an easterly direction. Some ballast was then thrown out. At 4h. 6m., the height attained was 750 metres; at 4h. 8m., 999 metres; at 4h. 9m., 1,224 metres; at 4h. 11m., 1,484 metres. At this moment a fresh breeze sprung up, and they saw the clouds directing themselves towards Paris. At 4h. 14m., the height was 2,013 metres, and the thermometer marked 9 degrees. At 4h. 15m., the height was 2,570 metres; at 4h. 20m., 3,752; temperature 0.5; at 4h. 25m.; height, 5,122 metres; temperature, 9 deg. centigrade below 0. At this moment the ascensional movement of the balloon was stopped; there was a small tear in it near the opening. The voyagers now found themselves in the midst of a thick mass of clouds, and several large hailstones fell into the car. The depth of the clouds was estimated by them at about 5,000 metres; they at the same time saw the sun over them, pale, and without rays, and at the same distance below them a singular appearance reflected. This singular phenomenon continued for about ten minutes. Some more ballast having been thrown out, the ascensional movement again began, but the temperature fell very rapidly, and in a few minutes the glass sunk to 23 degrees below freezing point. At 4h. 30m. the clouds dispersed, and blue sky was seen. By means of the polariscope of M. Arago, the polarised light might be seen, whilst on the clouds it was not so. A fresh ascensional movement now increased the height to 7,004 metres; but there it was necessary to stop: the balloon leaked. Some of the air was collected in the glass globes which were carried up, but the tube of one was broken. At 4h. 50m. the thermometer marked more than 37 deg. below zero. The descent then commenced, but it was quite involuntary. About 5h. 2m. they had descended to about 4,503 metres, with a temperature of 9 deg. below zero. The thermometer stood at zero at 2,695 metres. About 5h. 30m. arrived at Epeux, near Coulommiers, 69 kilometres from Paris. Some pigeons were loosed, but they have not since been seen. At one part of the ascent the thermometer marked 33 deg. of cold, which is only one degree less than the point at which mercury freezes.—*Galignani.*

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.—An interesting discovery of wall paintings has just been made in scraping the walls of the chapter-house

at the cathedral. Beneath the windows this edifice dates about 1230, and the wall is recessed into deep early English coupled niches, with bold detail, in clustered shafts, caps, and arch mouldings. The back of each of these recesses is found to have had a figure about six feet high, standing under a trefoil headed crocketed canopy, on alternately a red and black ground. The spandrel spaces of the arches are filled with foliage, shaded with black. Not a feature can be traced, and the same is the case with two tall compositions adjacent to the east window, each having two niches in the height, relieved with a black ground elegantly diapered with orange stars, and stars on a red border, forming the parallelogram outline, coved into a corbel from below. The painting is apparently in oil, and of the third pointed period, somewhat in correspondence with the gorgeously painted and gilt roof added by Bishop Lacy in the 15th century to the perpendicular superstructure erected by him. The name of David has shown itself on the base of a series of unoccupied niches (now restored), which probably once contained other prophets, priests, and kings of Holy Writ.

**THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.**—The two varieties of the white rhinoceros are so similar in habits, that the description of one will serve for both; the principal difference consisting in the length and set of the anterior horn; that of the *muchocho* averaging from two to three feet in length, and pointing backwards; while the horn of the *kobaoba* often exceeds four feet in length, and inclines forward from the nose at an angle of forty-five degrees. The posterior horn of either species seldom exceed six or seven inches in length. The *kobaoba* is the rarer of the two, and it is found very far in the interior, chiefly to the eastward of the Limpopo. Its horns are very valuable for loading rods, supplying a substance at once suitable for a sporting implement and excellent for the purpose. Both these varieties of rhinoceros attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties, and a person well mounted can overtake and shoot them. The head of these is a foot longer than that of the *borélé*. They generally carry their heads low, whereas the *borélé*, when disturbed, carries his very high, which imparts to him a saucy and independent air. Unlike the elephants, they never associate in herds, but are met with singly or in pairs. In districts where they are abundant, from three to six may be found in company, and I once saw upwards of a dozen congregated together on some young grass, but such an occurrence is rare.—*Cumming*.

**DANCING PHEASANTS.**—Here our friend, Mr. Thompson, said he had repeatedly stumbled upon what might be called a "pheasant's ball," among the glades on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains. In those grassy countries, the almost noiseless tread of the horses' feet (unshod) sometimes is not noticed by the busy birds; but the intruder must not be seen. "The pheasants choose a beech," said Mr. T., "for the dance, a tree with boughs, several on the same level, and only full-leaved at their ends. The feathered spectators group around. Six or seven pheasants step on the trembling stage, and begin to stamp, and prance, and twinkle their little feet like so many Bayaderes, skipping with *balancez et chasesz* from bough to bough; or they sit with curtsy and flutter, arching their glowing necks, and opening and closing their wings in concert; but, in truth, the dance is indescribable, most singular, and laughable. When it has lasted ten minutes, a new set of performers step forward, and the exhibition may last a couple of hours."—*The Shoe and the Canoe*.

**REPORT OF POOR-LAW BOARD.**—People may grumble at the national debt, and may call it a dead weight, an incubus, or any other hard name they please; but what is it when compared to the money expended in providing for paupers annually?—Many of whom are able-bodied. The report of the Poor-law Board states that five million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-three pounds have been levied for purposes connected with the poor of England and Wales in 1849. What a fearful sum collected from the working ants of the community. Can nothing be done to employ more hands, and reduce this ponderous tax?—*Falcon*.

## VILLA AND SUBURBAN GARDENING.

Few plants of recent introduction are more handsome or attractive than the Japan Lilies. They come into bloom at a time when the great majority of our New Holland plants are over, and when an actual paucity of flowering plants exists, wherewith to decorate the conservatory and greenhouse, and what really can be more suitable? They produce a gorgeous display either in-doors or out, and as they are quite hardy they may be liberally planted in the open border, and thus constitute one of our best autumnal flower-garden plants.

Their propagation is simple and certain. The bulbs may be separated, and each scale will eventually form a new bulb. This separation should be effected when the flower stems are withered; the scales should be stuck into pans of silver sand, and placed in a cold frame or pit. After remaining one season in this position, they should be planted in a prepared bed of peat soil, and a little silver sand intermixed with it; thus treated, the bulbs will soon grow large enough to flower.

The cultivation of them in pots is by no means difficult. I shall detail the practice I have pursued with success for some years. Immediately when the bulbs go to rest in the autumn is the proper time to repot them. By no means destroy the old roots, but carefully place them amongst the fresh soil. If large examples for particular display are required, large pots may be employed, and half-a-dozen large flowering bulbs placed in each pot. The soil I use is rough peat. The pots should be well drained, and the crown of the bulb just covered with the soil; when potted, they should be placed in a cold pit or frame, in order to prevent the soil from freezing; although frost will not injure the bulb. Where room under glass is an object in winter, they may be plunged in the open air in coal ashes, in a manner similar to potted Hyacinths. I have at this time a large number coming into flower, which have never been under glass until within these few days; they have sustained no injury from exposure, and they present every appearance of making a grand display. There is scarcely any plant which is so much benefited by liquid manure as the Lily, more especially before expanding its flowers. If used in a clear state, and considerably diluted, this water alone may be applied for at least a month before it comes into flower.

If the object should be out-door cultivation entirely, I should recommend them to be planted in beds; their effect is exceedingly grand. Excavate the soil eighteen inches deep, and fill in the bottom a foot deep with very coarse peat, intermixed with one-fifth of decayed manure or leaf mould. The remaining six inches may be entirely peat. If the bulbs are large enough to bloom, plant them twelve inches apart every way, and if beds of each kind are brought into contact with one another, the effect will be magnificent.

The following are the kinds I cultivate:—*Lilium lancifolium album*, *L. punctatum*, and *L. speciosum*. The old *'Japonicum'* is also well worth growing.—*Pharo in Gardeners' Chronicle*.

**AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE SACRAMENTO.**—The huts were hemispherical, consisting of a light framework thatched with rushes, and were apparently intended only for shelter during the rains of the mild winter. The inhabitants had left them, and were encamped in the open air, half a mile nearer the river, having set up branches of trees for shade, and some inclosures of rush mats. The men, with their chief, were yet a little apart, occupied in various methods of gambling away their earnings. The women were engaged in domestic avocations, and chiefly in the preparation of food. Large stores of various minute seeds were lying in heaps, but the principal resource evidently consisted of acorns; and several women were at work removing the shells preparatory to drying. Other women were pulverizing dried roots, perhaps of the *Scirpus lacustris*. Some of the water-tight baskets were full of porridge of different kinds, made of combinations of the above materials, and cooked by being placed among hot stones. I tasted some of these messes; but the only thing that Europeans would have considered edible, was a string of fish from the river, that arrived as I was taking leave.—*Pickering*.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

BUT, oh, ye spring flowers! oh, ye early friends!  
Where are ye, one and all?  
The sun still shines, and summer rain descends,  
They call forth flowers, but 'tis not ye they call.  
On the mountains,  
By the fountains,  
In the woodland, dim and grey,  
Flowers are springing, ever springing,  
But the spring-flowers, where are they?  
Then, oh, ye spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!  
Where are ye? I would know  
When the sun shines, when summer rain descends,  
Why still blow flowers, but 'tis not ye that blow?  
On the mountains,  
By the fountains,  
In the woodlands, dim and grey,  
Flowers are springing, ever springing,  
But the spring-flowers, where are they?  
Oh, then, ye spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!  
Are ye together gone  
Up with the soul of nature that ascends,  
Up with the clouds and odours, one by one?  
O'er the mountains,  
O'er the fountains,  
O'er the woodlands, dim and grey,  
Flowers are springing, ever springing,  
On heaven's highlands, far away!  
Hotter and hotter glows the summer sun,  
But you it cannot wake;  
Myriads of flowers, like armies marching on,  
Blaze on the hills, and glitter in the brake.  
On the mountains,  
Round the fountains,  
In the woodlands, dim and grey,  
Flowers are springing, ever springing,  
But the spring flowers, where are they?  
Oh! no more! oh, never, never more!  
Shall friend or flower return,  
Till deadly Winter, old, and cold, and froze,  
Has laid all nature lifeless in his urn.  
O'er the mountains,  
And the fountains,  
Through the woodlands, dim and grey,  
Death and winter, dread companions,  
Have pursued their destined way.  
Then, oh, ye spring flowers! oh, ye early friends!  
Dead, buried, one and all;  
When the sun shines, and summer rain descends,  
And call forth flowers, 'tis ye that they shall call.  
On the mountains,  
By the fountains,  
In the woodlands, dim and grey,  
Flowers are springing, souls are singing,  
On heaven's hills, and ye are they!  
—Book of the Seasons, by Howitt.

THE *Scotsman* says:—The renovation of the royal apartments in Holyrood Palace, to adapt them for the temporary residence of Her Majesty during her brief visit to the Scottish capital in autumn, is now all but completed. It involves no material alteration of the building, but is principally decorative. The restoration of the beautiful old oak carving, long concealed beneath thick coatings of white paint, is a striking improvement. The ceilings of all the restored rooms are singularly rich and beautiful, and they have been well and carefully cleaned—though there may be question, we think, as to the style in which they have been coloured.—We may add, that measures are taking for erecting within the quadrangle of the palace a statue to mark the grateful feelings with which the people of Scotland regard the occupation of that ancient structure by Her Majesty.

The experiment of conveying messages by a submarine telegraph from Dover to Calais, which we have already announced as nearly ready, is, it seems, likely to take place in the course of next week. *The Times* says:—"A company, consisting chiefly of English shareholders, has been constituted in Paris, where all the shares have been taken up, and the entire length of wire is completed and in a condition to be laid down. House's telegraph, which has long been in successful operation between New York and Philadelphia, is the one that is to be used; and should the experiment succeed, the public may shortly be gratified by the sight of printed communications transmitted from shore to shore at the rate of more than 100 letters per minute.

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

## THE MINISTER TO HIS MAJORITY.

AIR—"Haul away, yoho, Boys!" Nautical Melody.

The House of Commons has a knack,  
Vote away, yoho, boys!  
Of piling loads on John Bull's back,  
To any height, you know, boys.  
Come, put your motion: sure am I,  
If we can't get it, still we'll try  
To make Old England's money fly;  
Vote away, yoho, boys!

With twelve thousand, yearly paid,  
Vote away, yoho, boys!  
Cambridge is a happy blade;  
And you have made him so, boys.  
Now stables for the Prince of Wales  
To build, another grant entails;  
We want the cash—ne'er mind who rails—  
Vote away, yoho, boys!

The other Royal infants too,  
Vote away, yoho, boys!  
Must be provided for by you,  
As they increase and grow, boys.  
Strip needy clerks—skin any flint—  
But never Prince or Princess stint.  
Vote—though their pensions break the mint—  
Vote away, yoho, boys!

For odious acts of every kind,  
Vote away, yoho, boys!  
And public feeling, never mind,  
Nor outcries of "Oh, oh!" boys.  
Pass any Sabbatarian bill,  
Inflict whatever bore you will;  
And—till the cup you over-fill—  
Vote away, yoho, boys!

BALLOON SCIENTIFIC PREPARATIONS FOR THE  
ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.* The veteran Green will ascend on the veteran tortoise (aged 197 years), lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

*Tuesday.* Mr. Barry, the *Clown*, will mount on a donkey, and sing "Hot Codlins" at the altitude of 600 feet.

*Wednesday.* The veteran Green will, in the character of an old witch, mount on a broom, and dance the witches' dance in the air.

*Thursday.* Lieutenant Gale will disguise himself as the *Courier of St. Petersburg*, and ascend on the backs of six blind horses.

*Friday.* Mrs. Graham, or Madame Wharton, will make her ascent on horseback as *Lady Godiva*.

*Saturday.* Grand race between six balloons with six horses, and six balloons with six donkeys. N.B.—None but English donkeys allowed to compete.

**THE STATESMAN'S DREAM.**—Alderman Humphrey, in the course of a debate on the new House of Commons, said, that, in consequence of its limited accommodation, Members would often go out to take a nap in the Library. We are quite sure that no Member anxious for a nap will take the trouble to go out into the Library. He will merely keep his seat during a debate, and exhausted nature will soon find repose.

**PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK.**—Latter end of July, "Pairing" time begins.

**BONNYCASTLE AND BROADCLOTH.**—There is doubtless an affinity between weights and measures, but the substitution of tailors' weights for tailors' measures—a state of things to which we are approaching—will have in it something rather peculiar. The advertisements now continually inform us that we may purchase paletots weighing only so many ounces, and we shall soon be expected to buy our clothes by the pound, as we do our tea and sugar. We shall be sending to our tailors shortly for such and such a quantity of mixed garments, including so many ounces of strong boys' black, and a quarter-of-a-pound or so of green, or any other serviceable colour. The cheap tailoring, like the cheap tea-dealing, leads, of course, to the introduction of a quantity of spurious trash, and we recommend the public not to try more than an ounce at a time of those articles which they see announced in the puffing advertisements.

**STATE OF THE RAILWAY-MARKET.**—We begin to wonder that there is any railway market at all, after the protracted fits of languor and countless instances of relapse to which it has been subjected. There must be a sort of cat-like vitality in the market to enable it to survive so many severe shocks, for every bulletin announces either some fresh "relapse," or the continued absence of "all signs of recovery." It is a pity that somebody does not go and put the railway market out of its misery at once, by killing it off-hand, for, in its present weak state, it must be wretched to itself, as well as a nuisance to others. We are beginning to be quite tired of hearing that the railway market is "no better," and we shall be really glad when there is an end to an invalid who has long ceased to be productive of even the most moderate interest.

## ADULTERATION OF COFFEE.

At a meeting of the Botanical Society of London, held at the society's rooms, 20 Bedford-street, Strand, last Friday evening, Mr. J. Reynolds, treasurer, in the chair, a paper was read by Dr. Arthur Hassall, "on the adulteration of coffee." The author commenced by observing that the suggestions which he was about to detail originated in a remark made in the House of Commons during the late debate on chicory, to the effect, that no means had yet been discovered by which the adulteration of coffee with chicory could be determined. The recollection of the fact that in vegetable charcoal the component parts of the several tissues may be detected by the microscope led Dr. Hassall to infer that by the same means the less completely charred vessels, cells, &c., forming the tissues of those substances employed in the adulteration of coffee might likewise be discovered—an expectation fully realised. In this way it was ascertained that the substances most frequently used in the adulteration of coffee are chicory, roasted wheat, colouring matter, and occasionally beans and potato flour. The structure of the coffee berry and of the several productions just named was then minutely described, and it was shown that the chicory might at all times be distinguished with the greatest ease by the size and ready separation of the cells, as well as by the presence of bundles of vessels of the dotted or intempered spiral kind. The substance so generally employed to deepen the colour of coffee Dr. Hassall found to consist in those instances in which he had examined it of burnt sugar; and he referred to the fact that the rich brown hue of coffee is not peculiar to a decoction of the cells, but that almost all vegetable substances, when charred, yield a somewhat similar colour. The author then proceeded to detail in a tabular form the results of thirty-four examinations of coffee of all prices. From these it appeared that the whole of the coffees, with two exceptions only, were adulterated; that chicory was present in thirty-one instances, roasted wheat in twelve, colouring matter in twenty-two, beans and potato flour in one only; that in ten cases the adulteration consisted of but a simple article, in twelve of two, and in ten of three substances; that in many instances the quantity of coffee present was very small, and in others not more than a fifth, fourth, third, half, and so on. Contrasting chicory and coffee, it was observed that while the coffee berry contains a quantity of essential oil, visible in small drops in the cells, and upon which the fragrance and the active properties mainly depend, not a trace of any similar oil is to be found in the chicory root. The properties of coffee are those of a stimulant and tonic, with an agreeable flavour and a delicious smell, in all which respects chicory is very greatly inferior. The adulteration of coffee with wheat, bean, and potato, Dr. Hassall considers to be altogether indefensible, since the substances have not one of the properties of coffee belonging to them, and observed that if the employment of chicory be deemed in any respect desirable, it should be sold openly, and not as at present surreptitiously, and under the names of Ceylon, Berberice, Costa, Rica, and Mocha coffees, &c. The paper contained many other interesting details, the mention of which would extend this notice to too great a length, and was brought to a conclusion by one or two hints addressed to coffee drinkers, viz., that the coffee should be ground fine, in order to facilitate the liberation of the essential oil contained in the cells of the berry, and that an infusion, and not a decoction of it, should be made.

AN AMERICAN COUNTER-BLAST TO  
TOBACCO.

"I WISH (says Mr. Greeley) some budding Elia, not a slave to narcotic sensualism, would favour us with an essay on 'The Natural Affinities of Tobacco with Blackguardism.' The materials for it are abundant, and you have but to open your eyes (or nostrils) in any city promenade, (glorious Boston excepted), in any village bar-room, to find yourself confronted by them. Is Broadway sunny yet airy, with the atmosphere genial and inviting, so that fair maidens (and eke observing bachelors) through the two-shilling side-walk, glad to enjoy, and not unwilling to be admired? Hither (as Satan into Paradise, but not half so gentlemanly) hie the host of tobacco-smoking loafers, to puff their detested fumes into the faces and eyes of abhorring purity and loveliness, to spatter the walk, and often soil the costly and delicate dresses of the promenaders with their vile expectorations. And, even should the smokers forbear to besmear the outraged but patiently-enduring flag-stones with their foul saliva, the chewers will not be far behind (as the Revelator saw 'Death on the pale horse, and hell following after,') industriously polluting the fair face of earth, as their precursors have poisoned the sweet breath of heaven. How long, oh! how long, must all this be suffered?"

"I have intimated that the tobacco-consumer is—not indeed necessarily and inevitably, but naturally and usually—a blackguard; that chewing or smoking obviously tends to blackguardism. Can any man doubt it? Let him ride with uncorrupted senses in the stage or omnibus, which the chewer insists on defiling with the liquid product of his incessant labours, seeming unconscious of its utter offensiveness; and which even the smoker, especially if partly or wholly drunk, will also insist on transforming into a miniature Tophet by his exhalations, defying alike the express rule of the coach and the sufferer's urgent remonstrances, if he can only say, 'Why, there's no lady here.' [No ladies' is his expression, but the plea is execrable enough, though expressed grammatically.] Go into a public gathering, where a speaker of delicate lungs, and an invincible repulsion of tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long-nine projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff, puffing gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at best) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested or its effect utterly destroyed. If he who will selfishly, recklessly, impudently, inflict so much discomfort and annoyance on many, in order that he may enjoy in a particular place an indulgence which could as well be enjoyed where no one else would be affected by it, be not a blackguard, who can be? What could indicate bad breeding and a bad heart, if such conduct does not? 'Brethren!' said Parson Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut election sermon, in high party times, some fifty years ago, 'it has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse thief: I never did. What I did say was only that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and that I can prove.' So I do not say that every smoker or chewer is necessarily a blackguard, however steep the proclivity that way; but show me a genuine blackguard—one of the b'hoys, and no mistake—who is not a lover of tobacco in some shape, and I will agree to find you two white blackbirds."

**VISIT OF PARISIAN EXCURSIONISTS.**—On Saturday evening, the twenty-eight of July a large number of holiday Parisians started, by the North of France Railway, for Calais, where they passed the night, and on Sunday morning 740 of them crossed to Dover, and the greater portion of them came by special train to London, where they arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. The London-bridge terminus was crowded with friends and relatives of the visitors, who were greeted in the most enthusiastic manner, and the scene was most animated. The Parisians took their departure on Tuesday evening. This is the first of a series of such visits contemplated during the present season, and as the excursion fares on the French lines are remarkably low, return visits are in course of arrangement.

## SOMETHING ABOUT GUIDO FAWKES.

THE renowned Guye was, according to register, baptised April 16th, 1570. Of the origin of his name, our author thus discourses.—

The special circumstance to which Guy Fawkes owed his somewhat uncommon baptismal name, which does not appear to have been borne by any other member of the family, can now only be a matter of conjecture. In the sixteenth century, the name of Guy had acquired considerable popularity in the neighbourhood of York, which probably originated in the reputation of Sir Guy Fairfax, of Steeton, in the Ainsty, who was Recorder of the city in the reign of King Edward IV., and afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench. Sir Guy Fairfax died about the year 1500, and his Christian name was retained by his descendants in three successive generations. A list of the substantial householders in the Ainsty, in the reign of Elizabeth, gives the following examples:—Guy Frankland, Guy Hardestie, and Guy Conesbye, of Nether Poppleton; Guy Marshall, of Bilbrough; Guy Calvert and Guy Thackwray, of Moor Monkton; and Guy Jackson, of Bishopthorpe. The immediate predecessor of Sir Guy Fairfax in the office of Recorder of York was Sir Guy Rocliffe, of Cowthorpe, Knight, afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and from him the name of Guy was carried into another ancient and influential family connected with the city of York.

It was his unhappy lot to be deprived of paternal care and guidance in the days of his boyhood. The loss of his father, who was cut off in the prime of life, leaving a widow but scantily provided for, with the sole guardianship of three young children, of whom Guy was the eldest, cannot fail to have operated unfavourably upon the habits and disposition, as well as upon the fortunes and prospects of a youth who had not completed his ninth year. To this event we may attribute the unfortunate circumstance of his not having been brought up to any particular profession or employment. It would appear, however, that his early education was not neglected. Fuller informs us that the eminent Bishop of Durham, Thomas Morton, whose father, Richard Morton, was a mercer in York, "was bred in York school, where he was schoolfellow with Guy Fawkes;" and Strype, in his "Life of Sir John Cheke," relates that Sir Thomas, the eldest son of Henry Cheke, "was bred in a school at York, where he had two memorable schoolfellows, though of different inclinations and reputations. The one was Morton, Bishop of Durham, an excellent and most learned prelate, that wrote much and well against the papists; the other Guy Fawkes, infamous to posterity for his unparalleled popish zeal and villany."

Misfortuné seems to have marked him for her own, for while his uncle left a large fortune to his sisters, he cut off poor Guy with a pair of sheets.

A few years after his father's death he sustained the loss of another near relative who might have stood in the place of a parent to him. In the year 1585 his uncle, Thomas Fawkes, died, leaving by his will the bulk of his property, which appears to have been considerable, to his two nieces, Elizabeth and Anne Fawkes, and giving to their brother but a trifling legacy: "I bequeathe to Guye Fawkes my nephewe my golde ryng and my bedde, and one payre of shetes with th' appurtenances." In no other way is Guye Fawkes noticed in his uncle's will, nor is the name of his mother once mentioned in it.

His subsequent life, before history takes him up, is thus narrated.

In the early part of the year 1591, Guye Fawkes completed his twenty-first year, and acquired the uncontrolled power of disposing of the real property which had devolved upon him as heir of his father. The estate was not of any considerable extent or value. According to his own account, "his father left him but small living, which he spent." The documents already referred to show us how he proceeded to deal with his paternal inheritance. The earliest of them is a lease dated the 14th of October, 1591 (33rd Eliz.), the parties to which are, "Guye Fawkes of Scotland in the county of York gentleman," and "Christopher Lomleye of the city of York taylor." By this instrument, Guye Fawkes demises to Lomleye for the term of twenty-one years, at the annual rent of forty two shillings, "one barne and

one garth on the back side of it," situate in Gillygate in the suburbs of the city of York, and several parcels of land lying in the fields of Clifton (a township contiguous to the city), containing about four acres and a half, of which Lomleye was then the occupier. One of the subscribing witnesses to the deed is "Dionis Baynebrige."

The next of these muniments bears date the 1st of August, 1592. It is an absolute conveyance from Guye Fawkes, who is now described "of the city of York gentleman," to "Ann Skipseye of Clifton in the county of York spinster," of a farmhouse, with a garth and garden, and about six acres and a half of land, being the whole of his property at Clifton except that which he had leased to Lomleye. The price he received from Ann Skipseye was no more than the sum of twenty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. It is from this deed that we learn the interesting fact of Edith Fawkes's second marriage. The estate having descended to Guye Fawkes in consequence of his father's intestacy, was by law subject to his mother's right of dower, and he was, therefore, bound to protect the purchaser from that incumbrance; and on conveying it to Ann Skipseye, he covenanted with her that she shall not be troubled by any claim on the part of "Edeth, the late wife of Edward Fawkes deceased, mother to the said Guye Fawkes, and now wife to Dionis Baynebrige, gentleman."

The signature of Guye Fawkes to all these documents is in a clear and delicate character, and on the seal appended to one of them, though the impression is nearly effaced, the figure of a bird is just discernible, apparently a falcon, the crest used by the family of Fawkes of Farnley. It may be no discredit to the mother of Guye that she was unable to write her name at length. Her signature is a not very successful attempt to inscribe her initials, E. B., in Roman capitals.

The remainder of his career belongs to the History of England, and will be found there.

THE PRESS.—"Of all the phenomena of civilised society, I doubt whether there is anything more remarkable than the mode in which the people of this country are supplied with intelligence. It is one of the most wonderful instances in which, without the intervention of government, merely by dint of private exertion and expense, the public is supplied from all parts of the globe with that intelligence, the possession of which constitutes one of the greatest sources of national amusement and instruction. Some say that the press of this country is less eminent in point of intellect and ability than that of other countries. I do not entertain that opinion. Of course, in the free discussion of political questions there will always be much of acrimony, of personal comment and reproach; but, upon the whole, comparing the press of this country to that of France or the United States, or to the press as it exists in any other country, or ever did exist, it is a remarkable instance of ability and intelligence, of readiness, of application in the mode in which the public intelligence is procured through the intervention of private men, and is a most remarkable instance of the application of capital."—*The late Sir Robert Peel.*

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON has, we hear, a play forthcoming for the Princess's Theatre.

COUNTER-IRRITATION.—"Is there any other little article we can show you to-day, sir?"—*Punch.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

CHARLES BASTIOL.—We have received the song entitled "Good-night," and have it under consideration.

A TYRO.—We cannot take upon ourselves to say what facilities or what hinderances you would find in sporting in the Highlands of Scotland. No doubt there are many wild spots which have no specific owners who would interfere with you; but where there is much game to be had we should think that you would soon be ordered off. The gentleman whose book we have largely quoted from, is a Scotchman, and calls himself Cunnning of Aitrye. We see no reason to discredit any of his statements. They entirely throw into the

shade all that has been hitherto written upon such subjects. But then, no one ever went before to make such a complete pursuit and business of the matter as Mr. Cumming. In one of his pages he relates how he shot a springbok, and goes on to tell:—"It was amusing to see the birds and beasts of prey assembling to dispute the carcass with me. First came the common black and white carrion-crow, then the vultures; the jackals knew the cry of the vultures, and they too came sneaking from their hiding-places in the rocks and holes of the ant-bear in the plains, to share in the feast, whilst I was obliged to remain a quiet spectator, not daring to move, as the game was now in herds on every side of me, and I expected to see ostriches every moment. Presently a herd of wildebeest came thundering down upon me, and passed within shot. I put a bullet into one of these, too far behind the shoulder, which, as is always the case with deer and antelopes, did not seem to affect him in the slightest degree. In the afternoon we altered our positions, and sent the boys to drive the plain beside which I had been sitting all day. The quantity of bucks which were now before our eyes beat all computation. The plain extended without a break, until the eye could not discern any object smaller than a castle. Throughout the whole of this extent were herds of thousands and tens of thousands of springboks, interspersed with troops of wildebeest. The boys sent us one herd of about three hundred springboks, into which Strydom let fly at about three hundred yards, and turned them and all the rest. It was now late in the day, so we made for home, taking up the buck which Strydom had shot in the morning. As we cantered along the flats, Strydom, tempted by a herd of springboks, which were drawn up together in a compact body, jumped off his horse, and, giving his ivory sight an elevation of several feet, let drive at them, the distance being about five hundred yards. As the troop bounded away, we could distinguish a light-coloured object lying on the short heath, which he pronounced to be a springbok, and on going up we found one fine old doe lying dead, shot through the spine. This day, and every day since I arrived at these flats, I was astonished at the number of skeletons and well-bleached skulls with which the plains were covered. Thousands of skulls of springbok and wildebeest were strewn around wherever the hunter turned his eye."

T. M.—We insert the lines, although the subject of them is not quite new—

## THE DARK SIDE AND THE BRIGHT SIDE.

[By T. Mulcaster.]

Most things have a dark and a bright side,  
We can look at them which way we will;  
How seldom we gaze on the right side—  
If anything seems to go ill.  
All sorrows are light on the light side.  
Then why to the dark should we take  
What'll look very well on the bright side?  
Thus light of the grief we should make.

What a blank it the sun always shone here—  
What a void if it ne'er set or rose;  
Oh! the charms of a change we must own here,  
But we wish it would change when we chose;  
All Nature's great laws tell us clearly,  
We must take of the joy and the sorrow,  
And if storms come to-day, we know merely,  
That a calm is most likely to-morrow.

Then let us take things on the right side,  
Nor carry them all to the dark;  
And then that we've got on the right side  
We shall always have cause to remark:  
Then smile, my friends, ever be light-eyed,  
In your hearts let each thought remain true;  
With companions you'll be on the right side,  
And they on the right side with you.

ONE PUZZLED.—The French phrase "Avoir fait au Gâteau," is idiomatic, and means to "come in for the plunder," or spoils. The word Gâteau applies to a cake, or to some sort of pastry.

PANSEROSO.—The question is of too doctrinal a character for us to reply to. We could not do so without enunciating an opinion; and upon religious subjects, that is just what we do not want to do in the pages of our MISCELLANY. That is our sole objection.

A. B.—Declined with thanks.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.—The work you want the extract from is a very rare one. It is in the Library of the British Museum. We will make it our business to go there during the week and get it transcribed for you.

A VERY YOUNG LADY.—We think that in consulting your father upon the affair you have pursued the right course. Had your mother been living, she would have been the proper person to communicate with; but to a father you can speak with sufficient freedom certainly to enable him to aid you. We were much gratified with your letter, which is full of right feeling, and does equal honour to your affection and your abilities.

AN OFFERING.—No room. We do not think that in a Periodical like ours there ought to be more than two tales "To be continued." We are much obliged for the offer, but feel that we must decline it.

A QUESTION.—It is so very long since we have been at Windsor, that we don't know what alterations are made in the Park, but we have some reason to believe that the public is more excluded than ever.

A STUDENT.—We think you must have made a miscalculation or your data have been defective. We recommend you to procure Miss Sommerville's Circle of the Sciences, and Herschell's Astronomy. The latter, we believe, forms one of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The price of either book is about six shillings.

**A YOUNG GARDENER.**—The following appeared in the "Gardener's Chronicle," a week or two ago. You will find all the information you require in that paper, which we believe is regarded as an authority:—"Water Melons.—The water-melon might be successfully cultivated in this country; it is at St. Petersburg, where the summer is shorter and colder than in England. The water-melon is a very handsome fruit, may be eaten in considerable quantity without danger, and is particularly agreeable in sultry weather. Indeed, many years ago it was brought to perfection in an English garden, though much less care had been bestowed upon it than is usually taken for the melon. There are two distinct varieties of the water-melon; the one of these, having white or mottled seeds, is quite insipid, juicy, and fit only for mixing with other fruits in the composition of *cotignac*, the use made of it in the south of France. The seeds of the other variety are uniformly black, and this it is which is cultivated for the table; it is juicy, of pleasant flavour, and particularly grateful in hot weather. *Cotignac*, strictly speaking, is the quince preserved in the inspissated juice of the grape; but the quince being a high-priced fruit, its place is often in great part supplied by apples, water-melons, or any other fruit that happens to abound in the grape season. It seems probable that some such composition as *cotignac* was the preserve allowed by the Romans to their agricultural slaves in addition to bread for their winter fare. The water-melon requires great depth of soil; two feet of good rich garden mould was the usual depth of beds for it at St. Petersburg."

**A LADY.**—Try a gargle of alum and water. You will derive benefit from it. We think the cayenne lozenges positively injurious.

**OLYMPIA** is just twenty, and as her aunt, who recently died in the West Indies, left her a trifle of one thousand four hundred pounds per annum, Olympia finds that she is pestered with invitations, and that to all the houses she is so solicited to go to, there are appended a number of young men in the shape of grown-up sons. Now, Olympia, without perhaps being ugly, knows that she is decidedly plain, but since her aunt's annuity was left to her, all the world has found out that she is a paragon of charms. How is this? Can it be possible, that men will lie and falsify themselves in every shape and way for the share of one thousand four hundred pounds per annum?—Yes, Olympia, they will do so for the share of the tenth part of the sum. We would say, be careful, only that from the style of your letter, we expect that you do not require such an admonition. There is one thing that ought to be a subject of congratulation to you, and that is, that if you like you can afford to marry a poor man, should he in other respects come up to your judgment. We hope that such will be the case, and that you will continue to treat the money-worshippers about you with the contempt they deserve.

**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.**—We quite agree with you in every word of your letter. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler! at the little town of Newport in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that

#### The aspiring blood of Lancaster

had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at present through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square.

**Q. Q.**—The Botanical Gardens at Kew, are open from one to six every day—Thursday and Sunday excepted. There is free admission. You may see the Palace Gardens on Thursdays and Sundays upon the same liberal terms. Both are amply worth a visit. The drive, too, to Kew is very charming. Go at once, while the fine weather lasts, for the summer is now upon the wing.

**A CITIZEN.**—The tobacco warehouses of the London Docks are rented by government, which pays fourteen thousand pounds per annum for them. They cover an area of about five acres.

**D. D. D.**—There is, or was, a Bishop of London Antiquities in Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate, expressly for the reception of antiquities found in the metropolis. How any great city could be without so obvious an establishment, is a mystery. The antique ring you mention, would no doubt be considered as a valuable addition to such a collection.

**ANTI-MUSIC** writes to say, that he certainly has "no music in his soul," for he never can tell one tune from another, and wants to know if it is a natural defect or not.—We should say it was, and as far as your enjoyments go, it is rather a serious one. Are you equally at fault regarding the voices of your different acquaintances? Sydney Smith, upon the subject, says:—"That there are some tastes originally agreeable, I think can hardly be denied; and that Nature has originally, and independently of all associations, made some sounds more agreeable than others, seems to me, I confess, equally clear. I can never believe that any man could sit in a pensive mood listening to the sharpening of a saw, and think it as naturally agreeable, and as plaintive as the song of a linnet; and I should very much

suspect that philosophy, which teaches that the odour of superannuated Cheshire cheese, is, by the constitution of nature, and antecedent to all connection of other ideas, as agreeable as that smell with which the flowers of the field thank Heaven for the gentle rains, or as the fragrance of the spring when we inhale from afar 'the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'"

**ONE WHO FEELS.**—Really, we should be obliged if our correspondents would not send us any more verses to the Moon. We are quite convinced there is enough MSS. extant now in this country that would reach from that satellite, all containing Odes to the Moon.

**IGO.**—The French word *ancien* means late, as well as ancient and old.

**ANNIE E. L. E.** is in the very common predicament of liking a young gentleman who is not at all liked by her friends, but the more they dislike him, the more she is determined to like him, and she don't see why she should give up her judgment to theirs in the matter. She would be much obliged to the Editor if he would tell her if there is any difficulty in being married on the sly, as marry she will, whether her friends like it or not. She is just nineteen, and her beau is twenty-two.—We advise our fair correspondent to ascertain why it is that her friends object to the young gentleman. If they have any substantial reason for such a feeling, it is surely well worth the while of Annie to know it; but if it be from mere caprice, then we think that Annie would be justified in pleasing herself. It is very absurd of friends to place themselves in the way of an union merely because they "don't like" the party. Tastes differ, and the young gentleman does not want to marry the friends. As regards the ease or the difficulty of marrying on the sly, we must leave all that to be managed by the young gentleman, who, at the age of twenty-two, ought not to be quite so green as to require any instructions upon such a point.

**AN ORNITHOLOGIST.**—We are much obliged for your amusing letter, and very likely we may be able to make use of it shortly. That parrots will live to a very great age there is no doubt. Le Vaillant saw one that had lived in captivity, or rather in a domesticated state, for ninety-three years. When he saw the ancient, it was in the last stage of all. It had been celebrated in its youth for its vigour, its docile and amiable disposition, the alert air with which it would fetch its master's slippers and call the servants,—above all, for its flashes of merriment;—and there it was, entirely decrepit, lethargic, its sight and memory gone, lingering out existence, and kept alive by biscuit soaked in Madra wine. Somewhere about the age of sixty it began to lose its memory, and, instead of acquiring any new phrase, it forgot some of those it had learnt, and began to talk a jumble of words. At the age of sixty its moulting became irregular, the tale became yellow, and afterwards no further change of plumage took place.

**A METROPOLITAN.**—No less than twice before have we been asked the name of the statue in Leicester Square. It is that of George the First, and is no great thing as a work of art. The ultimate destruction of the interior of Leicester Square must be resolved by time. At present, it is the dust-bin of the neighbourhood, to all appearance.

**A READER.**—The matter has not been decided as yet either way, but it will be shortly.

**A LADY.**—The Linnæan Society has its rooms in Soho Square. There is, we believe, for we have not visited the rooms, a good collection of Natural History, of course classified upon the Linnæan system. Any member F. L. S. can introduce a visitor either to the museum or to one of the sittings of the society. We do not think the pursuit at all incompatible with the life of a lady of leisure.

**JACK STRAW.**—There is some wit in the verses, but here and there that wit depends upon common short sayings, which we do not like. They smack too much of vulgarity for our pages. We must, therefore, beg to decline.

**A READER.**—LLOYD'S WEEKLY LONDON NEWSPAPER was the first that offered cheap news to the people. It has had several imitators, but no rival. The circulation is greater than any other, and it is to be found wherever the English language is spoken.

**A FAMILY OUT OF TOWN.**—We are happy to hear from you that our former answer to your communication was beneficial to you. We shall, of course, give you all the information in our power upon the subject you are interested in. The art of brewing, in fact, consists mainly in the extraction of a saccharine solution from grain, and in converting that solution into a fermented and sound spirituous beverage called beer or ale. This is a remarkable chemical process, and worthy of a few words of description. The malt has first to be crushed, or ground, either between millstones or cylindrical iron rollers, which are so nicely adjusted, that the brewer can have the malt reduced to whatever size he pleases. Some brewers like a fine grist (as the crushed malt is called), others think a coarse one the best calculated for the extraction of the essential qualities of the malt. The malt having been thus crushed is ready for the mash tun, a large vessel, generally of wood, containing a movable false bottom, on which the grist rests, and pierced with small holes, through which the hot water (or "liquor," as it is technically called) can pass freely, and having at the bottom two or more holes or taps. The hotwater is then admitted, and the grist is intimately mixed with it, either by the aid of a machine with vertical arms, armed with certain comb-like processes, projecting from an horizontal axle, which continually revolves round the tun, or by means of an instrument called the mashing oar, which is worked by hand. Thus, at last, the "goods," as brewers call the malt in this stage, are

worked up with the water into a perfectly homogeneous mass. Mashing being thus completed, the mass is allowed to rest a certain time, and then the infusion or sweet wort is ready to be drawn off and conveyed to the copper. More hot water is then poured in, and a second mash takes place. Fining is performed sometimes by the brewer and sometimes by the publican. When beer is brewed in the best manner, little fining is necessary. The proper, and it is a perfectly unobjectionable material, is isinglass, which being dissolved in cold ale beer, and then added to the proper beer, separates itself from the liquids which held it in solution, spreads, in the shape of gelatine, through the whole body of liquor, collects all thick particles to itself, and when it has thoroughly done its work, very obligingly takes itself out of the way with the rubbish it has collected, up at the top of the vessel, leaving the beer below, beautifully clear and bright.

**A SUBSCRIBER** would be obliged for a good practical recipe for making Ginger-wine. Perhaps some other correspondent can kindly oblige.—2. The Chinese use sun-dials.

**IGNORAMUS.**—Your hand-writing is pretty. If it has any fault, it is that it is just a little too straggling. The proper way in which to salute your employers in the street, is to raise the hat just a little way off the top of the head. The young ladies may be saluted in the same manner.

**UNFORTUNATE GEORGE.**—We have received your second letter. You will perceive by our former answer, that we did not commit you in any way. We are very careful.

**W. B. W. BROOKE.**—Gil Blas is pronounced Gil Blas, the final letter not being sounded, and the *a* pronounced broad.

**S. G. C.**—The verses are not exactly fit for publication. We are sorry to be obliged to decline them.

**A YOUNG LADY** (Wolverhampton) wishes for a recipe for making lemon toffee. Some correspondent can, no doubt, oblige us with it. We do not know what is the best food for canaries, but no doubt we can get the information, and if we do, we will publish the same next week.

**NOEL.**—We regret to be obliged to decline with thanks the proffered lines.

**G. W.**—We do not think your writing good enough for the situation of a clerk. You should take some lessons from a good writing-master, and you would soon improve.

**J. E. L. NORTHTOWN.**—We really cannot advise in such a case. Your course of conduct must entirely depend upon your feelings towards the young lady. You are both rather young to think seriously of matrimony; but if there be true love in the case, that is no reason why you should not enjoy the delightful probation of courtship.

**DELTA.**—We cannot comply with your request. It is not only rather unreasonable, but it is likewise out of our power.

**JANET** has made up her mind to take the advice of the Editor as to whether she shall marry a young man who is very much attached to her or not. She would not hesitate at all about it, only that there are some things connected with his character, which she, Janet, does not like. In the first place, he has behaved very badly to his sister, who very much required his protection, as there is no father or mother living. Then, again, he promised marriage to a young lady, and afterwards deserted her. To be sure, the young lady did not break her heart after him, but, on the contrary, rather seemed to congratulate herself upon her release; but still, that makes his conduct none the better. Now, Janet has heard say, that a reformed rake makes a good husband. Does the Editor think there is any truth in the saying?—Yes, if the rake be really reformed; but there is the difficulty, Janet. How can you know that fact? From what you say of the person, we should be very sorry to see any amiable girl of our acquaintance become his wife. You may be better able to judge than we are. To say the least of it, it is running a great risk.

**A YOUNG HISTORIAN.**—Our correspondent is mistaken in his facts, and so all his reasoning falls to the ground. The latter subject of the letter is correct enough, but as regards the first part, the Cromwells were of consideration and high county standing in Huntingdonshire, seated at the fine old mansion of Hinchinbroke, and descended, in the female line, from Cromwell, Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry VIII. His chief, as well as many of its members, fought manfully under the royal banner. At the present time, seven Peers of the realm trace descent from the Lord Protector, viz., the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rothes, Cowper, Clarendon, De Grey, and Ripon; but, as a contrast to the fair side of the picture, we must honestly confess, that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate, which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, for "restoring the monarchy," should, by intermarriages, eventually vest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cheshunt, who died in 1821, being then the last male descendant of the Protector.

**A LADY WHO IS NERVOUS.**—We have heard that if any one walks upon the grass at Hampton Court, the officials "make you roll it for an hour."—Make you? How are they to make you? Rubbish.—Laugh at the officials, and if they like to take you into custody, let them do so, and demand to be taken before a magistrate.

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[LIONEL RUSHES FROM THE GREENHOUSE AND IS SURPRISED TO SEE THE HAMPTON CONSTABLE AND HIS ASSISTANTS AT ITS ENTRANCE.]

## COUSIN CECIL; OR, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE. A DOMESTIC ROMANCE

### CHAPTER.

#### THE PLOT THICKENS AROUND THE INNOCENT LIONEL.

ALAS, poor Lionel! How little, as he sat there officiating as temporary clerk to Sir William Watson and Mr. Purvis, he imagined that a hideous plot was thickening around him, and that the meshes of a snare, which was fully intended to prove his destruction, were being coiled and coiled about him by one who, in the wild hatred of her heart, and in the pursuit of her frightful ambitions, would have trampled upon a world!

Yes, Cousin Cecil had determined upon the destruction of Lionel Danvers, and even then she was slowly elaborating the means by which she could give greater consistency to the accidental evidence that even his friends would be obliged to give against him.

We shall soon see how she sped in her diabolical design, and how one of the most innocent of God's creatures may, by a train of circumstances over which they can have no control, be, apparently from good cause, accused of acts from which they would shrink with horror.

The constable was duly sworn, and, as we have stated, he stood facing the Magistrate with concern,

almost amounting to consternation upon his face, to answer what questions might be put to him.

The appearance of this man excited surprise in the breast of all who saw him, for he was not exactly the kind of person to show great sensibility upon ordinary occasions, and nobody could imagine what it was that so sensibly touched him. Little did they imagine that it was the growing conviction that there were circumstances connected with the murder in the gravel-pit, which, if they did not prove the guilt of Lionel, were calculated to cast upon him the most grave suspicion.

"Well, Mr. Constable," said Sir William, "let me hear what you have to say about this affair, and address yourself more particularly to Mr. Price, for he will have the conduct of this affair more than I shall."

"I will, your worship."  
"Go on, then. Why do you hesitate?" said Mr. Price. "Let us hear at once all you know about it."

"The boy, Dick, has spoken the exact truth, your worships. He did come to me and rouse me with the news of what he had seen and heard in the old gravel-pit, and I did just what he says. I got together a force, and came over to the place to see all about it."

"Did you go down into the pit?"  
"Yes, your worship, and we found a dead body; and then, knowing that you, Sir William, were here at Larchins, we thought the most proper thing we could do was to come and tell you about it."

"Very good."  
"And what occurred as you came here?" asked Mr. Price.

"Not much, your worship. We met Mr. Lionel Danvers, and he brought us here, after we had

missed catching the man with the felt hat that we pursued over some of the meadows, and across the gardens."

"There seems to be some great mystery," said Mr. Price, "about this man with the felt hat. You must be more precise, Mr. Constable, in your statement, if you please."

"I will, your worship. Oh, your worships, I don't want to keep anything back—indeed, I don't. But—but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing—nothing. What am I saying? I don't accuse anybody, your worships, and least of all one who—who, we all know, wouldn't hurt a fly, that he wouldn't. Oh, dear—oh, dear—it is very sad—very sad, indeed."

The constable kept his eyes so fixed upon Lionel that, after a few moments, that most innocent person could not help noticing it, and he said, with a look of perplexity—

"Do you allude to me in any way?"

"Oh, no—no. I didn't say you—I didn't look at you."

"But in truth you did, and that so fixedly, too, that no one could possibly help noticing it. Perhaps it will relieve the mind of this worthy man if I give distinct evidence regarding what I know about this affair?"

"Ah, do, Lionel," said Sir William Watson. "Stand aside, Mr. Constable, and let us hear what Lionel has to depose to us."

"Excuse me, Sir William," said Mr. Price.

"What, sir?"

"Allow me a few moments' private conference with you?"

"Oh, of course—of course."

The two magistrates communed in whispers, and

to the consternation and indignation of Sir William, Mr. Price said—

"It seems to me as if the constable had something to say which would not be to the interest of your young friend, Lionel, and which, in fact, would have the effect of mixing him up in this transaction."

"What? Mix Lionel up in a murder?"

"Well, well—don't get in a passion, Sir William. I don't say that he did it."

"If you did, you would be mad."

Mr. Price smiled.

"I only say that the constable has evidently something upon his mind with regard to the affair which he don't like to tell, and that under the circumstances, for the satisfaction of all parties, and for the sake of justice, he ought to be made to tell it before any other evidence upon the subject is heard at all."

"Oh, very well; I don't want to interpolate any evidence of Lionel's between you and the constable's evidence. Perhaps you think Lionel would put some story into his mouth, which he would repeat because, you know, if Lionel did the murder—ha, ha!—that would be just what he would do. Ha, ha! The idea now of your supposing that such a thing lay within the widest regions of possibility!"

"My dear sir, I don't suppose it."

"Well, well—we will hear the constable."

They turned again to the audience in the room, and Mr. Price said—

"You will go on with your evidence, Mr. Constable. We will not at this stage of the affair trouble you, Mr. Danvers, at all."

"I know very little about it," said Lionel; "but what little I do know, of course you can have at any time."

"That will do, my boy," said Sir William; "you keep quiet. And now, Mr. Constable, for more reasons than one, understand, if you please, that your evidence is wanted fully and completely, and that we require every little particular of what happened as you came from the gravel-pit towards this house in search of me."

"Yes," said Mr. Price, "that is it."

"I will tell all," said the constable, as he clutched nervously by the back of a chair. "I will tell all, gentlemen. I am bound to do so, and I will. As we came along, we saw a man, with a felt hat on his head, start out from the plantation close to the private garden of Larchins; and we at once gave chase to him. He darted over the iron fence that divides the garden from the meadows, and went along the garden towards the house. We kept him in view till we got very near to a greenhouse, into which we thought he went, but when we got there we saw nothing of him."

"Who did you see then?" said Mr. Price.

"Mr. Lionel Danvers."

"Well?"

"That's all, sir."

"That is not all. What did Mr. Danvers say to you, and what did you say to him upon the occasion?"

"Oh, he wondered to see us all, and we wondered to see him, though we oughtn't, as it was his own house, you see, your worship in a way of speaking; and I told him that we were in chase of somebody who we thought went into the greenhouse, and he said he had not seen any one at all thereabouts."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, your worship, that's all."

The constable was evidently very much relieved in his own mind to find that that was all; although the reader is aware that he had not told everything which had made an impression upon his mind; and that, although he had spoken the truth so far as he had gone, he had been guilty of a *suppressio veri*, which, in his official position, was not at all to be justified.

That this was the opinion of Mr. Price was sufficiently evidenced by the conduct he immediately pursued. Raising his voice, and glancing among the crowd of men who had come with the constable, he said—

"Has any one any evidence to give in addition to what the constable has just stated? If so, let him come forward."

"I have," said a voice.

"Step up to the table, then."

A man, of not very prepossessing appearance, came up to the table, and looked sullenly, defiant of the angry glances of the constable.

"Who are you?" said Mr. Price.

"Bill Soames, the poacher."

"Well, that is candid, at any rate. I only hope

you will be so good as to keep clear of my preserves."

"That ere ain't the present question"

"It certainly is not," said Mr. Price, with an air and tone that showed he was a little piqued at the laugh that was accorded by the spectators to Bill Soames' ready reply. "Perhaps, Sir William Watson, you will be good enough to examine this witness?"

"Oh, no, no—you do it. He cannot be in better hands than in yours, Mr. Price; you will get the truth out of him if anybody can."

"Thank you, Sir William, for the compliment," said Mr. Price, smiling; "but I rather think that it is not quite sincere. Never mind, though, I know your mind is otherwise occupied, and I will examine the fellow. Now, Mr. Bill Soames, the poacher, what do you know of this affair?"

"Just this here. The constable was glad enough when he heard as it was a murder, to get who he could to come with him; and, I suppose, as a poacher was about as welcome just then as a gamekeeper would have been, so he calls me up as he passed my little crib on the skirts of the wood."

"That's right," said the constable.

"Silence!" said Mr. Price. "We will hear you again afterwards, if you have anything to add to your evidence, which will be very likely, I think. Go on, William Soames."

"Oh, lor!" said the poacher. "I don't think as I have been called William Soames ever since I was a precious babby."

Another laugh from the "barren spectators" at the farther end of the hall testified to the appreciation in which Bill Soames's rather rough wit was held.

"Now, listen to me," said Mr. Price: "if you do not come to the facts at once, and state what you do know, I shall commit you to prison."

"Oh, here you have it, then. I went with the constable, and just as we got nigh the plantation—it ain't thick enough yet for the hares, but it will be by and by—I saw a man break cover, and go on at a killing pace towards the garden of this house. He cleared the iron hurdle fence in good style, and made across the flower beds for the old greenhouse, and in he bounced."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite. The others went after him, but I didn't. There's a bit of a statue of a woman, with some ears of corn in her hand, near the middle of the garden, and she stands on a pedestal consarn; and as I saw that the fellow was going at such a splitting pace there was no catching him, I thought the next best thing to do was to watch him well."

Mr. Price nodded.

"Well, I got upon the side of the pedestal, and took the liberty of holding on round the neck of the statue, and I saw the man as he bolted out of the plantation go into the greenhouse."

"Did you identify him as any one you knew?"

"No, I did not. It was difficult to do that. He crouched so low to the ground that you couldn't see what sort of a man he was, and then every now and then the trees were in the way; but he had a round felt hat on, I saw that, for its color showed up among the bushes, and you could not help seeing it."

"Well, what next?"

"Very good; I got down from the lady with the ears of corn, and I made way to the greenhouse, and I met the constable and the rest of them close by. We all went there together, and the first thing we saw was Mr. Lionel Danvers coming out of it."

"Are you quite certain?"

"Quite."

"That is correct," said Lionel.

"Allow me, Mr. Danvers," said Mr. Price, "to beg that, at this stage of the proceedings, you will say nothing either contradictory or corroboratively of what the witnesses may assert."

"I will not, sir."

"Now go on, Soames, with your evidence."

"Well, out came Mr. Lionel, and he looked a bit scared, and said, 'What is it?' or something of that sort; and then the constable said, 'There has been a murder;' and then he said, 'In the old gravel-pit, was it?' or something so near that that it was the same thing. Well, we went into the greenhouse, and we found on the floor, among the plants, a felt hat. Here it is."

From under his coat, which was buttoned tight over his chest, the witness produced a felt hat.

"Can you swear that this is the hat you picked up in the greenhouse?"

"I can, and I do."

"Very well. Is that all?"

"About it. After that, we only all on us came over here, that's all I knows, and enough, too, I rather think."

"Call the constable again."

The constable advanced to the table. He looked very pale and wan, now, and was evidently in a state of great mental perturbation.

"Mr. Constable," said the Magistrate, "you have heard the evidence of the last witness. What have you to say to it? Recollect that this is a question you may, if you think proper, decline answering; but my advice to you is, that you should tell the truth, and not only the truth, but the whole truth."

"I will, sir—I will, indeed. It is all true."

"What is all true?"

"What Bill Soames has said, your worship. It is all true. We did meet Mr. Lionel in the greenhouse—we did pick up a felt hat there. It is the felt hat that was worn by the man we ran after, and Mr. Lionel did say something about the gravel-pit."

"Had any one else intimated that the body had been found in the gravel-pit before Mr. Lionel made that remark?"

The constable was silent.

"Answer the question, witness. You are on your oath."

"They had not: I heard no one mention it."

"Very well. And now, what induced you to keep back this important evidence until you had it, as it were, wrung from you by hearing it come from the lips of another witness?"

"I don't know, your worship—I don't know."

"That you don't know is no answer at all. I must say that, for a constable in particular, your conduct upon this occasion is most unsatisfactory, and I shall feel it my duty to take some notice of it. Go away. We don't want any further evidence from you at present."

"Oh, sir—oh, gentlemen!"

The constable stopped abruptly.

"Well, what do you wish to say? You are the most mysterious witness I have encountered for a long time."

"Nothing—nothing. I can say nothing now. It is of no use to say a word, now—not the least use."

It was quite clear that the constable had had some idea of trying to say something in favour of Lionel, against whom, in the strangest and most bewildering manner, the evidence was evidently going; but the folly of fancying that by the mere expression of his opinion he could do any good had struck him very forcibly at the moment, and induced him to remain quiet.

"What can this man mean?" said Mr. Price to Sir William Watson.

The old baronet shook his head, and then Lionel Danvers rose.

"Mr. Danvers, allow me to suggest to you—" began Mr. Price.

"No, sir," said Lionel, "I do not approve of any suggestions that will have the effect, if carried out, of keeping me silent. I feel that I ought to speak, for the obvious inference from all the evidence before you is, that I was the fugitive from the plantation—that I was the person who wore the felt hat; and that it was I who sought shelter from the constable and his assistants in the greenhouse."

"Oh, no, no," cried Sir William Watson, "that is too absurd. How can you say such things, Lionel? You know that it is too absurd."

Mr. Price was silent.

"Allow me, Sir William, to make a statement."

"But not upon oath," said Mr. Price.

"And why not?" cried the old baronet. "Why not upon oath? Is the evidence of Lionel Danvers not to be received?"

"Not now, Sir William Watson. I cannot, after what has been deposed to this day before me, allow Mr. Danvers to be a witness in the case. If at the present juncture he chooses to make a statement, he can do so; but I do not advise him to do any such thing. Perhaps he had better consult with his friends a little first."

"This is really too ridiculous," cried Lionel. "I know nothing in the matter that requires consultation with my friends. I will make a plain statement; and whether it be under the obligation of an oath or not, does not in the smallest possible degree matter to me."

"Go on, my boy," said Sir William; "the truth is the truth, whether it be sworn to or not; and I never knew anything else come from your

lips yet, and I am quite sure nothing else ever will!"

"Thank you, my dear sir—thank you. And now, Mr. Price, I beg that you will not fancy, for a moment, that I feel any resentment at your conduct to me. I know that you feel yourself in a very delicate position, and that if I were one less known to you, or to all here, you might feel that it was your duty to order me into custody."

Mr. Price fidgeted in his chair, and said—  
"Hush!"

"I repeat," said Lionel, "that after what has transpired, I think there is a very pretty case of circumstantial evidence against me."

"No, no," cried Sir William. "Sit down, Lionel. Let us break up the court, Mr. Price."

"No," cried Lionel: "hear me first. I beg that you will be so good as to hear me first—I will be brief. Last night I felt feverish, and unable to sleep. I was thinking of my lost father; and the more I tried to compose myself, and to go to bed and rest, the more I felt convinced that it would be impossible for me to do so, and accordingly I did what I have often done—namely left the house by a little window opening on the terrace, and went for a walk in the garden. I had found that half an hour so spent generally had the effect of cooling my blood, and tranquillising my nerves; but upon this occasion I strayed much further than I intended, although the night was not inviting, for a small rain was falling at intervals, and it was very dark. Yet the whole neighbourhood is so familiar to me, that, with my eyes shut, I believe I could traverse it, so the darkness was no bar to my proceeding, and I got so far as the brink of the old deserted gravel-pit, which is, no doubt, well known to you all. While there, I thought I saw a flash of light far down in its recesses, and then, as I listened, I thought I heard a voice, and some bird—I think it was an owl—flew up from the depths of the old pit, and dashed past my head. I returned at once to Larchins, being in my own mind pretty well convinced that there were poachers hiding in the old pit, for I had heard that they did so at times. I reached my own chamber, and went to bed, but I did not sleep calmly."

"Silence!" cried Mr. Price, as the murmur of conversation at the lower end of the hall interrupted the proceedings.

"I rose early," added Lionel, "and went to walk in the garden until the hour of breakfast should come, and hearing some sort of confusion, I walked in the direction that it seemed to come from, and finding the door of the greenhouse open, I went in, and it was as I was coming out that I met the constable and his party."

"There," cried Sir William. "There—you have heard the whole story. That's the end of the mare's nest. The mountain is delivered of a mouse at last. Ha, ha! Why, Lionel, my boy, they would finish your affairs by hanging you for murder at last, I do believe. Now, Mr. Price, there's an end of the affair. Lionel has explained it all, you see."

"Mr. Danvers has, contrary to my wish, made a statement," said Mr. Price, "and there, so far as I am concerned, is an end of the affair, unless some one should be charged with the murder, and brought before me in my official capacity. The inquiry before the Coroner will take place, of course, immediately, and you and I, Sir William, need not just now do anything further."

"Certainly not. But, Lionel, my boy, did you see the felt hat lying in the conservatory when you went into it?"

"I did not, Sir William."

"But hadn't you a hat of your own on?"

"Sir William Watson," said Mr. Price, rising, "this is, to say the least of it, very injudicious, allow me to say, and very irregular, indeed. Let me beg of you to forbear, sir, if you please."

"Oh, I will answer the question at once," said Lionel. "I had no hat on. I had gone out without it. It is well known at Larchins that I often go about the grounds without a hat than with one."

"There—there," said Sir William. "That's enough: there's an end of it. We can't do anything in the matter, that's quite clear."

"The Court rises," said Mr. Price.

At that moment, Cousin Cecil glided away from the other side of a door that connected with the hall, and which was just about half an inch open, so that she had had no difficulty in hearing the whole of the proceedings that had taken so very singular a turn, as related to poor Lionel Danvers.

"He dies!" she said. "He dies!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

COUSIN CECIL TAKES HER MEASURES ACCORDINGLY.

THE idea that Cousin Cecil had already partially elaborated in her own mind of accusing Lionel Danvers of the murder of Migsley in the quarry, had from the first moments that it had found a place in her active and depraved intellect, grown into strength and consistency.

She had abundance of motives sufficient for her to induce such an action. In the first place, she had to save the deserter, who was her own son, from the consequences of the act. In the second place, she had to save herself from the suspicions, if not the actual proof, of complicity with him in it; and what could ensure these objects so much and so effectually as the conviction of some one for the murder?—Such an occurrence would at once settle men's minds upon the subject, and it would soon lapse into oblivion.

Then again, by special grace, as she considered it, of chance circumstances, it so happened that the very person she had an opportunity of accusing was Lionel Danvers, against whom she had the most revengeful feelings, and whom she considered to be the greatest stumbling-block in the path of her ambition that could be imagined. If she could only destroy him, who was then to dispute her title to Larchins?

Every circumstance, then, it will be seen, combined to induce Cousin Cecil to go on with her desperate wickedness, and to take measures for strengthening the case against Lionel.

The proceedings of this bold and bad woman, will now show with what comparative ease a perfectly innocent person may be surrounded by such circumstances as even to the most liberal and logical minds would seem to bring positive proof of guilt. It will be shown how, when there is a perfect and complete unscrupulousness of conduct upon the part of a person who would be the destruction of another, much they can do, and how very cautious mankind ought to be in cases affecting the reputation, the liberties, and the lives of individuals.

For the credit of human nature, we would fain suppose and believe, that so infernal a plot as that which was hatched by Cousin Cecil against the life of Lionel Danvers can be but of rare occurrence. It is rare that there is so much ability and so much wickedness combined in one person as there was in Cousin Cecil; and it is rare, likewise, that so many circumstances should combine together to give a consistency to the proceedings that she soon took to confirm the appearance of the guilt of Lionel. But we, in this instance, deal with facts, and such as they are, we lay them calmly and dispassionately before the reader.

The result of these proceedings we will leave to develop itself, and the reader may be assured that that result is one that requires no adventitious aid from the novelist to make it full of interest.

There was nothing wanting to induce Cousin Cecil to persevere in her hideous determination; but if there had been, it would certainly have been found readily enough in what had transpired in the hall at Larchins, during the investigation proceeding before Sir William Watson, and the other magistrate, Mr. Price.

Cousin Cecil was witness to all that had been there said and done. There was not a word that had escaped her, and, therefore, she knew exactly what she had to do in order to give a greater coherence and shape of probability to the charge against Lionel.

It was quite impossible for any of the spectators of that slightly judicial episode in the hall to doubt for one moment but that if Lionel had been anybody but Lionel, he would have been given into custody in a moment after the evidence of Bill Soames. That he was not done so had a bad effect upon those spectators, and the feeling rapidly spread itself over the neighbourhood that the justices were consulting their private feelings in preference to justice.

But Lionel was universally popular, as, in truth, was the Danvers' family wholly, with the exception of Cousin Cecil, so that much less was said about the matter than might have been had he stood differently in the affections of the people. They did not—they could not believe that he had done the deed of blood in the old gravel-pit, and yet they were puzzled as the evidence against him had developed itself.

We will, however, now leave popular opinion to take its course, while we follow Cousin Cecil to her chamber.

The moment she got there she locked herself in, as was now her custom, for since that night when she had been so alarmed at what looked like the apparition of the Colonel, she had been always extra cautious regarding her door. Flushing herself into a seat, she then said—

"It is quite settled. Lionel is virtually a prisoner on the charge of murdering Migsley in the gravel-pit. Hush! I must not use that name, Migsley. It has not been mentioned yet, and must not be incautiously used by me, or the world will jump at the conclusion that I know too much."

Cousin Cecil began, then, to think how the deserter, her son, could be made useful in further substantiating the charge of murder against Lionel, and from thinking of him, she naturally was struck with the idea that he would be rather impatient during his long confinement in the Strangers' Room.

Cousin Cecil rang the bell, and as, by the express orders of Lionel, she was attended to so far as her ordinary wants were concerned, a servant answered the summons. Her object was to get some refreshments to carry to the deserter, and she ordered that a tray with bread and meat should be brought up to her chamber.

As soon as she procured such, she kept a watch in the corridor until she was quite sure that no one was at hand; and then, with as much of the refreshments as she could conveniently carry, she repaired to the Strangers' Room, and unlocked the door.

She heard a sudden scuffling noise the moment that she did so, and to her chagrin, upon arriving in the room, she found the secret panel in the wall open. The fact is, that the deserter had heard her coming, and had in his haste to escape, not knowing who it was, opened the panel and ran down the secret stairs, leaving his course plainly perceptible by omitting to close the panel again.

"Fool!" said Cousin Cecil, after she had locked the door of the Strangers' Room upon the inside—"Fool!—of what avail is it that a mode of escape is known to you, when you omit the commonest precautions in the process of availing yourself of it?"

The deserter heard her voice, and was satisfied that it was his friend who was in the room: he slunk up the stairs again, and with rather a sheepish look, he said—

"Oh, it's you, ma'am, is it?"

"Yes; but it might have been any one else for all you knew to the contrary, and in such a case your retreat would have been at once discovered."

"Why—a—I was in such a hurry; for, you see, that I was not thinking exactly about any one coming, that I bolted down the stairs, and quite forgot the door."

"Well, it don't matter. There is food for you—Eat!"

"Won't I!—Next thing to feeling that I am quite safe, and have nothing to fear, is getting plenty to eat and to drink. I hope, ma'am, you have not forgotten the drink?"

"No; I forget nothing. There is a bottle, in which you will find the ardent spirit that you love."

"What! A bottle of brandy?"

"No, but a bottle with as much brandy in it as I think will be at all beneficial for you to take, or for me to give you."

"Oh!"

"You may express what disappointment you like; but, now, I have to inform you that no sort of suspicion is directed towards you, and you may leave this place in perfect safety. No one suspects you: I have managed that."

"That's good news; but are you quite sure?"

"So sure, that not only will you escape suspicion, but you will see how it has fallen upon the head of another, and how it will there remain to the destruction of that other."

"Good again!"

"I speak to you very freely; but I never make half confidences. They are too dangerous. The moment the evening comes, so that there is sufficient darkness for you to leave this place without the risk of observation, you will leave it, and where you were before you can go to again."

"I was with the gips."

"Well, go again to them; and if you are discreet and careful, no one will, or can, suspect you."

"But—but, ma'am, I am to have some money, and all that sort of thing; you know, I don't much admire roughing it with the gips in such a way, hardly."

"You shall have money beyond all your most

guine hopes. You and I must meet to-night again, and then I will explain all to you, and you will fully and clearly understand what you will have to do to save yourself entirely from the chance of suspicion regarding his death."

"Migsley's?"

"Did I not tell you—order you not to pronounce that name?"

"Oh, ah! you did; but I forgot at the moment."

"You have no regard for what my feelings may be?"

"Why, to tell the truth—ha! ha!—my own feelings are more to me than any one's elses. I always look at home first. I don't care much, as long as I am safe and comfortable, about other folks' feelings, not I."

"I do not think you do," said Cousin Cecil, with a strange and mournful voice—"I do not think you do. But if you are so greatly selfish, I do not see that there is any occasion for you to make a boast and a parade of it. Listen to me."

"Well, I am listening."

"To-night, at twelve o'clock, you will come here as quietly and as secretly as you can. You will find me in the greenhouse; and from there we will come to this room, and I will explain to you fully and clearly how the whole affair of the accusation of another person of the murder is to be managed, and what you are to do in such a case."

"I will come, madam; you may depend upon me. I don't care who suffers so long as I escape. Number one is my motto!"

"I think it is!"

"Ha, ha! You may be quite sure it is. I always act upon it, and it's likely enough that I always shall."

"As I live I think you will."

Cousin Cecil had her hands clasped, and was looking intently at the deserter. She seemed rather to have uttered those words to herself than to him; and then in a voice which shook a little, she said—

"Do you love no one?"

"Eh?"

"I say, do you love no one? Is there no human being whom you feel attached to in all the world? Have you never seen one whom you could say a kind word to?"

"Not I."

"Alas! can this be possible? You are surely jesting. There must be some to whom you feel differently."

The deserter looked into her face, and winked as he said—

"If you mean the girls, there's nobody likes 'em better than I do."

"No, no—I speak of your affections, not your passions."

"Oh, well then—I don't know nothing about 'em."

"And yet I have heard your mother speak of you, and before she died, she said there was only one thing that she would have prayed Heaven to let her live a little longer for, and that—that was—"

"What was it?"

"That she might have the chance of one day meeting with you, and holding you to her heart, even if it were but for a moment."

"Gammon!"

"Oh, yes—there were times when she felt the yearnings of affection towards you; and if she were alive now, despite all your selfishness—all your cowardice—all your bad qualities, unadorned by a single good one, I do think that she would foolishly have loved you."

"I don't want to hear any more about it," said the deserter. "You have got a deuced quiet way of abusing a fellow when you don't seem to be about it. What if I am a coward? What, then, if I don't like brawls, and I don't like to get into any row that's disagreeable? What if I am selfish? Ain't all the world selfish?"

"How very true."

"Then don't go on abusing me; and as for the old woman, I'm deuced glad she's dead. Why, I have always been afraid she would turn up some day, and want me to give her something to save her from the workhouse, or something of that sort, and there would have been a pretty job. A likely joke that."

"But—but you do not mean to say that if you had met with her, poor, and lone, and starving, you would have turned your back upon her, do you? Oh, God! no—you do not mean to say that?"

"Yes, I do. What is she to me, I should like to

know? She couldn't be a rich lady like you, that can fill a fellow's pockets with gold. I took jolly good care never to make any inquiry about her, I can tell you, for fear I should find her out as poor as Job."

"How very prudent! I will come to you again in a few minutes—a few minutes only."

Cousin Cecil staggered from the room, and across the corridor. She reached her own apartment; and before she got half way across the floor of it to a chair, which she wished to reach, she tottered and dropped to her knees. One gasping sob came from her breast and she burst into tears.

"And this is my son!" she said. "Oh, God, and this is my own child!"

(To be continued.)

### OLD FENCES.

SINCE the days of Shakespeare, many changes have taken place in our country. There have been horticultural improvements and agricultural improvements, but still there are many rough spots. If the author of Henry V. were to revisit our country, he would still see places where "nothing teems but hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kecksies, Burs, losing both beauty and utility, and our hedges, defective in their nature, grow to wildness." The Whitethorn or Hawthorn is the plant commonly used for Thorn hedges. This plant has been described as branching out into innumerable ramifications, and, armed in all directions with strong thorns, may be so managed as, in a state of a hedge, to present a barrier impenetrable to any kind of cattle, and not without difficulty to be passed even by such disorderly persons as might wish improperly to intrude upon the rights of others. Fitted by nature to assume a close and compact texture, which it possesses most fully during the expansion of its leaves, but retains, too, in a considerable degree after these have fallen off, it is not without the advantage of breaking the force of the stormy winds, and mitigating the severity of the weather in favour of the vegetable and animal life which it is appointed to inclose. It is so hardy and patient of direction as easily to admit of being trained in the manner that may be desired; and unless there be some defect here, it will retain in that state of culture much of its native elegance and beauty. We have read much about the high and broad hedges of England, which are allowed to grow at large without let or hindrance in all the elegance and beauty of nature; but we lately met with one in Stirlingshire which would match with some of those in the south. The fence is a mixture of Thorn and Holly, and has been planted many years ago, for it is now about twenty feet high and twelve feet broad. In its younger days a stone wall and the deep bed of a brook were between it and the cart-road; but its branches in places have reached the roadside, and kept from crossing it by means of the cart-wheels bruising its extremities. In many parts of the country the hot sun of summer has drunk up the streamlets dry, but beneath the thick branches of Thorn and Holly is heard unseen the gurgling sound of water. I tried now and then to get a peep through the thick enclosure, to observe what was growing within such a high and broad fence, and could see large tufts of Rushes and healthy-looking Sedge and Horse-tail and Thistles that would have pleased Burns to look upon, for he tells us that

The rough Burr-thistle spreading wide  
Among the bearded bear;  
I turned the weeder-clips aside,  
And spared the symbol dear.

But as it is a disputed point among antiquarians what plant the Scotch Thistle is, some genuine patriots, in order to have the true one, allow all to grow. So any one, desirous of making a collection of such plants, could find some beautiful specimens without having far to travel for them. Such enormous hedges, protecting the pests of the farm, cannot be viewed in the light of an advanced state of agriculture, and they would not be permitted on a farm not far distant from them that has been let the other day within a little of four pounds per acre. —*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

A FEW days since a scorpion was found in a sawpit in Chatham Dockyard. It was taken out of a piece of Italian oak, alive, and is of the species of a blackish colour, described by naturalists as one whose sting causes odd motions of the limbs, and a laughter like that of fools.

### MIDSUMMER DAY.

A MAIDEN gazed from her garden bower,  
One fine midsummer day,  
On many a grove and many a flower,  
Where many a bird would stray.  
She scornful grew in her pride of youth,  
That bloomed as bright as they,  
Nor dreamt of reading words of truth  
On a Midsummer Day!

"I have wealth," said she; "I have store of wealth  
'Twould take a year to tell,  
I have beauty's charms, and charms of health,  
Like those of the mountain bell.  
I will live," said she, in her pride of youth,  
"Like my garden flowers so gay!"  
Nor dreamt she of reading words of truth  
In a Midsummer Day!

She slept, she slept, in her garden bower,  
In all the summer's heat,  
While many a fondly-tended flower  
Lay parching at her feet.  
She slept, she slept, till her pride of youth  
Was crushed like a thing of clay:  
To read such burning words of truth  
In a Midsummer Day!

The summer brightness all was dim—

The summer birds had fled,  
Or started to sing a requiem  
O'er favourite flowers dead.  
"I was blind," cried she, "in my pride of youth—  
I was wrong in my wilful way;  
I will live to the God who has words of truth  
In His Midsummer Day!"

June 24, 1850.

P. P.

MR. ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER, IN HIS LAST DAYS.—His features more pale and thin, his form more attenuated, and his hair almost white, told a ten years' tale of sorrow, and suffering, and age; but his voice was still loud, and his manner as flatteringly kind as ever. \* \* A fire like a furnace blazed in the chimney—a harp and piano stood in the room, and there was a one-eyed pet canary which flew about, perching on the heads of those present. The poet's only drink was an invalid's glass of French brandy. He reclined on an American rocking chair, propped with pillows. Mrs. Elliott occupied a similar one opposite; Miss Elliott played and sang some favourite tunes, introducing one or two lyrics of her father's which had been set to music. Ten was the hour of good night. Next morning, at breakfast, I was startled with observing him suddenly pause, and fix an expression of awe on me, while he solemnly exclaimed, "How like that cut-throat you look!" I found he alluded to Napoleon. We took one of his favourite walks on the common. I could not but smile at his eccentric appearance. He wore a little low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, not particular in its block, a grey tippet over a blue surcoat.—*Watson.*

LEWISTON AND QUEENSTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—This bridge, which when completed will be by many feet the longest in the world in one clear span, has recently been put under contract by the joint companies holding the charters from the New York and British Governments. Captain E. W. Serrell has been appointed the engineer to carry the project out to completion. The bridge will connect the shores of the Niagara River at Lewiston, New York, and Queenston, Canada West, and will be 1,042 feet between the points of support; the roadway will be seventy-five feet above the water, nineteen feet wide, and will be capable of sustaining a load of 800 tons. The towers of support are to be built of hydraulic masonry, surmounted with cast-iron caps, which are seventy-six feet above the roadway. The natural advantages of the locality are so great, that it is estimated to cost much less than so large a work would in almost any other place. It is proposed to have it so far completed by September that it may be opened for travellers going to the provincial fair.—*Architect.*

THE NEPAULESE PRINCES left town on Monday, July 29, for Plymouth, and took up their residence in the dockyard, in apartments which had been prepared for them by order of Government. They remained there until Thursday, and then set out for Exeter, Bristol, Gloucester, and Birmingham, on their way to Dublin.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Times* for 1950. LLOYD, Salisbury Square.

THIS is one of the most amusing brochures that has appeared for many a year. We extract the following as a slight sample of its varied contents. The following are picked quite at random from a list of advertisements:—

**RISE, GENTLE MOON.**—The Advertiser begs to inform ladies and gentlemen residing upon their little Suburban Properties, that he is willing to contract for the supply of New Moons—Half Moons—Full Moons, and Waning Moons; the whole of which are particularly pleasant, romantic, and interesting during the Honeymoon. The Advertiser engages that his Artificial Moons shall be very much superior to the real natural article, giving a much better light, and of a purer white. Any lady or gentleman wishing the moonlight to shine in at a particular window, or upon a particular spot in their gardens, can be easily accommodated. The Artificial Moons have, too, this great advantage over the real ones, that they may be made to rise in any quarter of the heavens, or over the foliage of any particular tree. For Terms, &c., apply to the New Moon Company, No. 22, Lunar Square, Finsbury.

## TESTIMONIAL.

"GENTLEMEN,—Oh, how shall I express the grateful feelings that submerge my heart as I address to you these few lines? Your New Moon answered beautifully. Alfred was rather dull, and used up. I thought that Matilda's hors that he would pop the eventual question would turn to BITTERS. We were walking in the shrubbery, when your last New Moon rose gently over the top of a Laburnum. 'Beautiful!' cried Alfred; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he added—'Will you be mine?' 'Yes,' said I.

"You are at liberty, Gentlemen, to make what use you please of this testimonial; and I am, Gentlemen, 'Your for ever grateful  
'The Honeysuckles. "MATILDA."

**EXCRUCIATING SACRIFICE.**—MESSRS. DIAPER AND CO. having resolved upon passing the next two years in a Penitentiary for Fraudulent Debtors, are, therefore, enabled to SELL OFF their ENORMOUS STOCK at an EXCRUCIATING AND HARROWING SACRIFICE. Messrs. D. and Co. assure the public that they left off the system of paying anybody last spring, and they, therefore, can part with this season's stock at a SOUL-SHAKING PRICE. Elastic Harlequins' suits for young Ladies going to school, all at a fivepenny. 200,000 Chemisettes, all at a demi-semi-groat; 50,000 fine Inexpressibles for young Ladies descending in portable Parachutes, all at half a Britannia, worth two Victorias each.

Copy the Address. Doors open at 9 precisely. This most unprecedented sale will take place at No. 4, Novelty Row, commencing on Monday next. Our Motto is Quick returns, and bolt with the proceeds

## THE PEACE OF FAMILIES' ASSURANCE

THE OFFICE continues to grant policies covering the following risks:—To Gentlemen, in case they should, BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 10 AND 15 O'CLOCK, FALL IN LOVE, AND THE AFFAIR SHOULD END ULTIMATELY IN THE CATASTROPHE OF MATRIMONY. To young Ladies who, after promising a Beau to be faithful and true, should, between the hours of 11 and 24, SEE ANOTHER THAT THEY LIKE BETTER, AND THE AFFAIR SHOULD END IN THE HINDER PORTION OF THE ASSURER'S ANATOMY COMING TO THE GROUND BETWEEN TWO STOOLS or BEAUS. To Widows, in case, within three years of their lonely state, they should not succeed in firmly hooking and catching some FLAT FISH. To tender parents, in the event of a large family surviving the MEASLES, HOOPING-COUGH, and other infantile disorders. There are other contingencies connected with the domestic affairs of society, which the Tables of the Company provide against, but which are too numerous to insert in this Advertisement. The public is respectfully referred to the Prospectuses of the Company, which may be obtained upon application.—N.B. Every Policy is quite indefeasible, except the Company should think proper to go to law and dispute it.

**TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.**—When you decide upon that awful step, buy your Honeymoon at HYMEN and Co's Warehouse, in Finsbury, and you will find it last two months at the least, and burn clearly out to the last.

**PORT WINE FROM THE WOOD AND IN BOTTLE.**—Important and interesting discovery. The Patentees and Sole Proprietors of the Royal Patent Port Wine Distributor beg to give notice that they are now prepared to treat with the Trade regarding the Granting of Licences to work the invention. It is sufficient to state, that by the new process a Genuine Bottle of Port Wine, or One Pint and a half from the Wood, may be speedily converted into one dozen of "that very curious Old Port recommended to Connoisseurs." Cobwebs, cellar-damp and fungi, blue-mould, &c., supplied upon the most reasonable terms, to stick on Bottles. Address, Sloe, Juice, Log, Wood, and Co., Lisbon and Minorities Port Wine Co., London.

The Court Circular is inimitably ludicrous.

## COURT CIRCULAR.

According to our recent practice, we present the Court Circular in verse to our readers.

Her Majesty this morning had  
A breakfast early laid,  
And then she took a gracious walk  
In Osborne's princely shade.

The Royal Children in the night  
Must have rather musty grown;  
For they took an early "airing" in  
Those gardens all their own.

The Gallant Prince at ten o'clock,  
Who came here for our goods,  
Went out with dog, and horse, and groom,  
A shooting in the woods:

But lest the lovely Royal Rose  
Should fancy some tulips,  
A De-tee-tive he went with him,  
By name the Colonel Fipps.

At half-past twelve Her Majesty,  
The truth it must be told,  
She gave a royal sneeze, which makes  
Us think she'd caught a cold.

Lady Russell came at noon,  
The luncheon it was laid;  
And to the royal table then  
Addition there was made.

Colonel Fipps, and Mrs. Fipps,  
And Mrs. Fipps' cousin,  
And all the Fippes far and near,  
In number some two dozen.

Colonel Danson and his aunt,  
His sisters and his brothers,  
Besides some forty Dansons more,  
And just a few of others.

The royal yacht was in the roads,  
The winds they tempered down,  
And so the Royal Family  
Came featly up to town.

And here the courtly muse is sad,  
And really fit to cry—  
The Princess Royal on the route  
Got something in her eye.

It might have been a little gnat,  
Or vagrant little fly;  
Oh, shame that such should ever get  
Into a royal eye!

The Prince of Wales, that darling boy,  
With wit and courage stout,  
Held fast his sister by the ears,  
And—fuff! blew the insect out.

Arrived in town, Her Majesty  
A gracious audience gave:  
To the Earl of Dunderhead, and to  
Great General Strong so brave.

The royal dinner laid at six  
Without the least omission,  
Was only ate by royal mouths,  
There being "no addition."

By half past ten (old style) at night,  
The truth it shall be said,  
Her Majesty she smiled "Good night!"  
And then she went to bed.

The following rich morceau is a hit at the prevailing folly of the day:—

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At a recent meeting of the Archaeological Society, Mr. Broach Smithkin

exhibited a curious machine, which had been found in excavating for the new Calorific Company's works in the neighbourhood of old Islington. The machine consisted of two flat pieces of wood joined together by convoluted leather, and having two handles at one end, and a spout of some unknown metal at the other. In one of the flat pieces of wood there is a round hole, and just within it a valve of leather. When the pieces of wood are separated, and then compressed, a rush of air takes place through the spout. The implement had completely baffled antiquarians and archæologists to know what it could have been intended for. Mr. T. Wight thought it was an instrument of torture, and referred to a curious old MS. in which the expression "I'm blowed" occurred twice, which he (Mr. Wight) thought might have some reference to the uses of the instrument. Other members of the society spoke upon the subject; but nothing decisive was elucidated. It is a matter of the most curious nature, and well deserves attentive research.

One more extract and we have done. It describes a judgment by the Judges sitting in Banco, and is a rich piece of legal mystification.

## EXCHEQUER OF PLEAS.

(Sittings in Banco).

DIGGLES ON THE DEMISE OF WRIGGLES.—WRIGGLES ON THE DEMISE OF DIGGLES.

THIS was an action of Ejectment, Mr. Serjeant Grouse being for the Plaintiff. A clearer case of venire de novo could not be. If a tenant holding adverse possession concedes a reserved right to a remainder man it clearly follows Com. Dig. 1. that a right of ouster lies in an indefinite party, but if a mortgagee complicates a mortgage with conditions contra mores bones, the ejector would find himself seized in fief, and probably the fee would pass to the lord, provided a manorial right could be proved to exist a priori and contra to a foreclosure affected by a committal which follows the rule in *Ditches v. Greenfat*; but it is evident that in this case all that has been hitherto remarked and cited has nothing to do with it. Bruffam 2. and if the plaintiffs take anything it must clearly not exceed what they can get. Arch. 3-D and the following Caps.

Russel, Q.C.—Diggles takes a contingent reversion, and the great-aunt of Wriggles was evidently a tenant in tail. If a term outstanding is unsatisfied, the court will take time to consider. If a trustee walks out, it is prima facie, a locomotive proceeding. But if a minor bolts a door, there is no occasion for a next friend to trouble himself about latches. Chitty 2.

Smothers, C.J.—There was nothing in this case to take it out of common rules. Diggles might hold the fee, and yet Wriggles commit an act of motion troublesome to a devisee and highly calculated to aggravate a testator. The case in Bruffam is not applicable, and, in a general way, I see there is not much objection, for so I have it on my notes to a widow marrying again. A mortgagor may suffer, and a mortgagee may suffer; but if they will not plead, what can the court do? Judgment must go accordingly.

Ralford, J.—The case bore the same aspect to his apprehensions. It was clearly defined that mortgagors, when once ousted by tenants in possession, might get in again if they could; but as a strict rule, in fact, were not amenable at law, although there being an infant in this case, that rule was equally inapplicable, as the general statement of his brother, Smothers, regarding widows; therefore, in the practice as laid down in *Showers and Blazes*, concerning the case *Boldridge*, I entirely concur.

Who would be without such a Broad Sheet, containing, as it does, materials for thought and for visibility that cannot fade?

## TREMENDOUS STORM OVER PARIS.

"A DELUGE of rain, accompanied by a thunder-storm, and most vivid flashes of lightning, fell on Tuesday, August 6, to an extent scarcely remembered by that most unquestionable of all known authorities, 'the oldest inhabitant of Paris.' The day before Tuesday the heat was intense throughout. About ten o'clock at night the sky became covered with clouds of the blackest hue, and flashes of sheet lightning lighted up the horizon nearly the

whole of the sultry night. Towards daybreak a soft light mist began to fall. About six o'clock a mass of clouds piled heavily and darkly, and charged with the torrents and the thunder, hung like a dark canopy over the city. About eight o'clock the rain fell like a deluge. The growling of distant thunder was heard. The storm, however, passed off, but only to return with tenfold violence, and about half-past one o'clock the rain and thunder became awful. The heavens were completely obscured, even as dark as a foggy evening in London in the month of November, and in some houses candles were lit.

"The *luminometre* in the establishment of an optician in the Palais Royal showed the cloud that shut out the sun and heaven from the inhabitants of Paris to be at least seven and a half miles in thickness. From that hour until nearly seven o'clock in the evening the rain came down in torrents, though the thunder was neither loud nor frequent. It continued, though with much less intensity, during the greater part of the night. Some persons assert that they even felt a slight shock of an earthquake, though I suspect this to be exaggeration. In every place the passage of carriages was completely stopped. In the streets Notre Dame de Lorette, Martyrs, St. Jacques, and many others, the horses were in water to the chest; and the newly macadamised Boulevards presented the cheerless appearance of a long marsh with alternate water and mud. A regular lake was formed in less than half an hour at the junction of the streets Cadran, Mongerueil, and Marie Stuart. It extended for more than six hundred feet, and it was with difficulty that carriages and carts could traverse the current. The ground-floors of the houses were of course inundated. The square of the Hotel de Ville was a lake. The cellars of many houses were invaded by an element which is not the one that ought to be plentiful there, and bottles of Château Margaux, Champagne, Chambertin, and Clos Vougeot, worthy of a better fate, were floating by thousands, and (*horresco referens*) dashed to pieces. Thousands upon thousands of black rats, frightened by the invading element, were driven from their foul retreats into the open air, and with the courage of despair, took shelter in the upper habitations. The whole of the works of the Boulevard St. Martin were inundated, as also those of the Pont Neuf. Paris was covered over with darkness, and inundated three times during the day. It was when the second cloud—thick, black, and awful—hung over the city that the oscillations as if of an earthquake were felt. About two o'clock the lightning fell in the Gros-Cailillon, but I have not heard of any more serious accident than those mentioned occurring. The following is another account of the storm from *Galignani's* paper:—

"The rain fell in Paris, yesterday, to an extent rarely witnessed. Many of the streets were so covered with water that for nearly an hour passage was impossible. In some places the water was four feet deep. There was a thunderstorm, but it was neither violent nor of long duration. We were witnesses, in the rue du Faubourg Montmartre, of a perfect deluge. Two formidable cataracts flowed down from the rue Cadet and the rue des Martyrs. The shopkeepers had placed planks to a great height to prevent the water from entering their shops, but it washed over them. The horses were up to their chests, and the carriages could not move. One person threw off his coat, and swam along the street amidst the applause and laughter of the bystanders. His example was, however, followed by others, and, at one time, upwards of twenty persons were enjoying a swim. The rue Richer presented the appearance of a rapid and muddy torrent, in the midst of which were seen floating a number of casks, which had been washed off a waggon, followed by men stripped to their middle. The horses in the carriages were up to their shoulders. The omnibuses, which persisted in endeavouring to pass through, were filled with water. All the shops and cellars were inundated. Similar scenes took place in the Rues de Provence, de la Victoire, and the Chaussée d'Antin. In some of the shops in the latter street the water was a foot deep. Coaches plied on the Boulevard Montmartre to carry over persons for one sou."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests, on Monday, July 29, delivered over to the executive committee the ground to be appropriated to the building, and Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors, immediately commenced their labours,

#### A VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT.

As Midsummer-day has passed, and with it the agreeable feeling that Mr. Jones, my landlord, is on the look out for a little quarterly remittance which he levies, and which the vulgar call rent, I can't help thinking with gratification of some splendid estates, and houses, and palaces, which I possess, and for which I have not a shilling to pay. I have some very magnificent pictures—a Titian which is almost too hot to look at in this weather; a Sebastian del Piombo, which I esteem to be one of the very greatest pictures in the whole world; a Velasquez, most sumptuous, and which I can't help thinking beautiful, whatever Mr. Coningham and Mr. Moore may say, and although it has been flayed alive by Mr. Eastlake; a Rubens landscape, and some charming Hogarths, which, though they are hung in a not very satisfactory gallery, are yet worth looking at where they hang. I have an exceedingly fine library in Bloomsbury, under the care of a most respectable gentleman, by the name of Panizzi, who has been for some time preparing a catalogue for me, and who, with a score of the kindest and most civil attendants in the world, will get me any book I want, and spare me the trouble of putting it back in its place, as I must do with my little wretched set of books. I have in the same building, in Russell Square, a collection of Greek and Ionian marbles, which gives me the greatest delight and pleasure; some wonderful Nineveh sculptures, with arrow-headed inscriptions, which I shall be very glad to show my friends; some Egyptian antiquities and mummies, and stuffed birds, and fossils, and mouldy old camelopards, and rhinoceroses, stuffed with straw, which anybody may admire who likes, as I confess I don't. I have this vast and magnificent collection of books, manuscripts, prints, medals, marbles, and mouldy camelopards, with a couple of hundred gentlemen to take care of them and me, and not a shilling to pay; and I own that, for all these benefits, I am exceedingly grateful to a grateful country.

Out of town, I have some as delightful parks and gardens as ever were seen, and where I shall be most happy to welcome the reader. At Kew, I'll show him such a marvellous collection of the flowers of the field and the trees of the forest, as Solomon, in all his glory, certainly never could have mustered, much less equalled. I will sit with him under a spreading palm-tree, as if he were an Arab Sheikh, or under a banyan-tree, as if he were a Bramin; and in admiring the marvellous varieties and beauties of the creations of Providence all bountiful, I think we can feel as much exquisite delight and interest, as much reverence, and awful and tender gratitude and wonder for the wondrous maker of all these beautiful things, as much charity and love for our brethren round about, with whom we share these kindly emotions in common, as we could get by hearing the very best sermon that ever was preached by the very best Bishop out of Oxford, or any other University or See.

Again, after church on a Sunday, a favourite walk of mine is in a park I have at Richmond, in Surrey, near the Star and Garter Hotel, where of late I keep to the gravel walks chiefly, having given up the main three thousand acres of cover, green, gorse, &c., to the Ranger, who keeps his pheasants there. He may be a most charitable, and good-natured, and hospitable gentleman; but then there are so many other people besides pheasants who would like to have their pleasure.

My favourite house and garden of all, however, is one which I possess upon the banks of the Thames, about twelve miles from town, very nearly opposite the Swan at Ditton. I run down thither on a Sunday by the railroad—I did so last Sunday after church: I walk about in my gardens; I look at my fountains; I ramble under my magnificent avenues of chestnuts, or take a basket of cold prog there with my wife and children: I feed the gold fish in my basins; I look at the swans floating on the river under my wall; or I go with my pretty young friend, Miss Smith, into the queerest little shrubbery or maze which my gardeners have constructed there, and in which we always lose ourselves, and seem as if we never should come out again, which makes my poor dear wife absurdly jealous and impatient.

This place has some rather fine old buildings upon it; and, indeed, seems to me far pleasanter and handsomer than Versailles, or Sans Souci, or the Escorial, or the Summer Palace at Czarko-Zeloe; or the Emperor of China's palace at Quang-Ching-choo; or indeed than any royal residence that I have seen, except, of course, Her Majesty's at

Windsor. There is a cheerfulness about my old house and grounds which I don't know elsewhere. Lord! how wondrous was the variety of the green! how rich the chestnut avenues! how magnificent the rhododendrons looked last Sunday! And Miss Smith, who joined our party in her grey dress and white shawl and bonnet, how pretty she looked! Didn't she? My wife of course says No.

This place has been in my family some time, though we've been kept out of it by the lawyers and Government folks. The first house that was built here was by the son of an Ipswich butcher, one Thomas Leggat or Redhart, who fitted it up in a style regardless of expense, and assumed the most preposterous airs and state whilst living here. Leggat was caught out in some disreputable practices by a person named King, in whose employ he was (and who himself was a notorious old robber, and a perfect Bluebeard in his treatment of the ladies), and he gave up to King the house and furniture, in hopes of getting back the latter's favour. But his master kicked him out, but never pardoned him, or disgorged any of his booty; indeed, the old rogue was so unscrupulous, that he would rob a church if there were anything in it worth stealing; and the laws in those times were so badly administered that nobody could prevent him.

The place so gotten remained in King's family for the next generation, when death put an end to them. He had a son, Ned King, who died early; and a couple of daughters, Molly and Bess, of whom they called one Bloody and the other Good; though, for the matter of that, the one was not Better nor the other much more Bloody than her neighbours. It was in the good old Catholic times, when to roast or murder a fellow who did not believe with you, was a common practice on both sides; and, indeed, much may be said in favour of persecution, and roasting was considered to be not only merciful, but a good example.

Some Scotch people, by the name of Stuart, came into the property on the demise of the folks who had it immediately from Tom Leggat; and one of them, a double-faced fellow and shuffler, but a gentleman somehow, who lost his head in the wars before the Commonwealth, was taken out of this very house to London, where he was destroyed; and a Huntingdonshire man, one Grains, a brewer, who was a Member of Parliament, and a soldier of great ability, got the property, and kept it till his death. Grains' name is much loved in Ireland, especially at Drogheda, because doubtless they made ale there in opposition to his.

Grains died—the Scotch people came back: but the males of the family were quickly kicked out of the premises again, and a daughter, a Miss Stuart, who married a little Dutchman, had the place—and from these it passed through various hands, until it became my property—my property and yours, my dear Sir or Madam—my property and my wife's, who sat sulking outside the labyrinth while Miss Smith, another owner, was taking a walk in it, as she had a perfect right to do—every Londoner's—every Englishman's property—every Englishman who has legs to carry him, a carriage in which to drive, a horse to ride, an eighteen-pence to pay for the railroad-ticket—a place on a bus, whereof the drivers are both quick and civil—a seat in a van with twenty jolly companions and a barrel of beer in the middle—a cart "as holds two," with a spirited Jerusalem pony to pull it. This delightful palace, these magnificent gardens, these fair walks, and sparkling fountains, and noble avenues—these superb pictures, these classic Raphaels, these dark Titians, and languishing Lelys—these wonderful old beds, in which one wonders how people could have dared to sleep, and which you would fancy that a night-mare itself would almost be afraid to get into; these quaint old furnitures, china vases, mirrors, trophies of match-locks, and suits of armour, surrounded with a "halo of ramrods," (the expression out of the guide-book is delicious), that darling little palace of the Nawaub of Moorsheadabad—with the little palanginuis, sepoys, elephants, and barouches waiting outside—all of these are yours and mine in our dear old palace of Hampton Court.

And if the Puritans who have shut up the Sunday Post-office lay their stupid hands upon the Sunday railroad engines, or try to stop them, as try they will—I hope that you, brother, and I, who value our Sabbath holiday for the sake of health and children, and honest recreation, and peaceful enjoyment and calm pleasure; who value it as part of every toiling man's happiness, of his right, of his charity, of his freedom—I say, if you and I are

stokers, and *Mawworm* is under the wheel, we'll drive it over him as if he were *Mr. Carver*.

For is not the time coming? Barefooted friars, blackgowned Oratorians, five-and-twenty Pimlico parsons, in surplices, preceded by Saint and abacus, march about London streets, and are received with good humour. Are these the only honest men in the world? Are these to sing and twang, and chant and cant, and we to shut our mouths? Up with your too-roo-roo, and crow them a defiance.—*Punch*.

### THE CALABAR CHIEFS.

WHENEVER the chief of the old Calabar intends to marry, as the union is called here, or supposed to be dying, he selects such of his women as have been most pleasing to him during the period of life he has passed, either to be fattened for a bride, or otherwise to accompany him through the medium of the grave to his avocation in the next world, whatever that might be; but according to the learned of Calabar, a thin wife in those unknown regions is held on such occasions to bring discredit upon the mode of life followed by the chief who is now to become a member of their society; if he walked in with seven lank wives, he would be looked upon as a niggardly wretch, quite unworthy of the high station he had filled in the annals of the Calabar rulers, to avoid which, and purely in deference to the opinions of his new companions, a certain number of wives are put up to fat, and very much after the manner in which turkeys are fattened in England; neither the wife nor the turkey has anything whatever to say in the matter, both are 'cramped' long after all disposition to swallow has subsided, and, curiously enough, the system seems to answer equally well in either instance.

Upon the present occasion seven young and well-conditioned wives were shut up in separate small apartments, every comfort and luxury which the attendants could provide and their minds suggest, were lavishly supplied in order to induce inactivity and flesh; towards the advance of the former nature had done much, and under a still and stuffing process the negress rapidly acquires a vast addition to her original charms, and those lines which the European deems graceful and fascinating are in the Calabar utterly exterminated in the wife upon whom a preparation for eternity has been inflicted, to arrive at a fit state for which she should as near as may be in every respect resemble the consistency of sweetbread. There is not much difficulty about the wives, for they are from infancy brought up to consider themselves altogether at the disposal of the men, and never dream of opposing themselves to their views, whatever those may be; so seven were selected for their comeliness and youth, (the duke [a chief called Duke Ephraim] himself being something upwards of seventy,) and, as has been said, shut up for fattening.

"The fears of the duke became more and more apparent, he repeatedly and anxiously inquired into the condition of his seven wives, and was much relieved by being assured of their progress towards the sweetbread climax, an intimation, indeed, which uniformly procured the duke some tranquil sleep. In the meantime the ministers of the duke's government felt every day their tenure of life weaker and weaker; it was with horror they observed the legs of their master swelling, and a flabby loaded skin hanging over, rather attaching to his person; at length the appetite began to fail, the fried fish, monkey hotch-potch, and herring flavoured couscous ceased to attract him, and a palm oil ship having arrived, the person called the surgeon was requested to attend the duke.

In vain.

At length the voice of wailing was heard within the precincts of the duke's mud-walled palace, and the tom-tom's incessant monotonous note varied the wild shrieks of despair with which the demise of a duke of Calabar is always accompanied by those of his household. Duke Ephraim was no more! and preparations were in progress for his interment. During the time, however, that the corpse is above ground, the residence of the deceased is filled with people who came ostensibly to bewail the loss, and accordingly shriek, howl, sing, and leap, to express their intensity of grief, or to evince their respect for the departed in a public sense,—this is ostensibly the cause of the attendance, but the real object in view is to prevent the escape of those who are constitutionally to be sacrificed; a collateral object originates in the degree of civilisation to which trade has elevated them,—this is, a desire to appro-

priate whatever they can of the loose effects of the defunct, and to feast ruthlessly upon what is rudely laid out for the occasion, until overcome by the effect of band brandy, porter, and palm wine.

After a time, when every thing is prepared for the burial of the departed chief, those to whom were intrusted the conduct of public affairs are led out to be sacrificed; the burial and execution are attended by anything rather than the emblems of mourning, and it is often the case that he is laid beneath the floor of his own residence; this gives but little trouble, as the ground is neither covered with brick, stone, wood, or anything else; it is the soil itself which forms the floor of an African native residence; there is also a feeling very much in favour of this method of disposing of the mortal remains of the dukes of Calabar. With reference to the ministers who are happy enough to be selected as his attendants in the next world, they are, after having been sacrificed, deposited in some convenient spot, from whence they may, without much trouble, resume their offices about the ghost of their late master. The method of depriving these officials of life is varied; generally from two to four are thought a sufficient staff to accompany the duke under his change of circumstances.

With respect to the wives, who, however, are kept till they have arrived at a condition far surpassing the show cattle of royalty, and others, in England, they are generally permitted to leave the world without violence being done to the beauty of their persons, and the most popular method is swallowing poison, a decoction of which is made from the fruit of a tree found in profusion in this locality. After having taken a basin of it, the happy bride sinks into a lethargic state, apparently suffers no pain, and to all appearance she withdraws unconsciously into the grave, to meet again the chief of her heart, who is now supposed to have undergone a perfect restoration to youth and vigour. The women are utterly passive during this preparatory stage, nor do they appear to dread the day when they shall be declared fat enough to be sent to the embrace of their chief, from whom they have been for a time separated. None have been known to refuse food for the purpose of deferring their immolation; on the contrary, they have, while fattening, uniformly maintained a cheerful manner and fearless view of their certain fate.

In the Cameroons, a different feeling prevails with reference to the attendants required by the chief in his grave: neither wives are fattened, nor are ministers of state held ready, for sacrifice. The chief is supposed to have been sufficiently occupied with these during his life, but, as if he had not been so with slaves, an indefinite number of them are murdered, every one of whom are supposed to congregate about the shade of the chief who has departed.

As soon as the death has taken place, a certain number of strong stakes are driven in a line, far and firmly into the ground, one for each slave to be sacrificed; at a distance to form an acute angle, from the highest end of the stake, a crook, formed from the fork of a tree, is also firmly driven into the ground; these preparations being complete, (for the chief is all this time thought to be angrily waiting for his slaves, though nothing could be done before his death had taken place, because his demise must not be thought of all probable at any time,) from one hundred slaves to any number that the popularity of the chief may have suggested, or the slave ships have left, are brought out, they are fastened to the stakes, the body and arms being bound to them tightly with rope; a noose is then formed of another rope, which is placed round the upper part of the head of the unfortunate victim, the other end being rove in the crook, which is then strained down with all the strength of two or three men, appointed to perform this horrid duty, by which means the sinews of the back of the neck are exposed and rendered rigid; when this is completed, which if the sacrifice is large occupies some time, the first wretched creature, during the interval, suffering pain that makes ultimate death a relief to him, an inhuman savage comes forward with an axe, broad and heavy, with a short handle, and commencing with the first slave, strikes him a violent blow across the back of the neck, never failing to separate the sinews and vertebrae; sometimes the head falls off altogether, at other times it hangs down upon the chest; the executioner, regardless of the blood which spouts over him in passing, goes on in his execrable avocation, until the whole line of slaves has suffered, at which time the defunct chief is supposed to be fully appeased, and the removal of

the bodies to the river side takes place, where, being thrown into the water, the sharks perform the remaining rites.

In the face of these practices, there are still persons who ardently state, that trade will, and has effected a bias towards civilization upon the western coast of Africa; that it has effected an amelioration in savage life elsewhere, and is still effecting it, every one knows; but, upon this part of Africa, nothing has been gained upon the habits of the natives: they are now almost in the same state of barbarism as they were when first discovered; even in some parts it is now dangerous to trade, such for instance is the coast immediately after having rounded Cape Palmas, and for some two hundred miles eastward—here, the natives have shown an extremely savage disposition, and have even succeeded in plundering some small trading vessels, the masters of which have incautiously allowed too great a number of them to come on board at the same time. Nothing seems to awe these natives so much as the presence of a large dog, to the exhibition of which animal the safety of more than one vessel trading here may be attributed. They have a horror of such a creature, and unless it is chained up, they will often not venture on board, anxious as they may be to obtain European merchandise in exchange for their gold dust and ivory, or palm oil, as it may be.—*American Expedition*.

### FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—On Tuesday, the 16th ult., the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, which, for the last twenty-seven years, has been one of the most prominent exhibitions of the Metropolis, was sold by auction at the mart. There were included in the lot, the two pictures now on view, viz.:—"The Castle of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine," and the "Shrine of the Nativity, at Bethlehem," with all the machinery connected with the exhibition, and the fourteen pictures which have been exhibited in former years, among which were "Paris," "Mount Etna, with an Eruption," "Interior of Rheims Cathedral," "Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris," "Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome," &c., all severally rolled on large cylinders. Above ten thousand pounds had been expended in the erection of the building, which contained an extensive saloon or gallery, the exhibition-room, &c. After some competition, it was knocked down for three thousand pounds.

SMITHFIELD MARKET.—Sir George Grey announced on Friday, the 9th inst. in the House of Commons, that it is not the intention of Government to introduce any measure this season in regard to Smithfield-market. It appears, however, that the Corporation are taking steps to prepare themselves for any further movements on behalf of the Government.—Mr. H. L. Taylor, the Chairman of the Markets Improvement Committee, accompanied by Mr. Bunning, the city architect, left town last week for Paris, for the purpose of inspecting the markets and abattoirs there, and obtaining the fullest information possible upon the general subject of the Continental markets.

SPANISH SUGAR.—On the southern coast of Spain, in a region limited by Almeria on the east and Malaga on the west, bounded on the north by mountain ranges and on the south by the Mediterranean, is a tract of land which, so far as its climate and productions are concerned, may be aptly denominated tropical. In it the date, palm, indigo, cotton, and sugar-cane flourish with vigour, yielding products equal both in quantity and quality to those of the tropics themselves. The sugar-cane, first introduced by the Arab conquerors, is not only consumed in large quantities as a dessert, but also gives rise to a considerable manufacture of raw and refined sugar, a circumstance which beyond Spain itself seems to be very little known.

DIET AND THE POOR.—Dr. Playfair has been engaged for some time in an examination of the dietaries adopted in the union houses, schools, and other great establishments in this country:—the object of the inquiry being the determination of the most nutritious diet. The result of this inquiry has proved that no system of any value has been adopted by any of the boards controlling our national schools and charities; and hence the high importance is shown of some accurate examination—such as that brought forward by Dr. Playfair—of the value, chemically and physiologically, of the dietaries adopted.

# LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY

AUGUST.

Now is the time—

"When Summer's universal blush  
Spreads o'er the scene; when the broad woods expand  
In screen umbrageous, and bank and bush  
Are hung with rosette wreaths, by zephyr fanned;  
When panting heat lists to the cooling gush  
Of gelid springs, or marks the sportive band  
Of skimming swallows o'er the gray lake rush;  
When sunny fruitage woos each gathering hand,  
And all mature the year; O let the flush  
Of raptured joy be mine, nor aught its transports hush."

And the season of tree, and fruit, and flower, sunshine and soft air, that give delight and hurt not, have reached the full blaze of their mature beauties, and are majestically in possession of the green earth.

Now is the time when all that was fickle or uncertain in the preceding month of "glorious Summer," has become staid and steady; and in the full maturity of its existence, the Summer is with us and about us, without the shadow of a doubt. The heyday in the blood of the young season has grown tame, and it no longer flirts with rattling showers and cool breezes to the discomfiture of its chaplet of sweet and delicate blossoms. Soft summer now waits upon the judgment; and August, matronly and gentle, full-grown and stately, is a month in which we may, indeed look for the completion of the full promises of the time that has gone by.

If, for many a week, the young season, like a laughing child, has been with us, for one moment strewing our path with sweet flowers, and concentrating upon us the sharp darts from the mid-day sun, at another it has flown away, and left us in the blighting shadow of some huge cloud, which has stepped between the bright day and the green earth, in envy of the store of sweets that the prolific life-giving season was pouring out into the meadows. The summer is fairly with us, and doing its work right readily; and in the rich glow of its beauty tree, lake, meadow, stream, garden, and waving field of ripening corn, alike bask in sleepy indolence.

Now in the country—far away from smoke and the vapour of the million nuisances of the giant city, Autumn is putting on her russet mantle, and over the face of the land the bright grass is fading, gently, to a richer tint. The after-grass is short and crisp, and looks as if it, too, had determined with the world, in the philosophy of the old adage, to make hay while the sun shines, for even as it lifts its head to the sunbeams, it fades and crackles to a tawny yellow.

Now the mountain-ash scatters to the light air its caskets of scarlet jewels, and the trim jessamine is liberal of its little pale budlets, while the serene-looking passion-flower spreads its disc to the sun, and looks as passionless as may be. The gorgeous sun-flower expands its choicest blossoms, and stares the sun in the face, as though it thought itself all but an equal blaze in the snug corner where it hides the faded wall, or gives a bright colour to the old barn side.

And now the swallow takes council with its kindred, and they call to recollection that in but a little time the cold hand of winter will be laid upon the beauties and the joys of our northern clime, and that far away, over the blue sea, there are other lands, where, if there are not as warm hearts and as happy homesteads as in merry England, there are warm suns and shady groves; and so, off and away at the first shiver of a cold wind that shall

visit their dainty pinions. Now the young goldfinch plumes himself in the sun-beams, and essays his—

"Native wood-notes wild"

before the silver spray is off the young grass in the first flush of early morn. The lapwing skims the waving corn, and the linnet, lowly, in some impervious bush, pipes its gentle lay. Now the more gorgeous of the butterfly tribe emerge from many a shady nook, and live their brief life of fluttering, mad delight. The wasp grows bold and full of luscious tastes, revelling in the rich sweets of ambrosial fruit, and at eve, the glow-worm lights up its lambent flames, while the lady-bird expands its gauzy wings from beneath its scarlet coat of mail, and takes devious flights from flower to flower.

And now the waving corn, day by day—ay, almost hour by hour—grows more golden to the sight, and the husbandman knows that his harvest is coming. The broad, full-faced moon, upon some gentle eve, when all is hushed, save the low timorous, note of some forest bird, rises like a yellow cloud full of fire, and rests upon the margin of the glowing sky, that with a mild, reflected light, cradles it as in a bed of glory.

And now in London, hotter and hotter grows the thin air, and the nights are but lapses of cloudy sultriness, while the day glows like a furnace, and away, in troops, fly all who can, and enjoy the luxury of a migration to cooler spots, where the sharp evening breeze from the booming ocean will waft health to their frames. But yet, with a small amount of far-sightedness, any one may see that the glory of the Summer is on the wane, and that, in a few fleeting weeks more, the cool breezes of a changeful Autumn, like the querulous breathings of old age, will be over the face of the land.

Now, the drapers begin to get fidgetty about Summer stocks, and to hint upon what agreeable terms they would gladly get rid of the same. The note of preparation is sounding in the Winter Theatres, and some dramatist, who likes to take old time by the forelock, may be even now dreaming of his Christmas Pantomime. Young ladies begin to wonder what sort of a Winter Season we shall have, and young gentlemen have slight visions now and then of well-lighted rooms, and cosy fires; and now and then there will creep, towards evening, a cloud over the blue sky, and for a short time the keen wind will whistle down our thoroughfares, just giving us a passing call to say that they are ready to drop in when time and opportunity shall serve, and blow us about as usual; and soon—very soon—we must shake hands with the Summer of 1850.

"All fair things soonest fade, and fleeting from us  
All too soon, leave lamentation in their place, and keen regret  
Of opportunity to love and cherish the me tipast."

## DEAD LETTERS.

EACH postmaster in the United Kingdom is required to send up to London every Monday, enclosed and addressed to "the Inspector of Dead Letters," his dead letters and newspapers, of which he forwards a monthly account, which is settled quarterly. The London inland carriers transmit their dead letters and accounts twice a week; the London district carriers daily.

The Dead-Letter Office in London is composed of six rooms—besides the chamber of death, exclusively occupied by the president—whose clerks, thirty-two in number, are employed for six hours a day in opening dead letters: 1. From the London district. 2. From all parts of the United Kingdom, excepting the London district. 3. From transmarine countries. 4. Packets and letters apparently containing property. In this room one clerk is also exclusively occupied in opening letters unpaid or unstamped.

Formerly very few dead letters were returned from America to this country; but by a treaty with the United States, which came into operation on the 6th of March, 1849, the Americans being now debited with the postage of the charged letters, there have been lately transmitted to London from the United States, by one return 24,000, and by the following return 25,000, paid and unpaid letters, which could not be delivered to the persons to whom they had been addressed.

The Dead-Letter Office in London is evidently one of high trust and honour, and, in accordance with the principles by which it should be governed, it is a rule in this department never to open a letter if it can possibly be returned to the writer without doing so. The seals of chartered companies and of noblemen are usually sufficient to effect this object; and if the public, especially men of business, would inscribe upon their seals their addresses, instead of their crests or coats of arms, they would, in any of the cases we have mentioned, including that of sending money in undirected envelopes, enable the inspector of the dead-letter office to return them their packets, &c., unopened.

On the receipt of country dead letters, the first duty of the department in London is to determine whether the rural postmaster has made every possible effort to find "the party"—his reasons for not having done so being written by him on the back of the letter. This investigation having been made in vain, as soon as, in the six rooms we have mentioned, the letters have been opened, they are, if possible, returned without delay in an envelope to the senders. If containing property, they are registered; and the writers, when resident in London, are requested to call for them; if resident in the country, the document is enclosed there to the postmaster for delivery, on obtaining a receipt. Those containing no property, and for which owners cannot be found, are torn by the clerks who opened them into six or eight pieces, and then, without even noting the numbers, they are, according to an old custom, sold, on a legal engagement that they be disposed of to papermakers to be remanufactured.

Considering the immense importance which throughout the United Kingdom is justly attached to letters addressed to living persons, or even to the dead, we must own it appeared to us that the gentlemen, whose sacred duty it is to make themselves, to a certain degree, acquainted with the confidential contents of all dead letters, ought not to be the persons entrusted to destroy them, or rather, according to the old custom we have mentioned, to transfer each letter, in about half-a-dozen pieces only, to the hands of a salesman who merely undertakes to destroy them. Of the newspapers, waste vouchers, and letters, sold annually by the Post-office for about four hundred and fifty pounds, not one-tenth of this money is received for the dead letters. For the paltry sum, therefore, of about forty-five pounds a year, the respect due by a great country to the remains of so many hundreds of thousands of dead letters is openly, and, we must add, in our opinion, unnecessarily violated.

The valuable results of the exertions of the Dead-Letter Office in London will at once appear by the following statement for the year ending 5th January, 1849:

Gross number and amount of letters	Number.	Postage.
returned to the writers.....	626,073	£663 8 11
Returned letters finally refused, or not delivered .....	28,546	119 15 0
Postage received in the Dead-Letter Office for letters delivered from thence .....	.....	226 10 0
Postage on Irish, colonial, and foreign letters returned for disposal.....	53,873	1,390 0 4
Postage of letters to be tendered at corrected addresses .....	45,800	905 3 0
Destroyed in ordinary course { number {	not known {	7,075 18 7

Under the old system of heavy postages, the number of rejected valentines (all of course anonymous) that found their way into the Dead Letter Office amounted to no less than 120,000. Under the penny postage, the number of "dead valentines" has fallen to 70,000. It appears, therefore, that, at all events, as regards postage, Cupid in London is not—as he is poetically believed to be—stone blind.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.—A Sabbatarian being requested a day or two since to do what he could to get the Post-Office re-opened for Sunday delivery of letters, made the following reply:—"I have questioned my conscience, and I really find I *can't*."  
—Punch.

## THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER LX.

## HORTON HAS AN AGITATING INTERVIEW WITH CLINT.

It will be recollected how Horton visited the chamber of Clint, and how Marianna was hidden by her repentant father; and how, although he could not know, and hardly could be said to suspect that the object of his search was there, yet that he had the intention of discovering if the state that Clint pretended to be in were real or assumed.

We may state, now that the reader is aware of Clint's being still among the living, that the wound he had received from Herbert on that awful night on the bridge, although a serious one, had been far from mortal, and that he had rapidly recovered from the effects of it; and that had policy jumped with inclination, he would long ere that time have been out and about again much as before.

The reader is aware that Marianna was hastily hidden by her now repentant father, who was himself lying upon the couch in the room, with the hope of still inducing a belief in the mind of Horton of his inability to move about.

Horton entered the room, and closed the door behind him, but he did not lock it.

Clint looked at him with a calmness that, considering the agitating, although short, interview he had had with Marianna, one would hardly have thought it possible for him to assume.

"Ah, well, Horton," he added, after a pause, "you look just a little flushed. What, in the name of all that is diabolical, is the matter with you now?"

"What should there be?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't speak so loud; you jar my nerves by doing so, and you may suppose that I am not quite so strong as a horse."

Horton cast his eyes slowly round the room, and then he looked keenly in the face of Clint, as he said slowly—

"Why am I not to speak so loud—eh, Master Clint?"

"I have told you."

"But you change colour—on my soul you do—and you shake a little. Your hand clutches the back of this couch with a tremulous movement. My old friend, you are agitated."

"Just so."

"Well, and why so?"

"That's the secret."

"The secret! Oh, then there is a secret. Well, if I did not think there was one, and you have made the wise determination of letting me know it. Come—come, Clint, I ought not to have doubted you. What is the secret?"

"Just that nature will make my nerves tremulous without asking me whether I like it or not, and I can't help her."

"Oh!"

"Yes. That is it, Horton. But what is the news, old friend? How are you getting on with that Duke of a fellow that we were both to make so much of?"

"Umph! I hardly know. He has been more difficult to manage than ever I expected he would be."

"You don't say so?"

"I have just said so; and yet, Clint, were it not now for your great weakness, and the evident state of prostration that you are in, from your wound, I have a plan, safe and certain, by which affairs could be brought to a pleasant issue, and your fortune made."

"You don't mean that, Horton?"

"Indeed, but I do; and the only bar to it is your unfortunate condition, which prevents you from moving about, and taking some little active part in the affair."

"That is it. Oh, how often I feel as if I ought to move about well by this time; but the moment I try to do so, I feel such an agony of pain that I am compelled to desist."

"One-half of that must be imagination."

"Oh, must it? Well, it's wonderfully like the reality, for all that; but if you say it is imagination, why, let it be so."

"Well, well; don't be offended at my over anxiety to see you up and about again. I tell you, Clint, I have a plan that would at once put an end to all these troubles of yours, and accomplish at once what we are now doing by slow degrees."

"What is it?"

"Oh, what can be the use of telling a man who can do nothing but lie upon a sofa and groan?"

"Not the least; and as to what we are doing now by such degrees, as you say, I don't know what that is yet."

"You don't know what that is?"

"The deuce a bit!"

"Can you pretend to be ignorant of the fact that I am getting what I can out of the purse of the Duke, for keeping the secret of your murder? Have you forgotten that?"

No; but I have not the least recollection of having ever received one guinea of it."

Horton looked calmly serene, and putting on, then, as great an aspect of injured innocence as he could, he said—

"Oh, Clint, do you doubt my word?—do you doubt my good faith towards you?—do you think me capable of deceiving you? Oh, Clint! Clint!"

"Oh, Horton—Horton! I think the greatest compliment I can possibly pay to you, is to declare that I think you capable of anything."

"Ha, ha! Honour, my dear friend—honour among—among—"

"Thieves," said Clint.

Horton raised his eyebrows.

"It has an awkward sound with it, my good friend. But come, to drop this badinage, I am not aware that your sense of hearing received any injury from your wound; and I have some reason to suspect that the privacy of this house was invaded last night."

"No?"

"Yes; and I want you candidly to tell me, my dear fellow, if you heard any noise in the night."

"I did."

"Ah, you really did?"

"In good truth I did, but I thought it was you."

"No. It was not I. Tell me what you heard, Clint?"

"Just some one shuffling along the passage outside this door; and then the lock was carefully tried, but I called out, 'Is that you, Horton?' and no one answering, I went to sleep again."

Horton looked at Clint, but in the consummate art of that man he had found his match, and not a muscle by any rebellious movement betrayed that he was acting a part. Horton was again baffled.

"Then I am confirmed, my dear Clint," he said, "in my idea, that some one got into the house; but what could be the motive I know not, for nothing was stolen. However, we will let it pass. Now try if you can get up and walk about a little."

"I will try. You knew I can get up and walk about a little, but it is just because it is only a little that it is so very provoking. Oh, the pain, the pain! I am quite convinced, Horton, that some mischief has been done to me more than we at first imagined. It was the fall from the bridge did it."

"Oh, nonsense. Come, I will help you."

"You are very kind, and I will do my best to rise with the aid of your arm, Horton. Dear me, what should I do without you? I hope you will manage the Duke well, and then my supposed death may be quite a fortune to us both, may it not?"

"It shall be one."

"Ah! that is cheering—very cheering, Horton, for you know I am alone in the world now, and not quite so young as I was, nor so able to fight my way in the busy world. Ah, I will try a walk across the room."

Horton placed Clint's arm beneath his own and assisted him, but so well did Clint act pain and debility, that with all his strong suspicions concerning the sincerity and reality of those feelings, even Horton felt a little staggered, and hardly knew what to make of it. Throughout the whole interview, his first idea that Clint might know something of Marianna's escape had gradually weakened; but still he had another experiment to try upon the nerves of the gambler.

"Come," he said, "do not make any further exertion; sit down again, and make yourself easy and comfortable Clint. I will endeavour to pass for the future a little more time every day with you than I have hitherto; but business has prevented me."

"Oh! Ah! very good. Don't trouble yourself."

"And be assured that you will soon get out again as strong as ever; and then, Clint, when you find this in your hand again, you will feel strong and like a giant after a sound sleep."

As Horton spoke, he took from his pocket a small dice-box, and rattled the pieces of ivory, the

sound of which has been the knell of so many votaries of the seductive pleasure. Clint's eyes sparkled.

"Ah!" he cried, "do you carry the old box about with you?"

"I do. Listen!"

Rattle, rattle! went the dice.

"Now," added Horton, "can you hear anything amiss in one of these dice? Listen again. Do you hear them? Is there any sound that ought not to be?"

"Not the slightest. If they are prepared, they are perfection, itself, Horton. Nothing can be finer. Throw them."

Horton, with a practised jerk, threw out the dice upon the table before the glistening eyes of Clint.

"Sixteen!" he cried. "A heavy throw, by Jove! Let me try."

"For a poney?"

"Done—done! Double it, if you like, Horton. Ah, how long it is since I have heard their music."

Clint rattled the dice in the box, and his face quite altered its expression. His eyes had a new light in them. He forgot that he was to play the part of a weakened and pain-stricken man. He forgot even Marianna.

Alas! Clint, with the dice-box in his hand, had forgotten her many a time before that morning!

"There you are!" cried Clint, as he threw the dice. "Lost, by all that's execrable! Only eleven! What a throw! Double or quits, Horton."

"Done!"

"I'll follow my throw. Here you have it. Capital! Eighteen! Beat that, if you can. Ha! ha! ha! Won! Why, I never saw you with so bad a throw. How the six comes up, though."

"I am playing fair with you."

"Fair! I should like you to try anything else. The six is loaded, I know, and you know it, too, so it tells as well for both, as we both use it, and it don't matter a straw upon the game. Now for a cool fifty—the best two out of three."

"Done—I will go on."

"Do—do! Confound the table! it is not so steady as it might be. Go on. Don't be nursing the dice all day, Horton: Lose your fifty pounds like a man! Go it—go it! Ha, ha! Good—nine!—Oh, this is rich. Seven! I shall die with laughing. Give me the box. Here you are. Now, my little elephant's teeth, be propitious! I like a good shake at them. There you are—eighteen! Hip, hip, hurrah! Why, Horton, where is your old luck? Here you are again—twelve! Come, what do you say to that? Will you try the third?"

"Pshaw! no, but you tricked the six."

"I trick the six?"

"Yes, you know you did."

"It's a lie!"

Clint sprang to his feet, and gave the table such a blow with his fist that it shook again.

"You don't want to pay," he cried. "Oh, that's it—you don't want to pay."

"Sir," said Horton, "if you step with me to my study, I will pay you at once. I scorn your imputation."

"Won't I step with you? and I won't lose sight of you either; you are a slippery customer, Horton. Come on."

Clint, in four strides, reached the door of the room, and then Horton, coolly folding his arms across his chest, said—

"My old and valued friend, Clint, allow me, before we go a step further, to congratulate you upon the great amendment in your health—upon your suddenly acquired strength, and upon the total absence of that pain and debility which only a little while ago rendered it impossible for you to get across the room without an effort."

Clint staggered back, and sunk into a chair that was near to the door.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Horton. "Why, never be ashamed, or sorry, man, at your recovery. Is it not better to be as you are than an invalid as you were, or as you thought you were? Why, my old friend, you did not know your own strength, nor what an iron constitution you had, till I showed you, by this little artifice of bringing you your old friends, the dice."

"Villain!"

"What say you, Clint?"

"I did not speak of you, Horton. The word was addressed to myself. I did not just then allude to you when I used it."

"Oh, that is well; and now, Clint, you will

confess that I am a good physician; for have I not raised my patient from a state of great debility, to one of activity and strength?"

"Go on, Horton; taunt me as much as you please. The momentary excitement lent me strength, and I forgot—"

"What?"

"All that I ought to have remembered."

"Well, that is rather a comprehensive lapse of memory, I should say; but, now, in solemn sadness, Clint, what did you expect to gain by trying to impose upon me, with the notion that you were much worse than you really were? Tell me the honest truth."

"You would not believe it if I did. It was mental depression, I have no doubt, more than physical want of power."

"But to a man like you, Clint, the effort to remove such a state of mental depression, would have been no greater than it would now require of me to move that screen."

Oh, what a trial that was to Clint! Behind the screen to which Horton pointed, and towards which he advanced a couple of paces, was Marianna.

"Very likely," said Clint, coldly. "Very likely, Horton; but when you fancy that I had any object in trying to make you think me worse than I was, you wrong me much—very much."

"Then, let it pass, Clint. Give me your hand, old friend. I can see, you only wanted faith in yourself to get about as usual; and upon the strength of your new strength, we will have a bottle of wine together."

"Agreed, Horton, agreed!"

"I will fetch it on the moment. You know that I am a multifarious personage in this house, and that I play the parts of host and servant both. I will be with you in a moment."

Clint nodded, and Horton left the room.

"Father!" sobbed Marianna.

Clint did not move; but he sent from between his teeth a low, continued, hushing sound, as a warning to Marianna to be still; for much did he mistrust what Horton was about, and at that very moment he could well believe that the arch-fiend was listening to what he. (Clint) might do or say, rather than getting wine.

Marianna heard the "Hush!" and was still as the dead. She trembled excessively with an unknown dread; but behind the screen was an ancient chair, into which she had placed herself, and it was by far too massive to be affected by Marianna's trembling. The scene of the dice that had taken place between her father and Horton reminded her of some similar scene in the lodging she and her father had occupied before that night when he had mysteriously disappeared from her.

Well might that young and gentle girl tremble to find that the dreadful vice had still such a hold of her father's imagination, that even within the first hour of finding that she lived, he was lost to her and to all other feelings and aspirations in its maddening and bewildering vortex.

## CHAPTER LXI.

SHOWS HOW THE DUCHESS PROCEEDED IN HER INQUIRIES.

WE now return to Clara, Duchess of Pangbourne.

Ah! how different a Clara was she now to what she had been only a few days since! Then it seemed as if the night of her destiny had come, and that it was to be one that was to know no dawn. Poor Clara! In all the sky around her she could see no gleam of coming day. The horizon of her life gleamed with no hope, and a settled despair was making its way into her heart.

But now it appeared as though by the breath of Heaven the whole of the clouds that had obscured her destiny had faded away, and all that had the appearance of morose sameness was now diversified with beauty, and full of the most enchanting hope.

A new life had come upon her. It was like turning over some black and dreary page in the history of one's existence, to find upon the succeeding one the brightest aspirations.

Besides, what a host of new and delightful duties seemed to have risen up for the Duchess. Suddenly, as though by magic, she found her hands full of work, and that, too, work of the most truly gratifying character to such a mind as hers.

She had to see to the health and happiness of Theodore—she had to discover where the villain, Charles Horton, had concealed the fair and gentle

Marianna—she had to console and to reward Miss Juke—she had to heap gratifications upon Miss Finch, and to let old Joseph see how his faithful service to his master, even in the worst aspect of his fortunes, would meet with appreciation.

And then—oh, more dear and delightful task of all!—she had to go to her husband, and tell him that all the clouds of foul suspicion that had hovered in her brain regarding his conduct had fled for ever, and that all she asked of him was the same degree of patient inquiry into her conduct that she had given to him, and then the result was certain.

Oh, how happy the Duchess was getting! With what a smile of joy she got back to Pangbourne House! How lightly she ascended the staircase of that ducal abode! And when she folded the little Harry, her dear and only child, in her arms, how grateful were the tears that thronged to her eyes!

The servants soon saw that some mighty change had taken place, and a contented bustle pervaded the house.

But where was the Duke?

Clara rang for the footman, who ought specially to know.

"Has the Duke come home?"

"No, your Grace."

"When did you see him last?"

"Not to-day at all, your Grace. Late last night he came home, and since then no one has seen him."

"Oh, he will come soon—very soon," thought Clara.

"There need be no fear concerning him. What danger can assail a man in the possession of all his faculties in London? Oh, yes, he will come soon."

Such were Clara's ideas upon the subject, and she had fresh flowers placed in the vases, and with a book she strove to wile away the tedious hours.

But the Duke came not.

A feeling of loneliness and desolation came over poor Clara as the day crept on, and no signs of the approach of him whom she now had words of hope and joy for the future to say to, presented themselves. He had never staid away quite so long as that before. What could it mean?

The evening crept on, and no Herbert. Anxiety deepened into alarm; and at the very moment when Clara had made up her mind that she would order the carriage and drive to Mr. Oliver's, that gentleman was announced.

There was a look of great seriousness upon the face of the Attorney as he entered the room, and after a brief salutation to the Duchess, he said—

"Madam, have you any news of the Duke?"

"None. Oh, no—no! He has not been here. Mr. Oliver, can you say anything to me to decrease the great anxiety which I suffer upon his account? Where can he be?"

"There are a thousand places where a man can be in London who is out of humour with his home, and they may be all safe ones; so I would not have you be at all uneasy about him. Since I saw you, I have put a man upon the track of Horton."

"Yes—yes. And you have found him?"

"I hope so; but as yet my spy has brought me no report. We have found out that of late he has completely forsaken all his old haunts and all his old associates, so that there may be some trouble, greater than we expected, in discovering him."

"Then you have nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing further. I must own that I had a hope of seeing the Duke home by this time, and that we might now, in a friendly spirit, all of us combine in a good work."

"Alas! no. Would that it were so. Oh, Mr. Oliver, think nothing now of Horton, but of Herbert. If you have men who are skilled in searching out the secrets of the world, let them find him for me, I implore you."

"Your orders shall be obeyed; but still I implore you not to be at all uneasy upon his account. I will take care that upon the instant that I get back to my office, whither I will go again now at once, that everything shall be done that you wish. He is probably enough at some of the Club-houses."

"Search them all, sir."

"I will. Expect to see me in the morning, and when you do see me, I hope to have news both of Horton and of the Duke."

Mr. Oliver rose to go. He did not say to the Duchess what he thought, but the fact really was, that he felt deeply apprehensive concerning the fate of the Duke; for after all his knowledge of the deed of gift of the High Knoll Estate, which had been prepared by so very unscrupulous a practitioner as Mr. Trap, he could not help thinking that there

was some frightful piece of iniquity going on; and that it might terminate even in the murder of the Duke, was by no means a remote possibility.

Upon finding, then, that the Duke had not been home, Mr. Oliver at once took the step he had decided upon in such a contingency, and that was to apply to the police.

It was not until after mature reflection that Mr. Oliver had made up his mind to this bold and strong step. That the Duke had committed some crime in conjunction with Horton, which placed him in the power of that person, he did not doubt; but viewing the matter as he did calmly and dispassionately, he felt that the most friendly thing that any one could do with regard to the Duke of Pangbourne, was to bring that point to an issue.

It is not for us to point out to the reader where a professional man bends his steps in London to place himself in active and personal connection with the Chiefs of the Secret Police. Let it suffice, that Mr. Oliver knew where to go, and that he went.

This is not the place, nor have we leisure to discuss the question of the propriety of a Secret Police or the contrary, in a country governed in so constitutional a manner as this is. All we have to do is with facts, and, therefore, we take the one fact, that a Secret Police, of a much more highly efficient character than is generally supposed, does exist in London.

There are men of education and standing in the middle ranks of society who are members of that Secret Police; and with the feeling that their efficiency entirely depends upon the preservation of their incognito, they are sufficiently careful in keeping it.

It was, then, to a house in the neighbourhood of Whitehall that Mr. Oliver went, with a determination that he would place the whole of the case, as far as he knew it, in the hands of that secret authority, which he knew possessed a tact, gathered from experience, that might reveal it.

Imagine, then, Mr. Oliver in a quietly furnished library, along with a gentlemanly-looking man of about forty years of age, slightly bald, and of a peculiarly mild and ingenuous physiognomy.

This is the head of the London Secret Police, which is not to be confounded with the Detective Police by any means. The one has nothing to do with the other as a department; although they frequently act together, and both in conjunction with the ordinary police upon many occasions.

The walls of the apartment were lined with felt, so that it was quite impossible that any sound could escape by them, and the door was a treble one, the inner portion being of the same non-conducting—as regards sound—material.

A dim white light was diffused over the room, by a jet of gas, the rays from which fell through a disc of ground glass. As regarded the general appointments of the room, there was nothing that could at all lead to the supposition that it had an official character.

Two sides of it were devoted to what looked like book-cases, but they were enclosed by long panelled doors; so that the contents of the shelves were completely hidden.

It will be understood that the Chief of the Secret Police was a friend of Mr. Oliver's, or he would not have been able to penetrate to such a sanctum sanctorum, notwithstanding his professional character.

"Well, Mr. Oliver," said the urbane-looking gentleman, "I am quite pleased that you have called upon me now, for really I have nothing to do."

"And I am well pleased," said Mr. Oliver, "to hear you say so, for I have brought you something."

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes; for once in a way, I come to you in your official capacity. It is not for any trifling affair that I would trouble you. Perhaps it is quite needless for me to say that much, however, as you know me sufficiently to be able to come to such a conclusion, I should think, by this time; and I am one rather, indeed, to make light of what other people would think of great importance, than to exaggerate anything."

The gentleman nodded.

"Go on," he said. "You might have spared me the preface. Let me dip into the volume of particulars at once, Oliver."

"I will. Do you know the Duke of Pangbourne?"

"Pangbourne! Pangbourne! Umph! Let me see."

The gentleman rose, and taking from his pocket a very small key that was attached to a steel chain,

he walked to one of the long panelled doors of the seeming bookcase and opened it. Then moving his eye along a range of little pigeon-holes, each of which had its medium of papers, he took out one, and returned to the table with it.

"Among our miscellaneous queries that may turn up into cases or not, as time will show," he said, "there is something about this Duke of Pangbourne that you mention."

"Is it a secret?"

"Oh, no! Listen!"

The urbane Chief of the Secret Police read from the memorandum as follows—

"The Duke of Pangbourne, formerly known as Herbert Tolbein, resided at No. 301 Gerrard St., Soho, in poverty. Came to the Dukedom through circumstances detailed in papers labelled No. 22. Was once at Holkham's, in Hanover Square, with C. H., No. 4. For further queries see papers endorsed 'Brief notes of suspicion,' No. 73."

"That is all," said the Chief of the Secret Police. "All, do you call it?" said Mr. Oliver. "It is wonderful."

"How so?"

"Why, it is just what I wanted to get at, that is all. Can you tell me the date upon which he was with C. H., at—at—?"

"Holkham's? It is a gaming-house of the first and the worst class in Hanover Square. We know it, but it is too strong for us just yet. We are taking measures, though."

"And you can tell me when that was?"

"Oh, surely—No. 73. Let me see."

A little rummaging in the pigeon-holes brought to light a folded paper, tied up with red tape, upon which was endorsed the words, "Particulars of some occurrences on the night of the 26th of February, and the morning of the 27th, connected with the Duke of P., C. H., and A. C., for further inquiry, if wanted."

"For the love of Heaven, read me that paper!" said Mr. Oliver. "It may contain all that I want."

"But, my good friend, you are here dipping into all the secrets of the department, without giving me the smallest idea of what the subject matter of your inquiry is."

"I feel that I am wrong so far, and I pray you to put aside the paper, and to listen to me. I will tell you all freely, and I have no doubt that your knowledge of the particulars will very much tend to facilitate your giving me information."

"There can be no doubt of that. You will permit me to say that practise gives us a certain tact in these kind of affairs, that enables us to say pretty nearly at once what can be done and what cannot, or what ought to be sought for and what neglected."

"Not a doubt of it. Listen."

The Chief of the Secret Police half closed his eyes, and did not interrupt Mr. Oliver once, while for twenty minutes he spoke fluently and rapidly. During that time, Mr. Oliver had recounted how it was that from the very day that Herbert acquired the rank of the Duke of Pangbourne, a change took place in his nature, which change was soon traced to his connection with Charles Horton. He then ran rapidly through all the circumstances connected with Marianna, as bearing upon the subject, and hinted at the affair of the Earl of Carlton, and the kind of assistance rendered to him by Lady Alpine.

"In conclusion, my dear friend," said Mr. Oliver, "allow me now to tell you that the Duchess is quite convinced that the only sort of acquaintanceship between the Duke and Marianna was that of a kind friend and an orphan who was then destitute upon the world, and she is most anxious to be upon good terms with the Duke again."

"Ah!"

"But he has suddenly and most unaccountably disappeared."

"Exactly so."

"Did you know it?"

"Of course I did, and our impression is that Horton has murdered him, or intends to do so."

"Good God!"

"Oh, there's no doubt about that. One of our agents saw him with Horton on the night of the fracas with the Earl of Carlton; but having other business in hand, and no special orders concerning the Duke, he paid no further attention."

"Alas!—alas!"

"Nay, don't say 'Alas!' It is not every one who is lost who happens to be in great danger."

"No, certainly. I quite agree with that remark; but Charles Horton is a most extraordinary ruffian!"

"Of course he is. We know that. But have you

any desire to listen to what this memorandum says?"

"Desire? I wish for nothing so much. It may contain the key to the whole mystery, and I feel myself, upon the part of the Duchess, to be under the greatest obligations to you for permitting me to see it at all. Pray do not omit a word."

"I will not."

The Chief read as follows:—

"On the endorsed date, the Duke of Pangbourne, then Herbert Tolbein, visited Holkham's, in company with Charles Horton, and played deeply. He won a considerable sum, but was picked up by Alfred Clint, who stripped him of all his earnings in a short time. Clint left the house, followed by Herbert Tolbein and by Charles Horton. They took the route to Westminster. From that night Clint has disappeared."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Oliver, almost breathlessly.

"Not quite."

"For the love of heaven, then, go on. Let me know all."

"The marks of blood were found on the following morning at and about one of the piers of Westminster Bridge, and it is reported by D. and G. that there was some sort of a struggle upon the bridge, and a splash in the water."

"Is—that all?" gasped Mr. Oliver.

"Yes."

The Chief of the Secret Police looked in the face of the Attorney, and the Attorney looked at him. The silence lasted a few minutes between them, and then Mr. Oliver said in a low broken tone—

"They murdered Clint!"

The Chief nodded.

"You think so—you feel that it is so?"

"Of course."

Mr. Oliver drew a long breath, and in a voice of great emotion, he said—

"Then there's an end of the mystery. It is all as clearly now before me as is my hand, that I thus lay upon your table, my friend, and there is more misery in store for the good and the exemplary Duchess of Pangbourne. Alas! alas! I did not think that it was murder that the Duke had stooped to."

"It looks uncommonly like it, I must confess," said the Chief of the Secret Police; "but still it may not be so. These things must never be taken upon appearances merely, but by fact."

"Can we want more facts? There does not seem to me room to hedge in a doubt upon the subject. Would that there was! Oh, I can now too well understand how, in the midst of all the cares and turmoils of his new position, the Duke of Pangbourne found time to search out Marianna, and to care for her safety and her happiness. That was part of his remorse."

"Well, I confess that it seems upon the surface pretty evident that such is the case. There is no saying what aspect, as regards the Duke, the affair would have come to if it had ever come into a court of justice; but it was a self-slaughtering policy of his to give way to the threats of Horton, as, without a doubt, he has done."

"My dear friend, there is not the shadow of a doubt upon the subject. To my certain knowledge, the Duke has parted with one of the most important properties connected with the title, as a gift to Horton."

"Oh, all that is very bad and very foolish. Pangbourne had better shake himself free of this Horton, and defy him to do his very worst. The strong probability is, then, that he would see the policy of being perfectly quiet."

"No doubt—no doubt. But who and what was this wretched man, Clint?"

"Simply, a gambler and a swindler. One of that large class of very dashing fellows, who infest this metropolis, and who spend more money in a week than an honest man can earn in three months. He is no loss to society, Mr. Oliver, I can assure you; but it is a pity that your friend, the Duke of Pangbourne, should have been the person to put him out of it."

"It is a thousand pities!—Poor Pangbourne! Now, I can well understand his altered manner, and how much he suffered from many little casual allusions and circumstances that guilt only could turn to sources of suffering. Now, I can understand how his very imagination got vitiated, and he fancied a thousand things that had no real existence."

"No doubt; and I can only say, that if I can

give you any assistance, Oliver, you have only to command me."

"Give me time to think. The truth of the position of the poor unhappy Duke has come upon me by surprise. In four-and-twenty hours I shall have thought the matter over, and then I will come to you again; but, in good truth, although I suspected some criminality, my thoughts did not get the length of murder."

"Very well; you know where to find me."

"Yes; and, I suppose, you will not think it within the sphere of your duty to take any notice of what has passed between us this day?"

"Certainly not. Mine is a department that never originates any movement. What we know, we keep to ourselves until we are asked for it. We never take the initiative in any affair; but, under instruction, we ferret out facts connected with anything that the ordinary police are at fault about."

"I understand. I will be with you to-morrow. Until then, farewell."

"Farewell, my friend. I shall be glad to see you."

(To be continued in our next.)

**VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS**—According to Humboldt, the volcanic mountain of Popocatepetl had never at the period of his visit to Mexico been ascended since the time of Cortez. We have been favoured with an extract of a letter from Mexico, dated June 10, 1850, which announces that this feat has now been accomplished. The names of the parties making the ascent have been communicated to us,—and it is possible that the public will hereafter hear more of the matter. The extract is as follows:—"Three English gentlemen have just returned from a trip to the crater of Popocatepetl, of which one of them sends me an interesting account. I did not know of their intention until too late, or it would have been an excellent opportunity to have tried the Aneroid at a great elevation. They were five hours ascending, and only one hour and a quarter returning; having remained four hours and a half on the summit,—where they found no difficulty in breathing, smoking, or drinking, or even walking fast on the level edge of the crater. The crater was a grand sight, like a very deep barranca, with sides nearly perpendicular, about 1,000 feet deep and a league in circumference. At the bottom was a pond of sulphur, which was bubbling away in fine style, of a bright yellow colour, and emitting a great volume of smoke, the greater part of which was condensed in the crater before reaching its top. At the crater the barometer stood at 16,015 inches, Centigrade thermometer 2 degrees; water boiled at 184 degrees Fahr.,—corresponding to about 17,000 feet of altitude."

The toll taken from the public at the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral is, it seems, in a fair way of being abolished:—the money changers are about to be expelled from the Temple. In answer to a motion made by Mr. Hume in the House of Commons for an address to Her Majesty praying her interference, Sir George Grey announced that he had been in communication with the Dean on the subject,—and that there were difficulties arising from the facts, that this money went to pay the vergers, and that the control now exercised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners stood in the way of the Chapter's providing a substitute in their behalf for the tax now levied on the public. It was understood that all parties are agreed in the desire to have the matter put on a more satisfactory footing, and it is probable that the legislature will be the *Deus ex machina* called in for the solution of the difficulty.

**A BUFFALO HUNT IN LONDON**.—On Monday morning, July 30, about nine o'clock, two young buffaloes were driving from the terminus of the Great Western Railway, at Paddington; when in the Edgware-road, some sweeps shaking a soot-bag alarmed them, and they started at a terrific pace in the direction of Lisson Grove. Their career was so rapid that several persons, unable to get out of the way, were knocked down and seriously injured, and a Mrs. Le Blanc, of Alpha Cottages, had her ribs fractured, and sustained other injuries. All efforts to stop them were fruitless; they dashed through Regent's-park into Primrose-hill-park with increased impetuosity, leaping fences with the greatest ease. They were not secured till ten o'clock at night, by which time seven persons were seriously injured.

## CREAM OF THE CREAM.

[FROM PUNCH.]

**PARLIAMENTARY AGITATION.**—Legislation has often been impeded by the unseemly heat of debate, and the consequent loss of temper of the different and indifferent Members of Parliament. We regret to say that things are not likely to be mended when the sittings are regularly held in the new palace at Westminster; for as the Lower Assembly is only calculated to hold something over four hundred persons, while the number of members exceeds five hundred, we have reluctantly brought ourselves to the conclusion that the House of Commons will never be able to contain itself.

**SHAMEFUL ROBBERY COMMITTED ON MR. WASHINGTON IRVING.**—The infringement of a copyright was always characterised as a question of piracy and robbery, but now it is called "a mere matter of BOHN-ING."

**A POET'S IDEA OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—One of our poets, who has been rather slack of work lately, and whose eye has been rolling in a fine frenzy to very little purpose for the last fortnight, has furnished us with an idea on the subject of the submarine telegraph. He says "it is like using the lightning conductor for a steel pen, and the ocean for an ink-stand." He might have added, that the cliffs furnish the blotting pad, the shore supplies the sand, and the whole world the sheet of paper to write upon.

### DOWN GO THE BRIDGES, OH!

We begin to feel that epidemics affect not only the animal and vegetable world, but that inanimate objects are liable to diseases of a catching character. The London clocks have had their period of derangement, and it has been a shocking time, or no time at all, with a great many of them; but just now it seems to be the turn of the Metropolitan Bridges to suffer from an incurable malady. Poor old Westminster has been the first to give way, and it is now said that its neighbour, Blackfriars, is in a feeble and sinking condition. Waterloo, being younger and stronger in constitution, has apparently escaped, and Hungerford, though in a state of much suspense, has not yet been visited; but Blackfriars is said to be in such a state, that it will not be able to keep up without the aid of doctoring. We hope that the disease will be met by professional skill at once, and not by mere quackery, which prescribes a sort of homœopathic treatment in the shape of an infinity of small and extravagant, because ineffectual, repairs, when vigorous measures applied at once would restore strength to the patient at a moderate outlay. Poor Westminster has been so patched and plastered, and has had so many operations performed, that it is now scarcely able to hold together; and there has been such a general break up, that people are beginning to think it had better be left in peace for the remainder of its days, until it sinks exhausted into the bed that old Father Thames always keeps at its disposal.

### MASTER JOHNNY'S HOLIDAY LETTER.

*"Downing Street Classical and Commercial Academy,  
August 13th, 1851.*

"MY DEAR GUARDIAN, MR. PUNCH,

"Now the holidays are approaching, I take up my pen to write you an account of the way in which I have been pursuing my studies, and have been going on and conducting myself generally this half year.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to be compelled to inform you that I have made very little improvement, and I am afraid that you and all my friends will be extremely dissatisfied with my progress.

"In my Algebra I have remained quite stationary, owing to my want of zeal and diligence, which has prevented me from using the application requisite to enable me to understand the Representation of Numbers. Accordingly, I have made no attempt, I am ashamed to say, to solve that problem, which you are so anxious to have settled, of the enlargement of the Suffrage.

"With regard to my Classics, all I have to mention is, that in common with the rest of the Class, I have had much difficulty with my Greek; but we flatter ourselves that we have got out of that nicely.

"My Arithmetic has given me some trouble, and would have given me more if I had attended to it much, instead of neglecting it greatly. With the

kind assistance of my schoolfellow, Wood, however, I have got over one little sum in subtraction, having taken the duty on bricks from the amount of taxation. I had also the Window-Tax, and the taxes on Paper and News, set me to subtract; but I couldn't do either of these sums; I fear you will say, because I did not try. On the other hand, I have done a very heavy sum in compound addition, which came to twelve thousand pounds. This was not a regular task; but I cannot say that I did it of my own accord; and, to confess the truth, it was an imposition.

"I have been very frequently punished—although not so often as I know I deserved. I have had several floggings, both in this House and the other; and I hope the correction I have received, will do me good, and cause me to be a better boy, and to mind what is said to me.

"I have not behaved at all well to the new boy that you recommended some time ago, Nathan. I have neglected to introduce him to the other boys; and when he tried to mix with them of himself, I stopped him, and have put him off for another half year.

"With a deep sense of my remissness, I acknowledge that when a small number of meddlesome Puritanical boys shut up the Post-Office on Sunday, I stood by, and did not exert myself to prevent them, as I might have done.

"To make amends for my deficiencies in other respects, I have endeavoured to distinguish myself in Elocution; but as I am aware that you think nothing of mere talking, I shall say no more about that.

"Begging you to accept my duty and respect, and to present the same to my indulgent friend and patron, Mr. Bull, and hoping next half year to turn over a new leaf, and behave in a way more deserving your approbation, believe me, my dear guardian,

"Your dutiful Ward, JOHN RUSSELL."

"P.S. My holiday task is a question in Cyphering, 'To adjust the Income Tax according to the Rule of Proportion.' It is very hard, and will keep me in and make my head ache; and I hope you will intercede, and get me excused from doing it."

### SCIENCE AND ART.

**ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF DIAMONDS.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Atlas* makes the following announcement:—"The scientific world has been in a state of commotion for some time, in consequence of the publication of the discovery of the long-sought-for secret of the fusion and crystallisation of carbon. The Sorbonne has been crowded for the last few days to behold the result of this discovery in the shape of a tolerably-sized diamond of great lustre, which M. Despretz, the happy discoverer, submits to the examination of every chemist or *savant* who chooses to visit him. He declares that so long ago as last autumn he had succeeded in producing the diamond, but in such minute particles as to be visible only through the microscope, and fearful of raising irony and suspicion, he had kept the secret, until, by dint of repeated experiments and great labour, he had completed the one he now offers to public view. Four solar lenses of immense power, aided by the tremendous galvanic pile of the Sorbonne, have been the means of producing the result now before us. M. Despretz holds himself ready to display the experiment whenever it may be required. The diamond produced is of the quality known in the East as the black diamond, one single specimen of which was sold by Prince Rostoff to the late Duke of York for the enormous sum of twelve thousand pounds!"—*Chemical Gazette*.

**GOLD FROM JAMAICA.**—We state with much satisfaction that we have just seen and examined a large lump of auriferous rock or stone just arrived from the neighbourhood of Annatto Bay, Jamaica. Split open, it appears almost one compact mass of gold and silver, the pure silver ore laying in small lumps thickly interspersed with gold particles. This lump will yield about seventy per cent. of the precious metals. This is considerably richer than many of the Californian specimens.—*Standard*.

**THE TEMPLE CHURCH.**—During the repairs in the Temple Church in the years 1841-2, among the various remnants of antiquity brought to light, a few inches below the raised pavement surface—in fact, on the old level—was a flat Purbeck coffin-lid, with a beautiful floriated cross incised on it, the date of the choir building; and being, without doubt, one of the three coffin stones mentioned by

Stowe, and other early historians, as ornamenting that chaste and venerable building in their time. Can it be believed that so beautiful an example of early art should have been re-interred? But so it was, and still remains buried in the Round it once assisted to adorn. Unfortunately, it had been re-buried before Mr. Richardson was called in to restore the cross-legged knights and bishop; and we believe that gentleman exerted himself, without avail, for its recovery. Luckily, a drawing of it and a rubbing had been taken by order of Mr. Savage, the architect; and it is beautifully portrayed in Mr. Richardson's work upon the ancient stone and leaden coffins, tiles, &c., discovered during the repairs,—where also its present resting place is so accurately marked out, that it might be recovered in a few hours, having fortunately been placed uppermost in one of the three partitions built to receive the coffins and their remains. Such being the case, we earnestly appeal to the Temple authorities, through their esteemed architect, Mr. Sydney Smirke, to permit this interesting relique of former days (inadvertently buried) to be again restored to its original position, in the goodly company of the noble and valiant Knights Crusaders.

**NEW DIGGING MACHINE.**—An implement has been invented by Mr. J. Hutchinson, of Market-hill, Armagh, for digging the land by horse power. The machine consists of a hollow cylinder of iron, with spades attached to its surface at right angles to each other, and about one foot square apart. The cylinder, about three feet in diameter, contains in its circumference about fifty spades; it works on an axle like a common roller, and is drawn by one horse. When drawn in one direction it turns up the soil to the depth of six inches, leaving behind a level surface as in common digging, and when inverted, or drawn in the other direction, it leaves holes in the ground corresponding to each spade, twelve inches from each other, which is exceedingly convenient for seed of any kind. During our visit the machine was in use planting potatoes; it went along the furrows with two women following, who dropped a set in each of the holes made by the implement, which one man easily covered with a broad wooden hoe. It was computed that as much work can be done by three hands with this machine as by ten hands without it.—*Armagh Gazette*.

### MEDICAL USES OF SLUGS, &c.

"DISCARDED from the service of the physician, a few Mollusca have found a resting-place in the 'Materia Medica' of the common people, who inherit, to the full, their wise ancestors' faith in their virtues, which are enhanced by some superstitious traditions and observances. Slugs and snails were anciently, and are to this day, a popular remedy in consumptive complaints. They are sometimes made into a mucilaginous broth, sometimes swallowed in a raw state, and sometimes the shell is pricked through with a large pin to enable the patient to suck the oozing liquor. You may see considerable quantities of *Helix pomatia* and *aspersa* sold in Covent-garden market for this purpose; and still greater quantities are sold in all the large continental cities. In the Isle of Bourbon, the *Navicella elliptica* is commonly used to make a soup for the sick; and in the same and adjacent islands the animal of *Melania amurella*, which is very bitter, passes for an excellent remedy in the dropsy. The 'piedra de las ojos,' which are merely worn fragments of shells, are considered in some parts of South America as the most extraordinary production of their coasts, being, in the philosophy of the natives, both a stone and an animal. These fragments are from one to four lines in diameter, with a plain and a convex surface, and when excited by Lemon juice, move in proportion as the carbonic acid is disengaged. Placed in the eye the pretended animal turns on itself, and expels every other foreign substance that may have been accidentally introduced. At the salt works of Araya, and at the village of Maniquares, they were offered to Humboldt and his fellow traveller by hundreds, and the natives were not only earnest to show them the experiment of the Lemon juice, but wished to put sand into their eyes that they might themselves try the efficacy of the remedy. The same custom and superstition is said to prevail in Guernsey; and in the olden time did prevail in the Highlands of Scotland. The Rev. John Frazer, writing of the year 1702, says: 'Snail-stones are much commended for the eyes; and I'm confident their cooling virtue is pre-

valent against pains bred by a hott cause: their origine is thus, some excrementitious parts avoided by these creatures, condensed by the circumjacent air, and turned to a round figure by the frequent turning; but this is observable, that some of them, especially snail-stones, has the exact figure of the snail.' But what are all these to the use which the pretty maidens of merry England and of Ireland apply the snail in a May morning, when, in the meanders of the slime-tracked creature, they decipher—may neither eye nor fate deceive them!—the initial of the one-loved name!

'Last May-day fair I searched to find a snail,  
That might my secret lover's name reveal.  
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,  
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,  
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.  
Slow crawl'd the snail; and, if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.  
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.'—GAY.

"And, in my younger days, I remember the country school-boy, while strolling, with satchel on his back, from his hamlet to the neighbouring village, would stay to solicit, by doggerel rhymes, the black slug (Ariometer) to protrude its horns; and having seized them according to the prescribed rules, would go on his way with a gayer heart and elevated hopes."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

### COCOA TODDY!

Few are perhaps aware that the well-known cocoa-palm yields excellent toddy, as well as milky nuts, as agreeable to the taste and much more readily digested—

Toddy or, *Palm-wine*, is extracted from several kinds of palms, perhaps from none more extensively than from the common cocoa-nut, *Cocos nucifera*, which, after having been transplanted, begins to bear in from thirteen to sixteen years. It continues in full vigour for forty years, and lives for about thirty years more, but is then constantly on the decline. When the trees show flower for the first time, a trial is made by cutting a young flowering branch, to ascertain whether it be fit for producing *Palm-wine*. If the incision bleeds, it is fit for the latter purpose, and is more valuable than a tree whose flower-branch, when cut, continues dry, and is fit only for producing nuts. The palms fit for wine are then let to the *Tiars*, or *Shaners*, who extract the juice and boil it down to *Jaggary*, or distil it to extract *Arrack*. In a good soil the trees yield juice all the year, but on a poor soil they are exhausted in six months. A clever workman can manage thirty or forty trees, and pays annually for each from one to one and a half *fanam*. When the spadix, or flowering-branch, is half shot, and the *spatha*, or covering of the flowers, is not yet opened, the *Tiar* cuts off its point, binds the stump round with a leaf, and beats the remaining part of the spadix with a small stick. For fifteen days this operation is repeated, a thin slice being daily removed. The stump then begins to bleed, and a pot is fixed under it to receive the juice, or *Callu*, which the English call *Toddy*.—*Hooker's Journal of Botany*.

### NEW BOOKS.

*A System of Aeronautics, comprehending its Earliest Investigations, and Modern Practice and Art. Designed as a History for the Common Reader, and Guide to the Student of the Art.* By JOHN WISE, Aeronaut. Philadelphia, Speel.

FROM the account of a few remarkable voyages collected by Mr. Wise, we will present an extract or two. The following relates to the first trip across the sea ever attempted in a balloon:—

"The most remarkable aerial voyage that was made soon after the discovery of aerostatic machinery, was accomplished by M. Blanchard, in company with Dr. Jeffries, an American physician, who was at the time residing in England. On the 7th of January, 1785, in a clear frosty day, the balloon was launched from the cliff of Dover, and, after a somewhat perilous adventure, they crossed the Channel in something less than three hours. The balloon, after its release, rose slowly and majestically in the air; they passed over several ships,

and enjoyed a grand prospect of the numerous objects below them. They soon, however, found themselves beginning to descend, which put them to the necessity of throwing over half their ballast, when they were about one-third way across the Channel. When they got about half way across they found themselves descending again, upon which they threw over the balance of their sand; also some books they had with them. All this failed to overcome the gravitating power of the balloon. They next commenced throwing overboard their apparatus—cords—grapples, and bottles. An empty bottle seemed to emit smoke as it descended, and, when it struck the water, the shock of the concussion was sensibly felt by the aeronauts. Still, their machine continued to descend, when they next betook themselves to throwing off their clothing; but, having now nearly reached the French coast, the balloon began to ascend again, and rose to a considerable height, without compelling them to dispense with much of their apparel. They passed over the highlands between Cape Blanc and Calais, and landed near the edge of the forest of Guennes, not far beyond Calais. The magistrates of the town treated the aerial travellers with the utmost kindness and hospitality. The King of France made M. Blanchard a present of twelve thousand livres, as a token of appreciation of the aeronaut's perseverance and skill in the newly-discovered art."

The voyage of M. Testu is one of the most curious in the annals of aerostation:

"On the 18th of June, 1785, M. Testu ascended from Paris. His balloon was twenty-nine feet in diameter, constructed by himself, of glazed tiffany, furnished with auxiliary wings, and filled, as had now become the fashion, with hydrogen gas. It had been much injured by wind and rain during the night before its ascension; but having undergone a slight repair, it was finally launched, with its conductor, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The barometer then stood 29.68 inches, and the thermometer as high as eighty-four degrees, though the day was cloudy and threatened rain. The balloon had at first been filled only five-sixths; but it gradually swelled as it became drier and warmer, and acquired its utmost distension at the height of 2,800 feet. But to avoid the waste of gas or the rupture of the balloon, the navigator calculated to descend by the reaction of his wings. Though this force had little efficacy, yet at half-past five o'clock he softly alighted in a corn-field in the plain of Montmorency. Without leaving the car, he began to collect a few stones for ballast, when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the corn and a troop of peasants, who insisted on being indemnified for the damage occasioned by his idle and curious visitors. Anxious now to disengage himself, he persuaded them that, his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy. They seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph towards the village. But M. Testu, finding that the loss of his wings, his cloak, and some other articles, had considerably lightened the machine, suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants. He rose to the region of the clouds, where he observed small frozen particles floating in the atmosphere. He heard thunder rolling beneath his feet, and as the coolness of the evening advanced, the buoyant power of his vessel diminished, and at three quarters after six o'clock, he approached the ground with his car near the Abbey of Royaumont. There he threw out some ballast, and in the space of twelve minutes rose to a height of 2,400 feet, where the thermometer stood only at sixty-six degrees. He now heard the blast of a horn, and descried some huntsmen below in full chase. Curious to witness the sport, he pulled the valve and descended at eight o'clock, between Etouen and Varville, when, rejecting his oars, he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He then mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession.

'With fresh alacrity and force renewed,  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environed wins his way.'

The thermometer fell to twenty-one, but afterwards regained its former point of sixty-six degrees, when the balloon had reached an altitude of 3,000 feet. In this region, the voyager sailed till half-

past nine o'clock, at which time he observed from his 'watch-tower in the sky' the final setting of the sun. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and enveloped in the thickest mass of thunder clouds. The lightning flashed on all sides, and the loud claps were incessant. The thermometer, seen by the help of a phosphoric light with which he had provided himself, stood at twenty-one degrees, and snow and sleet fell copiously around him. In this most tremendous situation the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. The balloon was affected by a sort of undulating motion upwards and downwards, owing, he thought, to the electrical action of the clouds. The lightning appeared excessively vivid; but the thunder was sharp and loud, preceded by a sort of cracking noise. A calm at last succeeded, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced this opportunity to take some necessary refreshments. At half-past two o'clock the day broke in; but his ballast being nearly gone, he finally descended a quarter before four o'clock, near the village of Campremi, about sixty-three miles from Paris."

Closely connected with balloons is the subject of parachutes—the machine for enabling the aeronaut to descend from the sky without the aid of his balloon. In the first instance the idea was taken from the umbrella or parasol:—

"Father Loubere, in his curious account of Siam, relates that a person, famous in that remote country for his dexterity, was accustomed to divert exceedingly the king and the royal court by the prodigious leaps which he took, having two umbrellas with long slender handles fastened to his girdle. He generally alighted on the ground, but was sometimes carried by the force of the wind against trees and houses, and not unfrequently into the river. Not a great many years ago, the umbrella was, at least on one occasion, employed in Europe with similar views, as well as in our own country. In the campaign of 1793 a French General, named Bournonville, having been sent by the National Convention, with four more commissioners, to treat with the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, was, contrary to the faith or courtesy heretofore preserved in the fiercest wars that have raged in civilized nations, detained a prisoner with his companions, and sent to the fortress of Olmutz, where he suffered a rigorous confinement. In this cruel situation he made a desperate attempt to regain his liberty. Having provided himself with an umbrella, he jumped from a window forty feet high; but, being a very heavy man, this screen proved insufficient to let him down safely. He struck against an opposite wall, fell into the ditch, and broke his leg, and was carried in this condition back again to his dungeon. Blanchard was the first person who ever constructed a parachute for the purpose of using it with a balloon in cases of accident while aloft. During an excursion which he took from Lisle, about the end of August, 1785, during which he traversed, without halting, a distance not less than 300 miles, he let down a parachute, with a basket fastened to it containing a dog, from a great height, which fell gently through the air, and let the animal down to the ground unhurt. Since that period, the practice and management of the parachute have been carried much further by other aeronauts, and particularly by M. Garnerin, who has dared repeatedly to descend from the region of the clouds by that very slender machine. This ingenious and spirited Frenchman visited London during the short peace of 1802, and made two fine ascents with his balloon, in the second of which he let himself fall from an amazing elevation with a parachute. This consisted of thirty-two gores of white canvas, formed into a hemispherical shape of twenty-three feet in diameter, at the top of which was a round piece of wood ten inches in diameter, and having a hole in its centre, admitting short pieces of tape to fasten it to the several gores of the canvas. About four feet and a half below the top, a wooden hoop of eight feet diameter was attached by a string from each seam, so that when the balloon rose, the parachute hung like a curtain from this hoop. Below it was suspended a cylindrical basket, covered with canvas, about four feet high and two and a quarter wide. In this basket the aeronaut, dressed in a close jacket and a pair of trousers, placed himself, and rose majestically from an inclosure near North Audley Street, at six o'clock in the evening of the 2nd of September. After hovering seven or eight minutes in the upper region of the atmosphere, he meditated

a descent in his parachute. Well might he be supposed to linger there in dread suspense, and to

look awhile  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow firth  
He had to cross.  
He views the breadth, and, without longer pause,  
Downright into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease,  
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way.

He cut the cord by which his parachute was attached to the net of the balloon: it instantly expanded, and for some seconds it descended with an accelerating velocity, till it became tossed extremely, and took such wide oscillations that the basket or car was at times thrown almost level or horizontal with the parachute. Borne along at the same time by the influence of the wind, the parachute passed over Marylebone and Somers-town, and almost grazed the houses of St. Pancras. At last it fortunately struck the ground in a neighbouring field; but the shock was so great as to throw poor Garnerin on his face, by which accident he received some cuts, and bled considerably. He seemed to be much agitated, and trembled exceedingly at the moment he was released from the car. One of the stays of the parachute had chanced to give way, which untoward circumstance deranged the apparatus, disturbed its proper balance, and threatened the adventurer, during the whole of his descent, with immediate destruction. At the moment of separating the parachute, the balloon took a rapid ascending motion, and was found, next day, twelve miles distant from the place of departure."

#### NATURAL HISTORY IN AMERICA.

"THERE are certain fancies connected with the wheat-fields prevailing among our farmers, which they are very loth to give up. There is the old notion, for instance, that a single barberry bush will blight acres of wheat, when growing near the grain, an opinion which is now, I believe, quite abandoned by persons of the best judgment. And yet you see frequent allusions to it, and occasionally some one brings up an instance which he sagely considers as unanswerable proof that the poor barberry is guilty of this crime. In this county we have no barberries; they are a naturalized shrub in America—at least, the variety now so common in many parts of the country came originally from the other hemisphere, and they have not yet reached us. There is another kind, a native, abundant in Virginia; whether this is also accused of blighting the wheat, I do not know.

"The deceitful chess, or cheat, is another object of special aversion to the farmers, and very justly. It is not only a troublesome weed among a valuable crop, but, looking so much like the grain, its deceptive appearance is an especial aggravation. Many of our country folk, moreover, maintain that this plant is nothing but a sort of wicked, degenerate wheat; they hold that a change comes over the grain, by which it loses all its virtue, and takes another form, becoming, in short, the worthless chess. This opinion some of them maintain stoutly against all opponents, at the point of scythe and pitchfork. And yet this odd notion is wholly opposed to all the positive laws, the noble order of nature; they might as well expect their raspberry bushes to turn capriciously into blackberries, their potatoes into beets, and lettuce into radishes.

"Most of the weeds which infest our wheat-fields come from the Old World. This deceitful chess, the corn-cockle, the Canada thistle, tares, the voracious red-root, the blue-weed, or bugloss, with others of the same kind. There is, however, one brilliant but noxious plant found among the corn-fields of Europe which is not seen in our own, and that is the gaudy red poppy. Our farmers are no doubt very well pleased to dispense with it; they are quite satisfied with the weeds already naturalized.

"But so common is the poppy in the Old World, that it is found everywhere in the corn-fields, along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, upon the open, chequered plains of France and Germany, and among the hedged fields of England. The first wild poppies ever seen by the writer were gathered by a party of American children about the ruins of Netley Abbey, near Southampton, in England.

"So common is this brilliant weed among the European grain-fields, that there is a little insect, aingenious, industrious, little creature, which invariably employs it in building her cell. This wild bee, called the upholsterer bee, from its habits, leads

a solitary life, but she takes a vast deal of pains in behalf of her young. About the time when the wild poppy begins to blossom, this little insect flies into a corn-field, looks out for a dry spot of ground, usually near some pathway; here she bores a hole about three inches in depth, the lower portion being wider than the mouth; and quite a toil it must be to so small a creature to make the excavation: it is very much as if a man were to clear out the cellars for a large house with his hands only.

"But this is only the beginning of her task; when the cell is completed, she then flies away to the nearest poppy, which, as she very well knows, cannot be very far off in a corn field; she cuts out a bit of the scarlet flower, carries it to the nest, and spreads it on the floor like a carpet; again she returns to the blossom and brings home another piece, which she lays over the first. When the floor is covered with several layers of this soft scarlet carpeting, she proceeds to line the sides throughout in the same way, until the whole is well surrounded with these handsome hangings.

"This brilliant cradle she makes for one little bee, laying only a single egg amid the flower-leaves. Honey and bee-bread are then collected and piled up to the height of an inch; and when this store is completed, the scarlet curtains are drawn close over the whole, and the cell is closed, the careful mother replacing the earth as neatly as possible, so that after she has finally smoothed the spot over, it is difficult to discover a cell you may have seen open the day before.—Miss Cooper.

#### THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

Dr. CULLEN says the Isthmus is a territory of the Republic of New Granada; its most important part, and that which appears naturally best adapted for communication between the Atlantic and Pacific lies between the Gulf of Darien and the Gulf of San Miguel. Numerous rivers flow into the Bay of Panama on one side, and into the Atlantic on the other; the principal stream is the river Santa Maria, forty miles long, and falling into the Gulf of San Miguel, unobstructed by sand-banks or bars. A few estates are still occupied by the Spanish, but most of the old towns and villages and forts have been long since deserted. About eight miles up the river Santa Maria (or Tuyra) is the village of Chapigana, with a corregidor and about 100 inhabitants, mostly Sambos and Negroes; Mr. Hossack, a Scot, and Don Pepe, a Portuguese, are settled here. A few miles above this village gold occurs abundantly, and about thirty miles above is the town of Yavisa, the capital of the territory and residence of the prefect Don Antonio Baraya. The population is scarcely 100, and the large fort is in good condition, but not garrisoned. The largest vessels can ascend nearly to the Chuquanaqua, a branch of the river Tuyra, a few miles below Yavisa, and up to which the tide extends. This country has been the scene of successful gold-mining under the Spaniards, and of much buccaneering and futile attempts at colonization on the part of the British, from the days of Sir Francis Drake and Basil Ringrose (1680) to Macgregor (1819). In the archives of the treasury of Panama is an account of former mining operations at the Mina Real, on the river Canna (a source of the Tuyra), in the Cerro del Espiritu Santo; the royal quinto or five per cent. on this mine averaged for a number of years three and a half millions of dollars per annum, which would give seventy millions per annum for the whole produce; the mining was performed by negroes (never more than three or four hundred) who hewed out the rock, ground it in mortars by means of oxen, and washed it by a stream of water whilst grinding. The mines were closed in 1685 by command of the king of Spain, although in full operation at the time, on account of the numerous incursions of the buccaneers; they have never been re-opened, and the neighbouring mountains, though rich in gold, have never been worked. Dr. Cullen found the soil on the banks of the streams very fertile, and himself collected 3lb. of gold at various spots, and several pieces of quartz-rock with veins of gold in it. As an agricultural country, Darien presents the most favourable prospects; its fertile soil, and the rapid growth of the plantain sugar-cane, which arrives at maturity in nine months, make it superior to Demerara, and though abounding in rivers, it is free from swamps and land liable to inundation; the timber is equal to British Guiana, and game (including alligators and "tigers") is abundant. The government of New Granada affords

great advantages to immigrants in the form of employment, loans and grants of land; the average passage to Carthagena or S. Martha is thirty days, and emigrants can go out for six pounds per head. The tracts to be colonized consist of high table-lands and elevated valleys (nearly 9,000 feet), with a temperate climate (fifty to eighty degrees) all the year. On the table-lands wheat will grow, and in the valleys coffee, cotton, cocoa, sugar-cane, and other tropical crops. The settler has his choice of climate, from the level of tropical vegetation to regions of perpetual snow; the country is scattered over with towns affording supplies, and means of internal and external communication. The population consists of old Creole Spaniards, and the religion is Roman Catholic, but perfect liberty is allowed; the government is a pure democracy. The population of the capital, Bogota, is 60,000. The Cordilleras form a great table-land or platform, on which are piled numerous mountains intersected by valleys in every direction. In conclusion, the writer recommends the rivers Chuquanaqua and Savana as the most direct and feasible mode of communication with the Atlantic; the Savana is navigable by large vessels for ten miles, above which for fifteen miles it would require deepening, and then there remains only ten miles to the Atlantic, where the cutting would be assisted by a ravine. From a mountain on the river Lara, a branch of the Savana, both Atlantic and Pacific were visible. The canal would open near the old Scotch settlement of New Edinburgh at Punto Escecos.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Among the notes of preparation that are sounding on all sides for the Exhibition of 1851, we may mention that papers have been transmitted to the Commissioners announcing that it is the intention of the inhabitants of Canada to hold a Grand District Industrial Fair in the city of Montreal, in September or October next, in connexion with the International Exhibition to be held in London in 1851. The intention of the Committee is to give the Canadian public an opportunity of presenting for exhibition specimens of the natural and manufactured articles of agriculture, commerce, art, scientific ingenuity and skill, and generally of every species of production that will represent the industry and resources of that country. From the articles exhibited, competent judges will select such as may be deemed worthy of transmission to the Great Industrial Exhibition in London.—The Government of Wurtemberg have appointed a Commission to take charge of the interests of that country in the approaching industrial contest. M. Sauttar is the chairman of the committee.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—If our advice relative to the making of new Strawberry-beds very early in the season has been attended to, a portion of the old ones may be destroyed. Such ground, having been several years almost undisturbed, should be deeply trenched, dunged according to its requirements, and planted or sown with some useful winter or spring crop. Tripoli Onions for future transplanting should now be sown, and Endive for a late crop. Continue to make successional sowings of Cos Lettuce, and make the first sowing of Hammersmith Cabbage Lettuce, to transplant into warm borders for late autumn use. The last sowing of early Stone and white Globe Turnips should be made this week. A considerable share of attention should now be directed towards securing an adequate supply of salads and other small matters for winter use. Chicory is one invaluable plant of which there should be no scarcity, and as it will do in spare nooks or corners, there need not be any difficulty made about want of room.—Gardeners' Chronicle.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—A communication has been received by the Lord Provost, intimating that the Court will leave London on the 28th inst., and will proceed by railway as far as Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, where they will pass the night. On the 29th, her Majesty will proceed by the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway to Berwick, and will formally open the gigantic bridge over the Tweed, connecting that railway with the North British, by which her Majesty will immediately continue her journey to Edinburgh, arriving there on the evening of the 29th. On the next day, Prince Albert will lay the foundation-stone of the National Gallery on the Mound, the grant for which was voted by the House of Commons last week.

## AMERICAN FOREST SCENERY.

We passed the afternoon in the woods. What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty!

How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads, when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid these balmy branches, and the sunshine falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild breath of the forest, fragrant with bark and berry, fans the brow with grateful freshness; and the beautiful wood-light, neither garish nor gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit. The view is limited, and the objects about us are uniform in character; yet, within the bosom of the woods, the mind readily lays aside its daily littleness, and opens to higher thoughts in silent consciousness that it stands alone with the works of God. The humble moss beneath our feet, the sweet flowers, the varied shrubs, the great trees, and the sky gleaming above in sacred blue, are each the handiwork of God. They were all called into being by the will of the Creator, as we now behold them, full of wisdom and goodness.

Every object here has a deeper merit than our wonder can fathom; each has a beauty beyond our full perception; the dullest insect crawling about these roots lives by the power of the Almighty; and the discoloured shreds of last year's leaves wither away upon the lowly herbs in a blessing of fertility. But it is the great trees, stretching their arms above us in a thousand forms of grace and strength, it is more especially the trees which fill the mind with wonder and praise.

Of the infinite variety of fruits which spring from the bosom of the earth, the trees of the wood are the greatest in dignity. Of all the works of the creation which know the changes of life and death, the trees of the forest have the longest existence. Of all the objects which crown the gray earth, the woods preserve unchanged, throughout the greatest reach of time, their native character: the works of man are ever varying their aspect; his towns and his fields alike reflect the unstable opinions, the fickle wills and fancies of each passing generation; but the forests on his borders remain to-day the same they were ages of years since. Old as the everlasting hills, during thousands of seasons they have put forth, and laid down their verdure in calm obedience to the decree which first bade them cover the ruins of the Deluge.

But, although the forests are great and old, yet the ancient trees within their bounds must each bend, individually, beneath the doom of every earthly existence; they have their allotted period when the mosses of Time gather upon their branches—when, touched by decay, they break and crumble to dust. Like man, they are decked in living beauty; like man, they fall a prey to death; and while we admire their duration, so far beyond our own brief years, we also acknowledge that especial interest which can only belong to the graces of life and to the desolation of death. We raise our eyes and we see collected, in one company, vigorous trunks, the oak, the ash, the pine, firm in the strength of maturity; by their side stands a young group, elm, and birch, and maple, their supple branches playing in the breezes, gay and fresh as youth itself; and yonder, rising in unheeded gloom, we behold a skeleton trunk, an old spruce, every branch broken, every leaf fallen,—dull, still, sad, like the finger of Death.

It is the peculiar nature of the forest, that life and death may ever be found within its bounds, in immediate presence of each other; both with ceaseless, noiseless, advances, aiming at the mastery; and if the influences of the first be the most general, those of the last are the most striking. Spring, with all her wealth of life and joy, finds within the forest many a tree unconscious of her approach; a thousand young plants springing up about the fallen trunk, the shaggy roots, seek to soften the gloomy wreck with a semblance of the verdure it bore of old; but ere they have thrown their fresh and graceful wreaths over the mouldering wood, half their own tribe wither and die with the year.—*Miss Cooper.*

## BISHOP WATSON GEOLOGIZING NEAR KENDAL.

AFTER the Bishop's marriage into the Dallam Tower family, he was a constant visitor there, especially during the University long vacation. Whilst

there, he used to ramble about the hills and dales with a hammer in his pocket, as the Sedgwick and Bucklands do now-a-days, chipping any little pebble he stumbled over. In one of these rambles it chanced that he got to the top of Helm Crag, not many miles from Kendal, and picked up a substance which he at once pronounced to be thrown from *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, or some volcanic crater. On his way home he came naturally enough to the conclusion that Helm Crag itself was an extinct volcano. At the dinner-table he produced this piece of lava as proof conclusive of his amazing discovery. The authority of a professor fresh from his laboratory, and still fresher from the University of Cambridge, could not be gainsayed—the gentlemen too well bred—the ladies too gallant to attempt it. There was one man, however, within hearing, on whom all this excited but a smile—the old family butler. Of course he said nothing then, and Watson's discovery was all in all; but, on the following morning, finding the Doctor in the library poring over the lava and taking notes, thinking probably that the honours of Dallam Tower were now at stake, and with the privileges of his order, he administered to him this salutary information:—"Dr. Watson, excuse me, but I thought I heard you say at the table yesterday that Helm Crag was an extinct volcano. I don't know what an extinct volcano is, as I never saw one; but I do know that, when I was a lad, my father and I had a blast furnace on Helm Crag, and that's a piece of the cinder from the very spot." Facts are stubborn things: the Doctor looked aghast over his spectacles, put up his note-book, and with a gold guinea silenced, at least until the Doctor's departure, the discovery of the doctor's ignorance.—*The Worthies of Westmoreland.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are respectfully informed that we cannot, under any circumstances, undertake to return Manuscripts. They are, therefore, requested to keep copies of any works sent to us for perusal; and we may here repeat, that we have no space for lengthy communications.

**A LAW CLERK.**—The "Chancery Student's Guide" is all in verse. We have lent the volume to a friend, and forget the price, but we think it is two shillings and sixpence. You would get that information in a moment at the publishers.

**COMUS.**—The sketches alluded to, are from the pen of the Editor. He has others in preparation, which will appear very shortly.

**GEO. WILLIAMS** wishes to know what the sun and the moon are composed of.—We can do nothing but conjecture regarding either. With regard to the sun, philosophers now think it a luminous sphere, but that the luminosity is not intense heat. The moon is in all likelihood land and water, like our own earth.

**AN EXCURSIONIST.**—The rooms of the Asiatic Society are in Grafton-street, Bond-street.

**A COUNTRY FAMILY.**—We do not recommend you to take up your quarters in a fashionable part of London. Rather seek for comfort, and go where you find intelligent men, such as physicians, barristers, &c., choose to reside.

**A YOUNG HISTORIAN.**—Of course, to some folks the heroes of the first French revolution were really heroes: to others they were assassins. The following appeared concerning one of them in a French paper recently. It is very likely to be true:—(A Scene from the Old Revolution.) The *Impartial de Rouen* records in a late number the following highly characteristic anecdote of one of the most formidable actors in the first French revolution:—"We find in an old collection which has just fallen into our hands an anecdote which breathes so revolutionary a perfume, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it. Between Senlis and Pont-Maxence is a public-house, well-known for the probity of the owners. St. Just baited there one day with his suite, and ordered dinner to be served. 'We have nothing but eggs and bread,' said the landlord. 'And that turkey that I see, for whom is it intended?' 'For a person who occupies the first floor, and who has already paid for it,' was the reply. 'No matter, I must have it.' 'Permit me, citizen, to ask his consent, as it no longer belongs to me.' 'Well, then, tell him that a representative of the people wants it.' The landlord proceeded to ask the permission of his guest, but the answer was a refusal. St. Just left instantly, proceeded to the next post, ordered the gendarmes to ride to the public-house, and arrest the whole of the occupants of the first floor. His orders were immediately obeyed. In two hours after they were guillotined!"

**AN INQUIRY.**—The Soane Museum was left to the nation by its founder. We suppose the son of Mr. Soane must be some obscure person, for we never heard of him after the town-talk at his father's decease about the disposition of the property.

**M. RY. CO. CLERK.**—We should perhaps return the compliment, but it would all depend upon circumstances.

**P. P.**—We insert one of the poems in this week's number, as P. P. will perceive. We have not made up our minds regarding the other two as yet.

**DRUCE B.**—The expression is new to us, and although no doubt the parties using it think it very witty, it is certainly not within the sphere of our comprehension.

**A LADY.**—Nonsense—lords and ladies are no better-looking than other folks; of course, they have great advantages in the style of life they are enabled to lead, but that is all, and as for intellect, a like number of persons from the educated middle class of society would beat them out of the field.

**FUMUS.**—We dislike tobacco in all its varieties; and if Sir Walter Raleigh deserved death for nothing else, he did for introducing that noxious and disgusting weed into England, provided he was really guilty.

**A FOREIGNER.**—The Dead-Letter Office is something like the *Poste Restante* of Paris. A department of the Post Office is called the Dead-Letter Office. Dead letters and dead newspapers are such as cannot be delivered to the persons to whom they are written for one or more of the following cogent reasons:—First, because they have no addresses at all. Secondly, because their addresses are—even to the "blind" illegible. Thirdly, because the persons to whom they are addressed refuse to receive them. Fourthly, because the persons to whom they are addressed cannot be found. Fifthly, because the person to whom they are addressed is found to be "dead and gone." The number of dead letters and newspapers received at the London Dead-Letter Office, from the 5th of January 1843, to the 5th of January 1844, with the amount of postage due thereon, was as follows:

	Number.	Postage.
		£. s. d.
From country postmasters and foreign stations .....	1,002,118	7,250 15 4
From inland carriers in London .....	161,323	1,602 10 10
From London district carriers .....	250,005	516 15 4
Packets allowed to the letter-carriers by the president in packet-book .....	2,925	1,311 1 7
Foreign letters neglected to be paid .....	30,085	—
Total .....	1,476,456	£10,681 3 1

Of the above letters, 10,972, on being opened, were found to contain property of the value of nearly half a million, as follows:

	£.	s. d.
In bills, amounting to .....	411,980	11 7
In cash, bank notes, &c. ....	9,569	1 5
	£421,549	13 0

Of dead letters, a considerable number, containing property valued in two consecutive years at upwards of ten thousand pounds, have actually been posted without any address at all! Indeed, many years ago, a blank undirected letter, on being opened at the Dead-Letter Office in London, was found to contain in notes not less than one thousand five hundred pounds.

**W. W.**—Allow us a little time to consider.

**A CONTRIBUTOR TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE.**—The periodicals you contribute to cannot be very particular if they insert such lines as—

"Oh, Love, come fan me with thy odorous wings,  
And say a few words to me of pleasant things."

We beg to decline the poetry.

**AN INDIGNANT ONE.**—You are quite right; but you might as well, by politely requesting it not to do so, expect the tide of the sea to leave a particular spot high and dry that it is in the habit of submerging. Our witty contemporary, "Punch," has the following upon the same subject—

LORD DOUBLEDOWN.

There dies a great philosopher or bard,  
Leaving his wife and children to the Nation;  
A meagre pittance is the State's award,  
Barely enough to save them from starvation.

To all complaint replies the Premier smug,  
"True, 'twas a hard case—deeply he deplored it;  
More Government would give, but '—with a shrug  
He adds—"the fact was, they could not afford it."

A public maintenance a Duke demands  
Of Royal stem—herein his sole pretension—  
The liberal Minister, with open hands,  
Gives him twelve thousand pounds a year for pension.

"Come, come," pleads Hume, "you know you're in distress;  
Eight thousand were an ample patrimony."

"Twelve!" insists John—"We couldn't think of less."  
Oh, Humbug! Humbug! sure thy name is Johnny

**AN INVENTOR.**—We beg to differ from you. We do not think that it requires a high order of intellect to elaborate upon known mechanical contrivances. A kind of tact and ingenuity are the apparent requisites. With regard to the evils of the Patent Laws, we go with you all the way, and we think some great alteration is imperatively called for. There are in London three different offices in which the specifications of English patents may be legally enrolled—namely, the Rolls Chapel Office, which contains the records from a very early date; the Inrolment Office; and the Petty Bag Office. Now, when it is borne in mind that the sole object for which enrolments are made is to afford means of search, it is not easy to conceive anything more absurd than to have three offices for enrolment, so as to impose on the public three searches instead of one.

**A WAGER.**—Surely you could among yourselves have settled so very simple a question. Vauxhall Bridge is one of the few bridges now crossing the Thames that retains the penny toll.

**LAURA (Brentford)** never was in such a state as she is in now, and she fears that unless the Editor will give her his kind advice, that she will never be able to recover her own self-esteem or the good opinion of others. Last January, she made acquaintance at a large party given by a friend of her family, with a young gentleman, who seemed to be very much smitten with her, indeed, and the acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which resulted in a promise of marriage from the young gentleman, and Laura felt very happy in the prospect of speedily settling according to her heart's content. She had been enjoined by the gentleman not to tell any one, as he shrank from having the affair talked about beforehand, and she kept her word; but judge of her astonishment, when a young female friend who called to spend the day along with her produced a tender epistle from her, Laura's lover, and intended husband, begging her to meet him in a lane near Brentford, at a particular time, and vowing all sorts of love and devotion to her. The first impulse of Laura was to tell her friend exactly how she was situated, but she controlled that impulse, and let her go in peace. What ought Laura to do under those distressing circumstances?—The best way is for Laura to tell her friend everything, for the baseness of the man absolves her from all promises of secrecy, and then, if they can summon courage to do so, they had better both go to the place of meeting, and confront him.

**L. L.**—Declined with thanks. As you ask our candid opinion, we are compelled to say that the lines are very faulty, indeed, and that you must make a great advance in the art of composition before you can do justice to your conceptions.

**DELTA.**—We should think not, but we will consult an authority which we have not at hand just now, and let you know in our next.

**A TUMBLER.**—You are the victim of your imagination; go on and prosper. There is nothing in the objection.

**A YOUNG IDLER.**—The life of a soldier in this country does certainly present very few attractions, indeed. On the continent, and in Germany in particular, the case is widely different. In many parts of those tracts of country, when the young men leave the army, after three years' service as soldiers, and when they return to their native parishes, they find themselves in the following position:—They are well educated, healthy, strong, and active. Nearly all the land is divided into small estates, and is held and cultivated by peasants. The process of conveying an estate from one owner to another is very simple and cheap. Great numbers of small estates in all parts of the country are constantly in the market to be sold. Each young man finds that many of his friends and relations, who had left the army some years before himself, have bought houses and plots of land, and are engaged in farming for themselves. The young peasant, stimulated by his desire to get married, and to become a householder and a proprietor, hires himself to a farmer who requires a labourer, learns farming, lays by his savings; and if he has no old relation to whose property he would naturally succeed in the course of time, after some years saving, he invests his little capital as the first payment towards the purchase of a house and farm, raises the remainder of the price by way of mortgage, and enters into possession, paying off the mortgage by regular instalments. Sometimes the purchase is hastened and facilitated by his marriage with a young woman who brings with her some small amount of saved earnings towards the purchase. The desire to acquire the possession of a house and farm tends very greatly to restrain early marriages, and stimulates very greatly the energies, hopes, and exertions of the peasants. Doubtless, there are many peasants who cannot make up their minds to present self-denial, to postponement of marriage and to redoubled exertion, in order to attain what seems at first a distant good; but the knowledge that it is possible to buy a farm, if such present self-denial is exercised, and the desire to purchase one, operate with such force, that in most parts of Germany, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, the Tyrol, North Italy, and France, the greatest part of the land belongs to the farmers and peasants who cultivate it for themselves. Even the labourers in the small towns of these countries often possess, outside the towns, small gardens or plots of land, to which they resort in the evenings in order to cultivate them, or to carry away their produce for the use of their families. Every peasant who possesses one of these estates, becomes interested in the maintenance of public order, in the tranquillity of the country, in the suppression of crimes, in the fostering of industry among his own children, and in the promotion of their intelligence. A class of peasant proprietors forms the strongest of all Conservative classes.

**AN ANTIQUARIAN.**—We have very little doubt but that the documents you mention are among the state papers, but we feel pretty certain that you will not be able to find them unless accident befriends you.

**A FRIEND.**—We cast no imputation whatever upon the truth of your statement, but to publish it would involve us in a controversy we should of all others specially repudiate.

**MISS B. (Leeds).**—We think that the subject of your letter is one in which so many family interests clash, and in which there is likely to be so great a diversity of opinion, that we would rather not say anything about it. Any personal advice that we could give to yourself we should give freely, as far as our means of judging

went; but there must be abundant circumstances in the case you have put before us that cannot be conveyed in writing.

**A WELL-PLEASED READER.**—Yes; the real "Times for 1950" is published at the office of this MISCELLANY. It is about the size of "The Times" newspaper, so that you cannot, if you use ordinary judgment, be imposed upon by anything spurious. The price is twopence.

**A MECHANIC.**—We thought we had given the quietus to the so-called "Impulsoria." It is as old as the hills. No one will have the assurance surely, after our exposure in a recent Number, to say another word about it.

**A COCKNEY.**—We have before had occasion to state that it is not an easy thing to get an order to view the Mint. The letter of an M. P. is necessary, or of some high official personage.

**AN OFFERING.**—The late Miss Landon wrote a little poem upon the same subject as yours. We reprint it for your special edification, if you have not before encountered it—

#### THE LITTLE GLEANER.

"Very fair the child was, with hair of darkest auburn—  
Fair, and yet sunburnt with the golden summer:  
Sunshine seem'd the element from which she drew her  
being.

Careless from her little hand the gather'd ears are  
scatter'd,

In a graceful wreath the purple corn-flowers binding;  
While her sweet face brightens with a sudden pleasure.

Blame not her binding: already stirs within her  
All the deep emotions in the love of nature,—  
Love, that is the source of the beautiful and holy.  
In long-after years will memory, recalling  
Sweetness undying from that early garland,  
Keep the heart glad with natural devotion.

'Tis a true, sweet lesson; for, in life's actual harvest,  
Much we need the flowers that mingle with our labours.  
Pleasures, pure and simple, recall us to their Giver;  
For ever, in its joy, does the full heart think of  
Heaven."

**A TYRO.**—Numismatics is the science of coinage. Why do you not purchase a Dictionary?

**JEMIMA G.** lives in a country town, and has no beau; she thinks that all the young men in the town must be stupid, for not one of them has even made the attempt to claim acquaintance with her, and yet she sees uneducated, underbred girls, with no pretensions to beauty, in a fair way of getting married, and she really cannot understand how it is that she has no beau. To be sure, she rather makes fun of the town, and of everybody in it. But that can hardly be the reason, as men ought not to object to their wives having a lively wit. What does the Editor think of it?—In the absence of more certain information, we rather suspect that our correspondent's lively wit takes a satirical turn, and that the young men in the country town are really afraid of her. It is no new thing by any means for rather dull people to be terribly alarmed at what our correspondent designates a lively wit. They don't like to be in the company of any one whom they feel is much keener than they are, and the idea of a wife who is able to grill them on the gridiron of ridicule, no doubt presents itself in the most terrifying colours to the rustics of the country town.

**A VISITOR.**—The Missionaries Museum is at No. 8 Bloomfield-street, Finsbury. You can procure admission free from ten till dusk, and will be gratified by a visit to the collection.

**A LADY READER.**—We will inquire.

**THE REV.**—Probably you wrote to us before the public prints noticed the matter, but you have no doubt now seen by them that the Rev. Mr. Gorham is now instituted to the living of Bamford-Speke. The precise words of the induction were as follows:—"We, Sir Herbert Jenner Rust, Knight, Doctor of Laws, and Official Principal of the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, lawfully constituted, do, by virtue of the authority to us committed, admit you, the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham, clerk, B.D., to the vicarage of Bamford-Speke, in the county of Devon, diocese of Exeter, and province of Canterbury; we do give you true, lawful, canonical institution, and do invest you with all the rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and do commit to you the care of the souls of the parishioners of the said parish."

**MARY.**—You will find some specimens of the earths you wish to see in the Geological Department of the British Museum, and by naming any particular specimen you wish to examine, it will be found for you there and freely shown you. You will find likewise some good specimens in the Geological Museum in Craig's Court, Charing Cross.

**AN INQUIRY.**—Quite out of our line.

**D. D. (Monmouth).**—Yes; a portion of the Northern Railway to York is open now, and it is proceeding to completion, we are led to understand, with rapidity. It promises to be a line of importance. The present station for passengers is at the Regent's Canal, some little way down Maiden-lane, which has been widened for the public accommodation. It is on a level with the canal, the intention being to convert it into a general goods station when the traffic admits of it. A new passenger station will then be erected on the site of the London Fever and Small-pox Hospitals at King's-cross. In order to effect this, it will be necessary that the line should pass under the canal, a difficulty which it is proposed to overcome in a very ingenious manner. From the temporary station in Maiden-lane to Peterborough the line was examined some days ago by the Government Inspector, and certified to be in a fit state for traffic. In order to further the test of its efficiency, the contractors invited the directors to take a trip down the

line, and satisfy themselves as to the manner in which the work had been performed. Accordingly, a party of about 400 gentlemen, filling altogether some seventeen carriages, took their departure from Maiden-lane. The equipment and general appearance of the train, as it drew up to receive its occupants, excited much attention, and certainly says a good deal for the management of the company. The carriages are all built of teak, by Mr. Williams, of Goswell-street, and, instead of being painted, the grain of the wood is polished and highly varnished, by which a great economy is effected both in the time and in the expense of construction. A carriage, which would take sometimes as long as two months to be fit for use if painted in the ordinary way, is thus made ready in a week. It is more serviceable for work; and, in addition to these advantages, the grain of the wood is so arranged as to make the whole look very tasteful and handsome, though perfectly plain. The internal fittings are much of the same character, the first class carriages being quite as comfortable, though perhaps less showy, than those on other lines, and the second and third being vastly better than anything of the same stamp elsewhere. The hour for starting having arrived, and the passengers having all taken their seats, with a few preliminary whistles from the engine, the train glided on its way. Like most of our great railways at their outset from town, the Great Northern has had many obstacles to contend with,—rows of houses to make their way through, roads to cross, canals, and other engineering difficulties to bridge over and surmount. The traces of the battle which it has had to fight and of the laborious victory which it has won, were lying in great profusion outside the temporary station in Maiden-lane. Huge piles of brick-work, mounds of earth, excavations, crazy tramroads, half-capized ballast-waggons and wheelbarrows, all proclaimed the struggle which had taken place, the war of interests which had been waged, the money which had been expended, the property that had been bought up, and the opposition that had been silenced, ere that panting mass of machinery, with its enormous train of carriages and its exulting and triumphant scream, could be suffered to go forth from the crowded habitations of a vast town and plunge into the country. Away it went, however, in gallant style, and, dashing into a tunnel of some length, emerged shortly after, and went skimming along a regiment of cultivated fields waving with all the honours of a fast approaching harvest. This sudden transition from the busy haunts of life to quiet rural scenery, undisturbed even by the presence of a villa, is what chiefly strikes one at first starting on the new line.

**JANE C. C.** has received the following rather strange letter from a gentleman whom she never saw:—"My Dear Miss C. C.,—It is quite impossible that you should know me at present, but I have had the gratification of seeing you repeatedly, and I have made up my mind to offer you my hand and heart, and such a home as your merits entitle you to expect. I will wait three months for your decision, as you know nothing of me; and I will give you all sorts of facilities of making every inquiry concerning me that you can possibly think proper; and if at the end of that time you think proper to accept of me as your husband, it will give me sincere gratification; but if not, I shall not trouble you any more, but bid you adieu with my best respects. Should you entertain this idea at all, pray write to me as the slip of paper enclosed will direct you, and believe me to be,

With great respect and love,

Yours truly,  
C. B. B."

Enclosed there was a slip of paper, with the gentleman's real name and address. What would the Editor advise?—We think that you may very well make the inquiries, if your affections are not pre-engaged. It might turn out a very eligible match, indeed, although thus singularly brought about.

**A YOUNG MAN.**—Any legally qualified medical man can give you an order to view Surgeons' Hall; but there is not much there that can be very interesting to a non-medical person.

**MISS B. L.** would be much obliged if the Editor would advise her under the following circumstances. She is engaged to a gentleman who is continually quarrelling with her, and making such quarrels an excuse for indefinite postponements of their marriage, and the quarrels are forced upon Miss B. L. in such a way that she cannot possibly avoid them, and lately she has taken up the idea that they are got up on purpose to avoid the marriage. There is no occasion for such a course, for if the gentleman would but intimate that he no longer desired to marry her, she, Miss B. L., would at once release him from any promise he may have made to her. What does the Editor think of the affair?—We think that Miss B. L. had better herself take the initiative, and get rid of her suitor. If she were to marry such a man, what chance of happiness could she have with him? It seems pretty evident that he is only amusing himself at the expense of the feelings of our correspondent, who should not suffer him to pursue such a course for another hour. Take our advice, and give him his dismissal at once. He is quite undeserving of your attention.

**A READER.**—We are compelled, although with reluctance, to decline with thanks the proffered contribution.

**JESSY.**—Certainly not; what could have made you dream of such a thing for a moment?

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